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HISTORY
OF THE
TOWN OF LYNNFIELD, MASS.



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Thomas B Wellman

HISTORY
of the
Town of Lynnfield, Mass.
1635-1895

By
Thomas B. Wellman



“ Historic names forever greet us
Where'er our wandering way may lead,
Familiar forms and faces meet us
As living walk with us the dead.

“ Man's fame, so often evanescent,
Links here with thoughts that last;
And all the bright and teeming present
Thrills with the great and glorious past.”



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LOAN STACK

PREFACE.

We love to trace the mossy stones
 That tell of those of other days,
 The friends that kindred owns,
 So worthy of our highest praise;
 To read the rolls of parchment old;
 Their ancient seal and sign,
 Sometimes trembling, sometimes bold,
 Penned in "days of auld lang syne."

To see how willing they were
 To work for others after,
 No hope of gain could them deter,
 No sneer or scornful laughter;
 But patriots, heroes, sages,
 And some did all combine,
 They toiled for future ages,
 In the "days of auld lang syne."

We love to see the humble, mossy roof
 That sheltered them and was their home,
 Where peace not always plenty proof,
 They worked for days and years to come —
 The homes for which they fought and died,
 The home of corn and fruit and wine,
 The home they left beyond the tide,
 In the "days of auld lang syne."

SHOULD any ask why this book is written, the writer would answer that he has always since he can remember loved to collect facts of this kind, and finding many others would like those facts, with a desire to gratify friends, as well as save these from oblivion, they are now published.

If my reader wishes a literary production I beg of him to drop the book, but if he wishes to see who have walked these streets,

who have played within these limits, who have been benefactors of their race, who have worshipped God in these temples, who have received instructions in these schools, who have roamed these fields, who have been nurtured, married, enjoyed the joys and sorrows of life within these homes, who have gone afar off, have died or are still living, I wish him pleasure in perusing these pages.

One who has never undertaken the task can have no just idea of the labor needed. One often has to hunt pages to find perhaps a single date, or go miles for an item, but looking back to other days is a great pleasure, and I confess to have enjoyed it much.

It is believed that every village should have its noteworthy events chronicled as well as its neighboring city. It is really a source of satisfaction to collect the memorials of the worth, patriotism, and zeal of those who have lived before us. It is a satisfaction to know where they whose blood flows in our veins, whose lands we inherit, they who "sowed in tears" while "we reap in joy," were originated, to know their toils, their pleasures, to help to keep their memory green.

The wisest of men said, "Of making books there is no end," but we know of no kind of books more instructive than histories, wherein are written the virtues and failings of mortals, and we sincerely hope the time is not far distant when the histories of all our towns shall be written ere it is too late.

In the writing of this book I have tried every available source to collect interesting items for this work ere they shall be irrevocably lost. Among others, the Town Records have had a thorough scanning, as have all the church and parish, school and family registers, library, public and private records, all have been compelled to contribute to the general fund; and lastly, but not leastly, the good fathers and mothers of the town, some now passed away, have been asked questions till I dared do so no longer. These have told the stories of their childhood, youth, and age: and to all others who have contributed a mite or a pound are extended the most hearty thanks.

Nor should the history of Lynn, by Alonzo Lewis and James R. Newhall, and that of Reading, by Lilly Eaton, be forgotten, for

they have furnished many an interesting sketch for this work. And especial thanks are due to those who in so many ways helped to make this little book what it is.

Who does not love his home, and who does not love to read the facts thereof, even though he knew them before, which is not always the case? Many an one will go to a noted spring far away, when there is one but a little way from his own home. Some will visit other lands, and know not what is near their own door. A thousand memories rise at the sound of the sweet word "home."

It is hoped that this memorial will not be the means of lessening an interest in our Lynnfield homes, but, on the contrary, that it will increase our love and veneration for this interesting part of New England.

The thanks of the writer are especially due to Dea. George E. Batchelder, Rev. H. L. Brickett, Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Parsons, Mr. George H. S. Driver, and many others, whose help and encouragement have helped to lift the burden and make the labor light. Nor would I omit to mention the young lady who said she would have the history, if it cost five hundred dollars. Hoping that others may enjoy the reading as much as I have enjoyed the collecting of these facts, I now present to you the first completed history of Lynnfield in old Essex.

THOMAS B. WELLMAN.

WILLOW CASTLE, LYNNFIELD CENTRE.

Jan. 1, 1895.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ILLUSTRATIONS	xi
INTRODUCTION	xiii

CHAPTER I.

TOPOGRAPHY OF LYNNFIELD	I
-----------------------------------	---

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT HOUSES OF LYNNFIELD	II
---------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

OLD MEETING-HOUSE—TOWN HALL—SCHOOLS	23
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

ANNALS, 1635-1700	47
-----------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

ANNALS, 1700-1800	61
-----------------------------	----

	PAGE
CHAPTER VI.	
CEMETERIES	79
CHAPTER VII.	
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR	103
CHAPTER VIII.	
ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY	118
CHAPTER IX.	
DATE OF TOWN, ETC.	138
CHAPTER X.	
THE SECOND WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN	153
CHAPTER XI.	
WAR OF REBELLION, 1861	171
CHAPTER XII.	
FAMILIES OF LYNNFIELD	187
CHAPTER XIII.	
ANNALS, 1800	239
APPENDIX	261

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Thomas B. Wellman	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Oldest House in Town	Opp. page 4
Mrs. Clarissa E. Cox	" " 8
Map Lynnfield	" 10
Willow Castle	Opp. " 12
Ebenezer Parsons	" " 16
Ramsdell House	" " 20
Judge Stephen G. Nash	" " 24
Barnjum House	" " 30
South Schoolhouse	" " 36
Schoolhouse in 1772	" 37
Town Hall	Opp. " 40
Centre Schoolhouse	" " 44
Jonathan Bryant	" " 48
Humphrey's Pond	" " 52
Mansfield House, Peabody	" " 56
Old Meeting-House on the Common, 1715	" " 62
George E. Batchelder	" " 66
Henry Law's Shoe Factory	" " 74
Tapley Tomb, 1820	" " 80
David Hewes	" " 84
Centre Orthodox Church	" " 88
Rev. Jacob Hood	" " 92
Hooper Estate	" " 98
James Hewes	" " 104
Wilkes Farm	" " 108

Cabinet of 1679 and "Governor's" Chair	Opp.	page 112
Rev. Harry L. Brickett	" "	116
South Church	" "	122
Henry Bancroft, 2d	" "	128
Common, Lynnfield Centre (Looking West)	" "	136
Centre Station	" "	140
Old Shoe Shop	" "	144
Gen. Josiah Newhall	Opp.	" 150
Townsend House	" "	156
Ex-Judge Stephen Gilman	" "	162
Joseph Gowing's Tavern, 1775	" "	168
Capt. John Perkins	" "	174
Bryant House, 1809	" "	180
William R. Roundy	" "	188
Communion Set, 1737	" "	194
The Old Parsons House	" "	200
John M. Danforth, Esq.	" "	208
Town Hall Interior	" "	212
George E. Herrick	" "	216
Pilling's Pond	" "	220
George H. S. Driver	" "	226
Bancroft's Store and Dwellings	" "	232
Hon. N. M. Hawkes	" "	236
Lynnfield Station	" "	244
Clarence H. Moulton's Shoe Factory	" "	250
Elbridge F. Gerry's Cider Mill	" "	256

INTRODUCTION.

LYNNFIELD finds herself in an excellent situation as regards neighbors. On the north is North Reading, a town about her size. It stands like a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. In its churches many of the inhabitants of Lynnfield have worshipped, and years ago a part of the territory was set off from Lynnfield to North Reading in a wonderful manner. Many "an exchange which was no robbery" has been made in the sons and daughters of the two places. North Reading contains a nice hall, public library, stores, etc., the gift of Mrs. Harriet N. Flint. The town is noted for the longevity of its inhabitants, and not many years ago one of its citizens passed away who was born in Lynnfield, aged more than a hundred years, and many others have almost attained to a century.

On the eastern border is Peabody, known in our generation as Danvers, South Danvers, and Peabody, the last in honor of one of its sons, the London banker, who now sleeps within its limits. One grave in its limits has attracted strangers from all parts of the country, till they have confiscated and carried off in chips, as mementos, the entire head and part of the foot-stone.

In Peabody is the munificent donation of George Peabody, the Peabody Institute, which has made the citizens of more than one town wish that they could go and do likewise. Peabody is a wealthy town, and is a great place for tanning

hides for leather. Close beside is the old patriotic town of Danvers, the Salem village of 1692. Still nearer is Middleton, with its Wills Hill, its elegant Flint Public Library, its beautiful pond, which supplies water for Danvers. The Ipswich River carries the Oakdale paper mills. Near them the quartet of towns joins together.

South of Lynnfield is the city of Lynn, the old mother town, noted over all the world for its manufacture of boots and shoes; a city that combines town and country, hill and dale, river, pond, and seashore in picturesque beauty, beside being the parent town of Lynnfield, from which most of her first settlers came. It is also that of the two fashionable resorts of Swampscott and Nahant, while on its western side is still another daughter, with the ancient Indian name of Saugus, noted for its fine highways, elegant town hall, its soldiers' monument, a legacy of Henry Hone of that place, its go-ahead enterprise, high rocks, and many other things too numerous to mention, as well as the river for which it is named, and which runs through Lynnfield before it reaches the town of Saugus.

On the western border are the two towns of Reading and Wakefield, and they are situated but three miles away, and the spires of both can be plainly seen. The town of Wakefield is nearly as well known to the denizens of Lynnfield as its own territory, and the two have been intimately connected for two hundred and fifty years.

Wakefield boasts of her beautiful situation, of nice public and private buildings, of superb ponds, and general enterprise, while Reading is noted for good morals, intelligence, pious families, musical taste, patriotic and well-to-do citizens. All combine to form a wreath of towns of which any town might be proud to be the centre, and which it is hoped may prosper tenfold more in the future than in the past. And then it is to be remembered, just outside of this circle lies still

another, till you reach greater Boston of the future. Distances are as follows : —

From old meeting-house, Lynnfield Centre, to State House, Boston, bearing southwest, distance 12 miles, 180 rods.

From old meeting-house, Lynnfield Centre, to South Church, Salem, is 7 miles, 23.06 rods, bearing southeast.

From the old meeting-house, Lynnfield Centre, to the church in Mattapoisett, Rochester, Mass., 61 miles, 22.06 rods, bearing southeast.

From Lynnfield Hotel to Lynn, 4 miles, 7 rods, 13 feet.



HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF LYNNFIELD, MASS.

CHAPTER I.

Topography of Lynnfield.

THE town of Lynnfield is situated in the western part of Essex County, bounded north by North Reading; east by Peabody and a small part of Middleton; south by Lynn, Saugus, and Wakefield; and west by Wakefield and Reading. It is twelve and one half miles from Boston, eight from Salem, and the same from Lynn. Its extreme length from north-east to southwest is six miles; from north to south about four and three fourths miles. The widest portion is two and three fourths miles, and the narrowest one and one half miles.

To compare its shape to anything known would be a hard matter, as it has a very irregular outline, and reminds one of the "all-long-and-no-wide" system.

The soil is varied, some of it being very good, while part of it is rather hard to cultivate, being genuine New England earth, although it does not plead guilty to a very strong character, and is somewhat sandy in many places. By the industry of its owners it is made to produce those products which are raised in this part of the world, so that little of it is waste land, being either fit for the cultivation of vegetables, grass, etc., or pasturage of cattle, while many of its hills, valleys, and swamps are covered with thick woods, which not only add beauty to the landscape, and health to the inhabitants,

as well as variety, but are a source of profit, and help supply one of the staples of life.

Among the trees are the following: white, yellow, and pitch pine, white, red, yellow, and rock maple, larch, hemlock, spruce, white, yellow, and black birch, ash, elm, alder, black, red, and yellow oak, walnut or hickory, butternut, chestnut, cherry, sassafras, cedar, poplar, willow, and others.

A large number of medicinal plants abound, as horehound, blue flag, skunk cabbage, partridge-bush, plantain, hound's-tongue, comfrey, hazel, chickweed, apple of Peru, bittersweet, cow parsnip, water cress, sarsaparilla, rosemary, Solomon's seal, adder's-tongue, sassafras, arsesmart, garget, celendine, catnip, dockroot, fever bush, burdock, rheumatism weed, mouse-ear, bloodroot, pond lily, head betony, horse, spear, and water mint, pennyroyal, ground ivy, nettle, marjoram, motherwort, cranesbill, mallow, tansy, wormwood, life everlasting, coltsfoot, golden-rod, elecampane, mayweed, lobelia, pokeroor, thoroughwort, lungwort, valerian, sweet fern, and whiteweed.

Beside these are berry fruit, such as black, red, and choke cherry, hazelnut, black currant, gooseberry, blue and whortle berry, partridge berry, barberry, mulberry, grape, raspberry, blackberry, brambleberry, cranberry, and strawberry, as well as the artichoke, groundnut, wild pea, wild oat, and hop, the sumach, bayberry, and hemp.

For poisons may be found the thorn apple, nightshade, and ivy, while in field, forest, meadow, and the streams are myriads of wild flowers. Prominent among these are the beautiful mountain laurel, honeysuckle, wild rose, daisy, golden-rod, and numerous others.

The township is exceedingly well watered. Its rivers are the Ipswich and Saugus, both named for the towns into which they flow. The former is the northern boundary of the town, while the latter is a part of the southern and western line, and is noted for its serpentine course. It rises in Lake

Quanapowitt ; Reedy Meadow lies on both sides of it, is of gigantic proportions, and serves many uses, being covered with grass ; cranberries are grown upon it. It is flooded a part of the year, and makes a nice skating pond of miles in length. The lots are divided by ditches, which used to furnish "bog" to the inhabitants of this and neighboring towns ere the advent of coal, not many years ago.

The name of the meadow is derived from the large quantity of reeds with their elegant plumes growing upon it, one part, called "Dark Swamp," being literally covered. In Middleton, near the Lynnfield line on the Ipswich River, are the well-known Oakdale paper mills.

Wills Brook takes its rise from a spring which is a natural curiosity, the water boiling up at an incredible rate, and it is thought there is enough to furnish the town. It once carried a small manufactory ; traces of the dam and where the pond used to be can still be seen. The brook empties into Wills Meadows, — the name is of Indian origin.

Another stream rises in the meadow at the base of Pine Hill. After flowing a short distance it assumes the cognomen of "the Slough," — which title it has borne for more than a century, — passing through a series of meadows, uniting with Beaver Dam Brook, where used to be a dam for beavers, and which unites with Saugus River in Reedy Meadow. This brook is much prized as a watering place for horses at the present time, and at the first settlement of the town was a boundary locality often mentioned.

There are a number of other brooks ; two are of no mean capacity. Hawkes Brook is a lengthy one, and carries a saw-mill. It also helps to furnish the water for the City of Lynn. Bates Brook is named for a citizen of long ago, as is also an excellent spring but a short distance from Gerry's mill. Besides are Frog Pond Brook, Otter Hole Brook, and Winding Brook, to which we may have occasion to refer in these pages.

Upon the banks of these brooks, at least some of them, are meadow intervalles, from which, in years gone by, were cut hundreds and thousands of cords of peat for fuel in this town and for the market, although this branch of business has nearly died out, which used to come as regular as haying time.

Pilling's or Gerry's Pond is about a mile south of the Centre, on the road leading to the hotel; a part of it is made by the flowing of spring meadows. It is as picturesque as can be, and of late years is very much visited, sometimes by several hundred in a day, so that it is oftentimes necessary to have a policeman with the others. Large quantities of fish are taken from its waters, and people camp every year upon its borders.

It is also appreciated in summer for sailing, and in winter for skating. In 1861, the water during one of the spring rains made an excavation in the lower dam and came near carrying off the mill, actually flooding the lower part, besides removing large rocks a considerable distance, and washing earth, tools, and stones into the stream—incurring a large bill for repairs.

Humphrey's Pond, or Suntaug Lake, is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in existence,—a perfect picture for an artist to copy. A traveller from Europe once remarked that he “never saw anything that surpassed it.” The bottom of it is gravelly, and the water clear and pure. Its former name is that of its first owner, and dates back to 1635 (see “Annals,” page 49), while the latter reminds us of the natives still farther back. There is a wonderful echo to the lake, which adds to the charms of a visit to its beauties. It also has, instead of gloomy borders, those which slope gradually and are inviting to the tread.

Excursions and picnics are often made and the day spent at this sylvan retreat. Nearly forty years ago a Sunday-school party from Lynn were passing over the lake in a boat when it upset and thirteen of them were drowned. Three persons



OLDEST HOUSE IN TOWN.

also committed suicide in its depths, so that the lake has a sombre as well as a beautiful side.

Several beautiful summer residences are built on its borders ; prominent are those of David P. Ives, Henry Saltonstall, and Francis Appleton. Within the lake is Humphrey's Island, wooded and green, and a gem of its kind. The boundary between Peabody and Lynnfield passes through it, although the largest part of the pond is in the latter place. We shall refer to this body of water in other parts of this work.

At the north part of the town is Goose Pond, once a famous locality for wild ducks and geese. No one in passing on the street would guess that near by was this pond. It is supposed from observation that a mill was once located there and was gone before the oldest inhabitant could remember.

Near the southeast corner of the town is Nell's Pond, thought to be a specimen of perfection, and more than one unsuccessful attempt has been made to sound its depths. Marvellous stories are told of this pond. It is on the line of the lakes of Lynn.

Although there are no mountains in the township, it is admirably diversified by hills, and we will notice the most prominent.

Pine Hill is in the eastern part and extends into Peabody, covering about a square mile. It is crowned with all sorts of trees, is a capital outlook of the country beyond, and is owned by many individuals. Cart paths cross it in all directions, and the main road used to pass over it. Nearly around it at its base are springs of excellent water, for example, the watering place on the road known as the Pine Hill Spring, where generations of people and horses have drank its cool water. Upon the pathway of the hill more than one unfortunate pedestrian has been lost. One day a small party were picking berries when they were startled by the following exclamations from an old lady in stentorian tones : " I'm lost ! I'm lost !! I'm

lost on the middle of Pine Hill! What a fool I was to get lost on the middle of Pine Hill! Ba-ha!" She was soon escorted home, to her great joy. Several places on the hill are designated by the names of "Pigeon Stand," "Desert Rock," "Old Horse Burying Ground," etc. In former times it used to be a mammoth place for berries. Twice within a score of years terrible fires have occurred upon it. A camp of a few contrabands located upon the brow attracted considerable attention, in the year 1864, with their banjo and primitive looking cottage, surnamed "Tiptop House," which one day took fire and came near burning to death one of the inmates.

Powder Hill is in the west part of the town, and is quite rocky, with fantastic shape. The hill derives its name from the fact that for many years the powder house stood upon it till it was burned. A short distance from the summit is a grove of beech-trees, — a remarkable thing for these parts, — where used to be a favorite resort for picnics. Many young people have carved their names upon them, and most of them are young no longer. Rock Rimmon is a short distance above Powder Hill, and presents a shaggy appearance. It commands a beautiful view of the town, and is surmounted by two spiral poplars, that stand like sentinels guarding the country around. A liberty pole used to be riveted to the rock, which could be seen for miles away.

Huckleberry Hill is passed over by the road leading from the Centre to the south villages. It used to abound with rattlesnakes. These woods were cut about a century ago by a father for the purpose of sending his son to college.

Tophet Hill, where it descends to the swamp of the same name (not classic), is the most steep, for riding, in town. Lynnfield Centre shows to advantage during the descent.

Bow Ridge is at the southern extremity of Lynnfield near Nell's Pond, in a retired and rural region, being some way from the road, not far from the Lynn line, and is worth visiting.

In Tophet Hill is the copper mine which was not considered valuable to work.

Not far from the Centre depot may be found the serpentine marble mine, itself a rare one. The shaft and excavation being at Forest Hill, although the serpentine is by no means confined to it, but crops out at quite a distance on neighboring hills and in wells around.

An extract of a letter written at the time of its discovery may not be out of place here, bearing date Lynnfield, Aug. 26, 1836: "I wish to inform you of the great excitement there is in this place about a very valuable mine called 'black marble,' found in Samuel and Jesse Skinner's hills. A corporation has been formed, and they will purchase four acres for one hundred and thirty-three dollars, the same that was paid but ten for. They have bought the hills the King lot, and have the refusal of several farms in this vicinity for the stone, or accommodation of the workmen."

One who examined it soon after said, "Its quantity is inexhaustible and its quality unquestionable." Dr. Charles Jackson, a very high authority, said also: "It is a kind of marble highly prized in Europe, being extensively used for mosaic work, inlaying tables and other rich furniture. There is nothing else of the kind, no stone, so beautiful in Massachusetts." Such, too, is the opinion of Dr. Hitchcock, who said there is no such thing as exhausting it. Another who has visited it more recently writes: "This is of the variety called verd-antique, being of various shades from the darkest olive to grass-green color. It forms a large bed, running northeast by north and southeast by south, and dips to the northwest about forty-five degrees."

A manufactory was built, but it was found very expensive to work the material, and the work was abandoned. Two or three years ago the work was resumed, and has again come to a standstill, but will doubtless start again in the future. The

derrick is over a large excavation filled with water, and the quarry is often visited for specimens, which may be found in many parts of the world, being made into the shape of books, tables, fonts, and worked into church buildings in various ways.

On the south side of the Common is a small bridge for the purpose of carrying off water. The edgestone is of serpentine polished by the scholars in years ago by spitting upon it and polishing with another of the same.

The south part of the town contains granite, specimens of which may be seen in the guideposts of the town as well as in many other places. This granite is said to be equal to the celebrated Quincy granite, has a good color and is easily worked.

Robin Rock is the most noted for mention of granite, in town at least, that is worked, and the view from its top is superb, being backed with woods, with here and there a building, and the sight of the blue ocean in front, while in the distance at the side is seen Bunker Hill Monument; a large boulder is poised on the top, and the whole will repay a visit many times. An effort is being made to preserve the rock ere it be too late. A large rock used to stand or lie close to the south road known as the Briton Rock, but years ago was obliged to remove to a more excellent situation after being somewhat bruised. It is said that it was named for a pedler who used always as he passed to rest himself by it.

An old road used to cross the woods at the eastern part of the town from Peabody to North Reading. Near this road was a ledge, and in it a fissure known as Harris Gap, from the fact that a man of that name in passing yielded up his life and was found there.

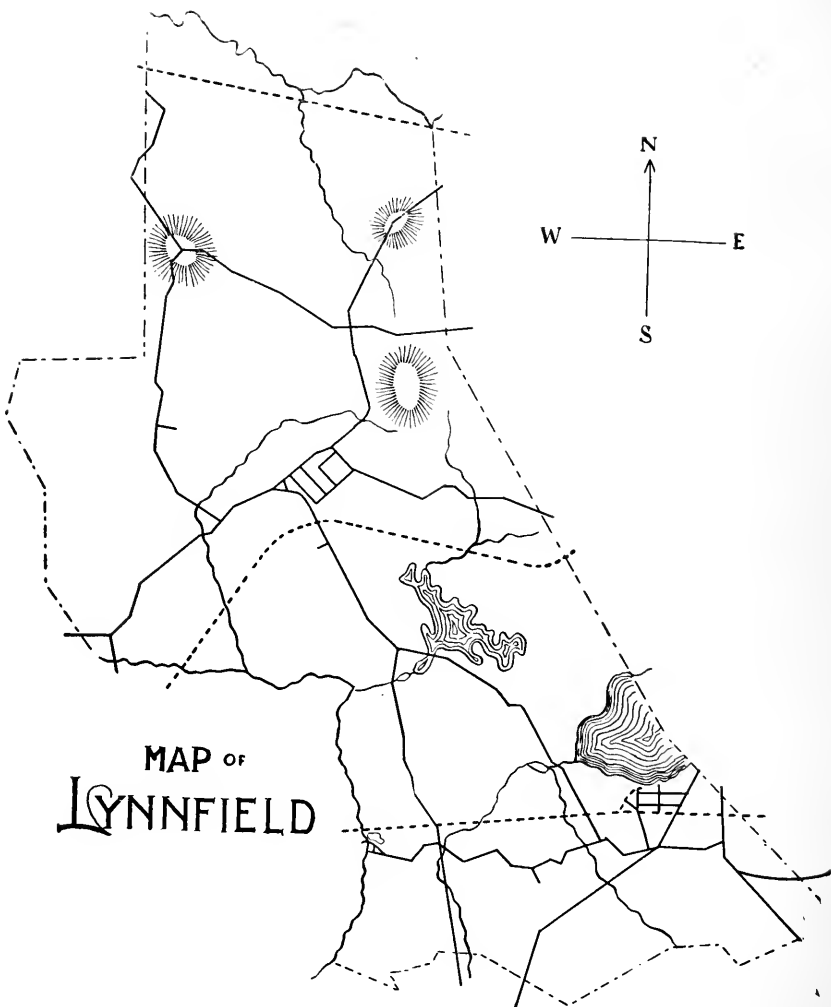
Lynnfield abounds with samples of stone, should any one wish them. It is said that his Satanic Majesty holds possession of a portion of every town in the shape of a rock or some stream. Here he had credit by the Indians for marking the



MRS. CLARISSA E. COX.
Photograph Taken on her 100th birthday, Oct. 6, 1887.

bed of Saugus River, as the reader will see by referring to another part of this work. A portion of Reedy Meadow is also named the "Devil's Kitchen," and another part the "Devil's Garden," although why is more than we can tell, and if one were sure this were all the grip that he had upon the settlement they might exclaim at the top of their voice, "Blessed!"

The map in this book is a copy of Essex County map, 1856, with a few additional streets.



CHAPTER II.

Ancient Houses of Lynnfield.

AN old house, but still what a history, could it but be written! How many memories cling to it; how many hopes have centred there; how many happy hours have been spent beneath its roof! How many sad hours have been passed within its walls! Here have gathered many, many friends, and beneath its roof has transpired many an event celebrated in history. From its walks have gone the soldier son, perhaps never to return; and this same scene may have been repeated time after time. In its recesses are sacred memorials, to be taken out, wept over, and returned. Here has childhood played, here has youth strayed, here has lived manhood, bold and strong, and here has age waited the summons to "go up higher." Every room is crowded with clustering memories, and it is remembered by those far away who have gone to bless mankind, and who at the ends of the earth in trembling accents sing, "Home, sweet home."

We shall endeavor in this chapter to give the sites of Lynnfield's habitations of days gone by, showing where dwelt those whose names and deeds are mentioned in the pages of this work, and also that Lynnfield contains many houses built in days of yore.

The first houses of this place were under ground, something like the dugouts of the West. This was deemed necessary for many reasons. When the country was first settled,

bricks, glass, and nails, having to be imported from the old country, were very scarce and high in price, and very sparingly used. These houses under ground were warm, and were thought better places when an earthquake shook the earth, — a terror our ancestors had to put up with and which their successors know nothing of.

Long since the present century began a resident of this town undertook to dig down a hill in front of his dwelling-house; after a while he came to one of these dwellings, which contained iron, plaster, and other things, and the whole seemed as if at some previous time it had been ravaged by fire.

The next dwellings were the log houses, and one of them was standing in the last century, and we wish it were standing now. About the year 1650 the frame dwellings appear, and some of them are still standing, "fearfully and wonderfully made." Some were garrison houses, with portholes, etc., where the neighbors could flee in case of an attack of the Indians. At least two of these remain and will be noticed hereafter. Most of the houses at this time were story-and-a-half buildings, built small, and added to at future periods, till in a century and a half more of the dwellings were large than small, but contained many unfinished rooms.

FORMER DWELLINGS.

A little more than a mile from the Common in an easterly direction following the main street is the Verne residence, spacious and roomy. It used to be the summer residence of Isaac Cook. It has been known for the last fourscore and ten years as the "Smith place." The two front rooms of the house were moved from North Reading over a hundred years ago with their owner. At that time the place was a wilderness, a small part of which was cleared to put the house upon. No doubt the choice of the site was made because of



WILLOW CASTLE.

the beautiful spring beneath the large old elms in front of the house.

Coming down about one fourth of a mile toward the centre of the town, Lowell Street crosses Main. This has been called the "North Road" and the corner "Hart's Corner." Right here is a cellar, and on it for nearly seventy years stood a dwelling-house till it was burned in 1856, and so silent was the fire that a neighbor near by knew not the structure was gone till the next morning. It was a square house and unlike any that is left in town.

Passing on Lowell Street a short distance we come to the homestead of Henry Endicott Smith. On the same spot stood years ago one of the most ancient dwellings in this region. No one who saw its ancient roof, its antique door and window, but knew it was built in an age gone by. It is said it was once a tavern. An old house once stood in the field back of the last mentioned, and it disappeared generations ago.

The site of another may be seen near Peabody line, and it was burned a couple of years ago. It was in this house that Capt. Ebenezer Hart spent his last days.

A short distance above the corner is the Shute house, about a century old, built by the Hart family.

Back of it stood another dwelling, but the traces of it are few at the present day to tell us mortals lived there.

The land around here for acres and acres was the Hart grant, and here Hon. Thomas N. Hart's ancestors on his father's side lived. Everything was of magnificent distances, — "the orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood," the pig-yard, cow-yard, and all else of a great farm. A few traces remain to tell the tale. An old house known as the Hart house stood at the left of the "Four Corners," as the road is called. It stood in the midst of an enormous farm, and the apple orchard was near half a mile from the house,

which had immense rooms. It was a two-story building, and at last was used to store hay in before being taken down. An old house stood on the Emerson farm, and another where now stands the residence of Jeremiah Coney, which was removed to another part of the town about ninety years ago. An old house was burnt on the site of the present one, belonging to the late Joel Hewes, while the Norwood house shows unmistakable signs of antiquity. The old Shearman house stood on the site of Mrs. Sarah Wiley's home, and another where is the nice residence of David F. Parsons. The Tremont house, which was burned a few years ago, was an ancient one also, and it is said it was built north of its last site, standing near the Ipswich River, a quartér of a mile from its nearest neighbor, not one of whom, at that time, could be seen. Its peer was the old Newhall house, which is still standing and has been the theatre of many events. The home of Mrs. James Reed is another of the same sort. It used to be known by a variety of names, but these have passed away. It stands like a beacon light, and a "light in the window" can be seen for miles around. An old house was torn down about ninety years ago to make room for the Needham house. There are traces of a habitation near Goose Pond, but whose it was no man knoweth.

The Pearson house was built near the beginning of the present century, and its aged ancestor stood farther back.

The Perkins house was built about the year 1700, but, having been kept in good repair, bids fair to stay any length of time that may be wished. It has been inhabited by six John Perkinses.

The Hart house is said to be the second built in town. It has a peaked roof, and one room in it used to be devoted to the culture of silkworms. Its massive oaken frame is still likely to stand, while others shall blow down. Coming down the hill and turning the corner toward the Centre, on the spot

where stands the home of Mr. W. Newhall, once stood a house till it was burned, in 1842. The farm used to be known as the "Charlestown Farm," and it is said the fathers of Charlestown used to be entertained a day every year upon it.

The Sparhawk house, built about 1720, on the same place where the Wheeler house now stands, was moved about thirty-five years ago a mile up the street, and afterward to Malden, where is still its home. It was the home of Rev. Nathaniel Sparhawk, and was built in nice shape, the rooms being finished in wood, and having wooden shutters.

On the opposite side of Main Street, where now is the home of Judge Nash, once the Lynnfield parsonage, erected by Rev. Mr. Mottey, stood a venerable house which was taken down to make room for its successor. The farm and house were a gift to the reverend gentleman at the time of his settlement, and here his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Bancroft, was born, lived all her life, and died.

Near the present site of the store of F. P. Russell, Esq., stood one hundred years ago a Gowing house. The ancient Bryant home stood a little to the west of the present, and nearer the Common, and was the nearest neighbor of the old meeting-house. A building was torn down a few years ago that was used by Charlestown people during the war to store furniture and other stuff in. This was the case with many buildings here, houses as well.

An old tavern stood on the spot where is now the Flannagan home. It used also to contain other things, and the eastern part was very old, the western being built about 1780. Tradition says the old elm in front still standing is one hundred and twenty-five years old. The next on the same side of the street is said to be the third in town, being built before 1700, and has been the home of a legion of people. Before it stands a willow, one of the largest in the country, about ninety years old.

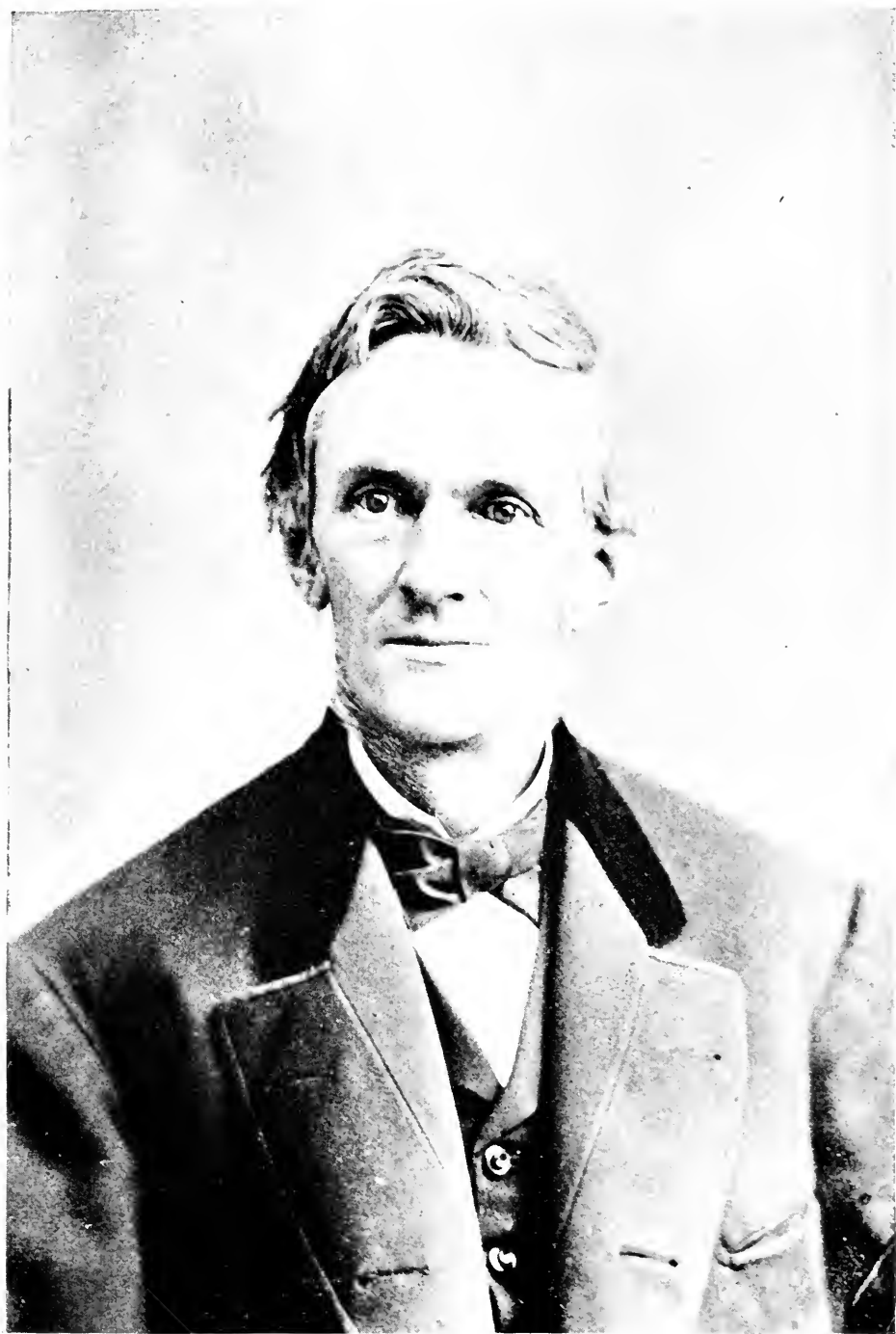
The house of the late Joseph Henfield is said to be the oldest in town, and has been the home of many eminent personages. The towering elm at the east side was named many years ago "The Pride of Lynnfield." The spacious yard in front of this house used to be a hill, so that but the tops of carriages could be seen from the windows. Many years ago this was dug down, and six or eight feet below the ground was found a place full of ashes, bricks, and housekeeping implements, which, no doubt, was one of the underground homes of the first inhabitants of Lynn End, now Lynnfield, which had probably been burned up.

The next, a gambrel-roofed house, is old and has a varied and interesting history. At the time it was built it was considered the grandest house in town. The entry and staircase were of oak. It still contains an ancient buffet and a brass knocker. The western part used to be kept closed, and the family were forbidden to enter. A girl who lived in the family, while they were at meeting, thought she would view the premises. While in the front chamber she heard a sound and, fearing a surprise, jumped out of the end window and caused her death. Here died the sister and nephew of Charlotte Cushman, both of whom were cared for by the great dramatist, who used to visit them at this their home. From this same house were sent to the centennial of 1876 the silver shoe buckles of Samuel Adams, the patriot.

The next old house was brought from Wakefield near a century ago, and was an old settler.

A large old house stood where the residence of Charles Derby now is, and the Orne family removed from it to the present Emerson house when it was built.

Back in what is now the woods stood in different places four, and probably five, of Lynnfield's ancient habitations; now little else than cellar holes, trees, etc., remain to proclaim



EBENEZER PARSONS.

the fact. The builders are dead and their descendants scattered.

The house of Miles Thurston is one of the older ones, and has been the theatre of important events. Within about twenty-five years its aspect has so changed that no one would recognize it; once it was used as a public house.

The Cox house has grown from modest proportions to be one of the largest in the town, and it is also the last before one enters Wakefield. For several reasons, we believe it is one of the most healthy residences we know of.

Not far from the Centre railroad station, with its sloping lawn, whereon stands a massive elm, is another of Lynn End's ancient inns, built in the proportions of a farmhouse of two hundred years ago with its subsequent additions. During the war of the Revolution it was known as the "Joseph Gowing Tavern," and to this building was brought the remains of Lynnfield's son who was killed at Lexington, April 19, 1775; and it is said the house did not look so timeworn twenty-five years ago as it did in 1775.

The Danforth house was built by Dea. Nathaniel Bancroft, in 1744, and has been remodelled several times. The roadway leading to it is lined with venerable elms. The old house stood a little farther north than the present one, and was aged a hundred and fifty years ago.

Up the hill is a house which has been kept up so that it does not look very old, but it is much older than the last mentioned. In front of it are gigantic elms which can be seen for a great distance.

Near the pound once stood another old house which was torn down at the beginning of this century. It had a wing on either side, and at last was used for the storage of hay. The last family lived in one end, and kept their hens, etc., in the other. Of the last six houses here mentioned probably five were built by the Bancrofts.

At the junction of the Lynn and Saugus roads we see a house that seems to be retreating, that is, it does not face the street, for the reason that the highway has been changed. The front part is about ninety years old, the rear is very old. From this house went forth to the battle of Lexington, never to return, Daniel Townsend, Lynnfield's noble son. A large number of Lynnfield's sons have first seen the light beneath its friendly roof.

East of this, on the hill where now is the ancient cellar hole, doorstone, and generous elm, once stood, for one hundred and seventy-five years, the old Wellman house, it having departed in the early part of the century.

Another Wellman house stood near the barn of George E. Herrick, and another of the same name not far from Andrew Mansfield's, and not far from this two more belonging to the same name.

On Salem Street a cottage, that used to be known as "Aunt Fanny Walton's," is one of the old habitations, but is as picturesque and inviting as possible. The large old Ramsdell house, once the Mansfield place, dates back for generations, and was replaced last year by a new one. At the corner of Main and Essex Streets stood, till it was burned in 1878, a house, the eastern part being the old schoolhouse which stood on Lynnfield Common, and was built about 1772, being removed there in 1808.

An old house of small dimensions stood near the former house of Mrs. James Hewes. Farther on the hill was the Larrabee house, which a little previous to 1850 became a barn. This place was owned by the town.

A little back of this, on the slope of Pine Hill, stands an old farmhouse, once the Gowing place, while a smaller one, standing nearer the street, was burned several years since.

One more on this street was an old Aborn house, with its quaint appearance, being shingled all over, and boasted to the

traveller as he passed by of no less than seven different sizes of windows. The rooms within were of "magnificent distances," a few would accommodate the largest families.

Near the railway, on what used to be the old Salem road, which is now on private land, used to stand a number of dwellings, but all are gone; the last, the Butler house, was burned. At the time it was unoccupied, but a family were to move in the next day. Near by were the Aborn, the Foster, the Nourse, and the Gowing places, stretching to Peabody line. It is in this region that "old Camp Comfort" is located, and is known to many a one in neighboring places; and the surrounding country is a rural walk for pedestrians. Here still are relics of old cellars, wells, brooks, trees, patches of wood and meadow, and many other traces of former homes, where, no doubt, the inhabitants would have stared, if they had not stopped their ears, to have seen the iron horse plough through their fields and past their doors. With this exception, this part of the town is in its primitive simplicity, enclosed by substantial and massive stone walls, which look as if the sons of Anack must have laid them, and speak well for the strength of their builders of at least a century ago, and look as if they might last into the next to come.

Years ago, at the southwestern boundary of the town, on Saugus River, was the well-known sash and blind factory. A very short distance is the old Tate place, which was in the time of the Revolutionary War the home of Timothy Munroe, of which this book speaks under that head. Another ancient home has for generations kept it company, and we presume there are still others of which we have not learned.

The Hawkes house, of more than two centuries ago, stood on the spot where now stands the home of George L. Hawkes. In the pasture southward still stands the old Tarbell house, although its inmates by that name left many years ago.

Passing on we see the square, comfortable home of the Mansfields, nearly a century of age.

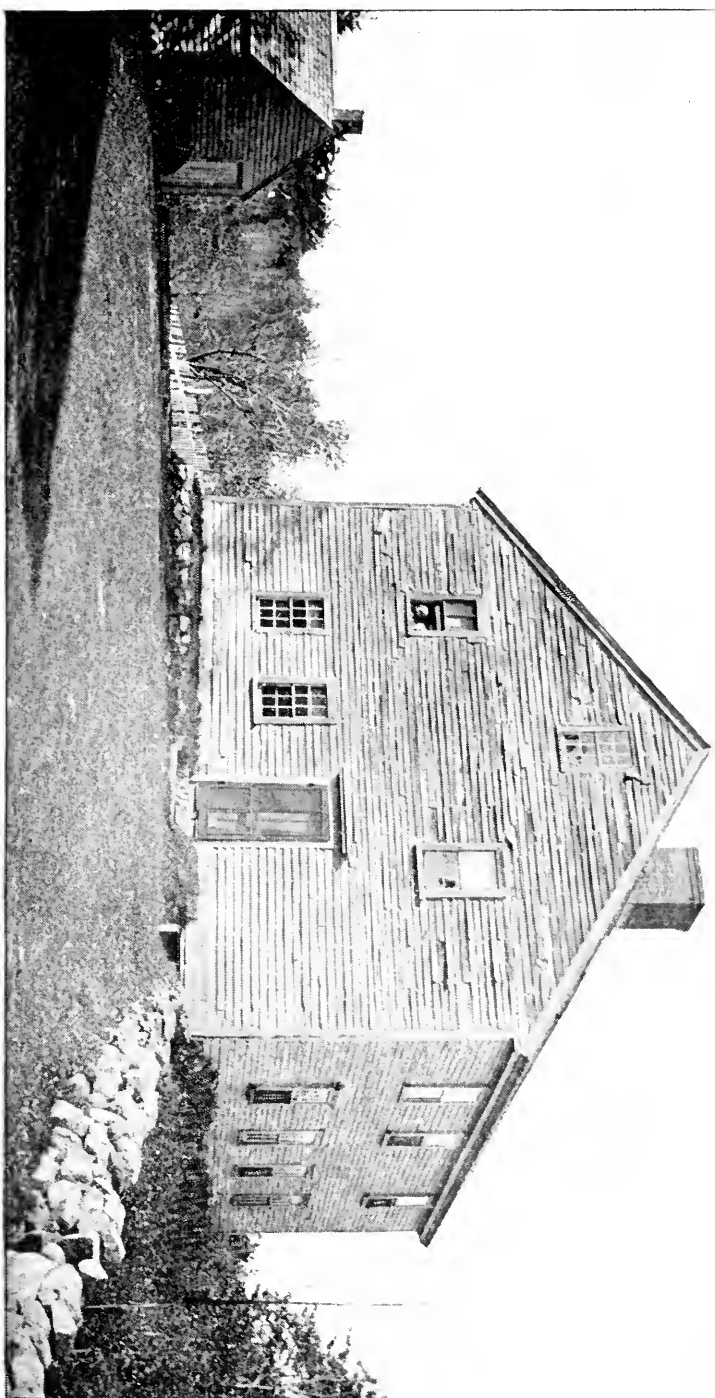
The Ramsdell house, before mentioned, has been struck by lightning a number of times. Once the fire was put out with milk, and once a bedstead, whereon the inmates were lying, was sent to the top of the room. Several old Newhall houses and others belonging to the name of Aborn, while three belonging to the Mansfields, are among the homes formerly of Lynn End.

Among the illustrations of this book will be noticed the Mansfield house, Peabody. This is claimed to be the oldest house occupied by that name, and is probably nearly two centuries old. A part of the farm is in Lynnfield. The house stands very near the line of Lynnfield, and belongs to the village of South Lynnfield, while its inmates have always seemed to belong to Lynnfield. The house is still occupied by E. and W. A. Mansfield, descendants of the original owner, and who pay taxes on more than threescore acres of land in this town. The place is at the present time in splendid repair, with modern improvements, and a pleasant sight to see. The Mansfields came originally from this house and settled in Lynnfield, at least those who are now of that name in town, and the picture is furnished for this work by Mr. Charles F. Mansfield, of Wakefield, an antiquarian, and one who has collected very many facts respecting his ancestors, a gentleman in the truest sense and a friend worthy of the name.

N. M. Hawkes, a Lynnfield scion, forcibly says: "The standard elms and the south-facing, long-sloping, back-roofed houses, with the great stack of chimneys in the centre, to all these people are home and history and the sterling point of family lines.

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"The whole county is dotted with these old earth-hugging



RAMSDELL HOUSE.

houses, upon which the storms of bleak winters have beaten in vain for centuries.

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“They were wisely built, by men who knew the climate, and by men who were founding families. They overlooked the broad acres which their builders had redeemed from the wilderness. Square, prim, and strong, admirably adapted to the age in which they were built. Time has mellowed their surroundings and made them one and all picturesque and important adjuncts in every hamlet in the county. Every one is full of the traditions and history of its long-departed occupants and of the people.

“Let us not learn from strangers to appreciate the historic value nor the substantial use of the stout houses that are gems set in the grassy lanes of old Essex, but let us so care for them as to make them still attractive to the wanderer who returns to the home of his people.”

Sometimes we sit thinking in one of these old habitations, which has been the theatre of events for two centuries and a half. We seem to see them raise the building, using pegs for nails, splitting pieces of board to fill the places, hewing logs to make floors, building the chimney with bricks from Old England, and nails and window glass must come from there. Anon the family are settled within. What checkered scenes come up! In the chimney corner sit the aged couple, while the grandchildren play around them and bring their children for grandparents' blessing. What comfort, what cheer, have dwelt beneath that roof; what sorrow, what surprises, have also been hidden there! That door has opened to bring forth its inmates for the last time. Within, the wedding bells have sounded; toddling infant and tottering age have both passed its portals. How many a time have parents looked out to see their boys depart, or a newcomer who has come to claim a share of the spacious home! How often have “wars and

rumors of wars" been discussed within its portals. Yet were we to try to describe half of the events transacted here, this little book would not hold them; for if some people are "walking encyclopædias," this house would be a library of history. But we cannot forget that New England is what its homes have made it; and here was planted the seed from which has sprung our churches, our schools, and all else that is noble and grand. We say, "God bless our home!"

CHAPTER III.

Old Meeting-House. — Town Hall. — Schools.

Not of marble reaching high,
With gilded bands around,
Toward the blue ethereal sky,
Nor wreaths its top surround.

But a solid building lifts,
With the years grown old,
Our fathers' and our mothers' gifts,
More precious far than gold.

It speaks of patience, courage true,
In years that now have flown;
Noble souls as earth e'er knew,
They were God's very own.

Near it the builders rest,
Calm 'neath the pine-tree shade,
To us their memory blest
In colors that ne'er shall fade.

A glory crowns thy head,
A halo all thine own,
A link of living and of dead,
To-day and those that are gone.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

THIS is one of the landmarks of the town, and one of the oldest houses of worship in this ancient Commonwealth, being built in 1715, so that it is one hundred and seventy-nine years of age. The old church at Hingham (we meant the old meeting-house), or perhaps we should say the old ship,

was built in 1680; St. Michael's, Marblehead, in 1714; and this in the next year. The Old South Meeting-House in Boston, so noted, was built in 1730, fifteen years after the Lynnfield one, while the ancient stone chapel is thirty-five years its junior, so that we see there is not a church edifice in the metropolis which has attained the age of this one.

It was built when the land was the dominion of the king of Great Britain, between fifty and sixty years before the Declaration of Independence. It was built upon the land where the wood was cut, some of it for its timbers, and was purchased of the Gowings. It was a plain building, with its ponderous oaken beams, which have so faithfully stood the test of almost centuries. No turret, tower, or belfry ever surmounted its roof, any more than if it had been built by a Society of Quakers.

The pulpit used to stand upon the eastern side, with a window behind, and a sounding-board above the latter, — a terror to children, for fear it might fall and envelop the dear minister.

There were three galleries; one of them contained the hind men's seats, reserved purposely for colored people, who were slaves, or their children; and more than one slave child has been presented for baptism by its master in the old edifice. There were also three doors to enter the building, and before them were the horse blocks,—large stones for dismounting from the horses. The last one was removed about thirty years ago.

The building was neither plastered nor painted for more than a hundred years. It contained square pews, and these were ornamented with gingebread work, as it was called.

In May, 1782, a petition was presented to see if the signers might cut the house in two and move it, and put in fourteen feet, and leave the pulpit and deacons' seats, without cost to the parish.

A meeting was held, and it was agreed to move the galleries



JUDGE STEPHEN G. NASH.

two and one half feet; the pews were then to be sold at auction to pay the cost of repairs; and at a meeting of the proprietors of the new part it was agreed to let a man have twelve inches to enlarge his pew, at the price the rest paid. The following was the assignment of the pews, 1783: —

“The pew next the ministerial pew on the southeast side, to Mr. Josiah Newhall; the corner pew adjoining, to Mr. Jonathan Wellman; floor pew, the southeast side of the ‘broad alley,’ to Dea. Daniel Mansfield; the pew adjoining, on the same side, to Lieut. James Bancroft; the two pews adjoining, to Thomas Townsend; the wall pew at the northerly end of the meeting-house, adjoining the northeast corner pew, to John Bancroft; the northeast corner pew, to James Brown; the pew at the right hand of the front door, No. 1, to Capt. John Burnham; the pew at the left hand of the front door, No. 2, to Thomas Reed; pew at the west side of the pulpit, No. 3, to Andrew Mansfield; No. 4, to Nathaniel Howard; pew on the floor at the west door, next to Ed. Sparhawk’s, No. 5, to John Hewes; next to J. Hewes’, No. 6, to Dea. Daniel Mansfield; the pew and a half at the east door, No. 7, to Matthew Newhall; the two pews at the east side of the ‘broad alley,’ Nos. 8 and 9, to William Mansfield; the pew at the west side of the ‘broad alley’ to Timothy Walton.”

For more than fifty years but little was done to this building, the principal thing being, perhaps, the introduction of a stove, which, as in other meeting-houses, was not done with haste. This event occurred in 1824. The following votes will explain more fully: “Voted, that the parish raise the sum of thirty dollars (to be added to the sum raised in March last) for the purpose of setting up a stove in the meeting-house belonging to said society.” “Nov. 1, 1824. Voted, that a committee be chosen for the purpose of setting up a stove in said house.” “That the committee consist of three.” “That Charles Richardson, Matthew Cox, and

Benj. Cox be a committee to do the aforesaid business.”
“That the space near the north door is a convenient place to set a stove.”

Perhaps the reader has imagined the good fathers and mothers before this time shivering through the cold Sundays with nothing but foot-stoves to keep the frost from their limbs. This is not quite the fact, for, it is said, on cold days Rev. Mr. Mottey always favored an adjournment to the schoolhouse, near by, and which contained an ample fireplace which sent forth its cheerful glow. And when the reverend gentleman built his new house he said he meant to have one room large enough to hold meetings in. That room is Mrs. Judge Nash’s parlor. The meeting-house being sadly out of repair and the town having no hall, the following proposal was made to the town by a committee of the parish : —

“We, the undersigned, committee for the First Congregational Society in Lynnfield, wish to make the following proposals to the inhabitants of the town of Lynnfield, viz. : —

“Being about to repair our meeting-house, and having no particular use for the lower story as high as the galleries are now placed, except a convenient and suitable place for the erection of stairs, by which the members of the above-mentioned society may ascend to and enter the upper story of said meeting-house,

“Therefore, we propose to give all the lower story of the said meeting-house (with the exception above mentioned) to the inhabitants of the town of Lynnfield for a Town House. *Provided*, the inhabitants of the town of Lynnfield will agree to pay one half of all the expenses of repairing the outside roof and underpinning of said meeting-house, and the parish will enter into obligation that as long as the said inhabitants of Lynnfield will continue to pay one half of the expense of keeping it in repair so long the said inhabitants shall enjoy the above-named privilege.

“BOWMAN VILES,
H. EMERSON,
MOSES RICHARDSON,
MATTHEW COX.

“LYNNFIELD, Sept. 7, 1836.”

The town voted to accept the proposal offered concerning the old meeting-house, and a committee was chosen to confer with the parish committee and carry the proposal into effect, providing the whole cost do not exceed \$600, so that in no case the town shall pay more than \$300, first receiving a written obligation of said parish committee that it shall be free from all incumbrances, and that the part of the house named in the proposal be cleared of pews, etc., in a proper manner.

An agreement was entered into with Moses Hobson and the parish committee to finish, plaster, and paint the house, put in twenty-four new windows with twenty-four new lights, build a pulpit and pews, all to be done in six months. For many years after the figures above the pulpit denoted the erection and remodelling of the building, viz., 1715-1837. Preaching was kept up for a few years, and then for about ten years the meeting-house was closed, until 1849.

The withdrawal of the Evangelical Society, formed September, 1832, and which took place at that time because the old society had become Unitarian, crippled them greatly. At that time it took the trustees of the fund, deacons, Sabbath-school superintendent, and nearly every member of the church, and it has never revived to the old standard. The house is at the present time closed, and many interesting facts in its history are related in the ecclesiastical history of this work. The lower part is still used, and is of great interest to the antiquarian. The present building was much improved by paint and blinds about forty years ago. Two of its windows are the same that were put in more than a hundred years ago. Probably there is no building around that has served such a variety of uses. Several efforts have been made to remove the building from its original site, but none have yet succeeded. We hope that it may long survive and still be a benefit to this community, as it certainly might.

We had always supposed that this building was erected by taxation, but were pleased to find that it was done by subscription, and a second subscription was given ere it was finished. It was underpinned with stones, which all remain to this day ; and the ponderous oaken beams show it to be "fearfully and wonderfully made." The walls are of great thickness. The shape of the building when first built was nearly square ; by the addition of the fourteen feet set in in 1782, the house assumed its present shape. It has had four sets of windows, one at the beginning of its career, in 1715, probably rude ones. In 1751 it was voted to have the meeting-house plastered, clapboarded, and shingled, with window frames. Those who gave the new ones to have the old ones. In 1782 it again had new ones ; two of these are in the attic. There were twelve panes in the upper sash and eight in the lower. When the house was remodelled in 1837, those, all but the two upper ones before mentioned, were taken out and the present ones fitted, which are strong and serviceable.

In 1800 it was voted to raise \$100 to paint the meeting-house ; the next year it was voted not to paint it, and this was not done for more than fifty years after.

The upper part was used for the uses of a church, while the lower story has been the town hall for a little over fifty years, so that the variety of uses to which the building has been put, good, bad, and indifferent, is simply astonishing, — public worship, ordinations, prayer-meetings, lectures, most all kinds of organizations, balls, parties, levees, town meetings, schools, caucuses, trials, conventions, anniversaries, war meetings, suppers and dinners, picnics, reunions, dancing school, writing school, singing school, lyceums, funerals, and parades.

It is located on one side of a pretty park. Lynnfield Common is in the shape of a triangle, and the old meeting-house is on the eastern side. When it was built the highway ran through the middle of the Common, so that the front or, as it

was called, the "fore" door was on the west side of it, and a stone wall came up close to the corner of it on what was then the rear side of the building. A row of horse sheds stood where the sidewalk now is, — a perfect horror to pedestrians. On the other side of the street that ran through the Common was a goose pond, and swine were allowed to run at large. The streets ran much nearer the old meeting-house on both sides, while South Common Street, where the sidewalk now is, was a low gutter, and the trees were not there. Two aged men used to claim that their grandfathers set out the big elm under whose spreading branches have been held many gatherings and from whose trunk have hung effigies. It is said the second-sized elm was set out by Hon. Asa Tarbel Newhall to hitch his horse to on Sabbath days. In 1841 a number of spirited young men brought trees and set them out, and about two years ago another contribution was made of the same sort, so that now it is covered with trees, and since it has been graded it is one of the prettiest parks to be found; and Lynnfield is noted for its beautiful large shade trees.

The western corner was first used for a site for the school-house, after for hay scales, then for flagstaff, and now the town pump.

Near by the guidepost informs us that it is to Wakefield 3, Reading 3, Boston 13, Lynn 7, Peabody 7, Danvers 7, Middleton 5, Salem 8, North Reading 4, and Saugus 5 miles.

On the east side are the Central Church, the Centre Schoolhouse, while at the southern point, where the two ways meet, is the much-prized new town hall, built in 1891. On its outer edge stands the wheelwright shop of Samuel Harding, who has worked in this place nearly a half-century, and the village smith may be heard ringing upon his anvil on the main street.

A little brook crosses the street at the foot of the Common, which once flowed on in plain sight, but which later improve-

ments have nearly hidden from sight, yet it is the "school-house brook." Altogether, making allowance for partiality, we think it a beautiful place, especially in summer, when its trees arch overhead, when it is carpeted with grass all spotted with dandelions; and it makes one think of the old and new.

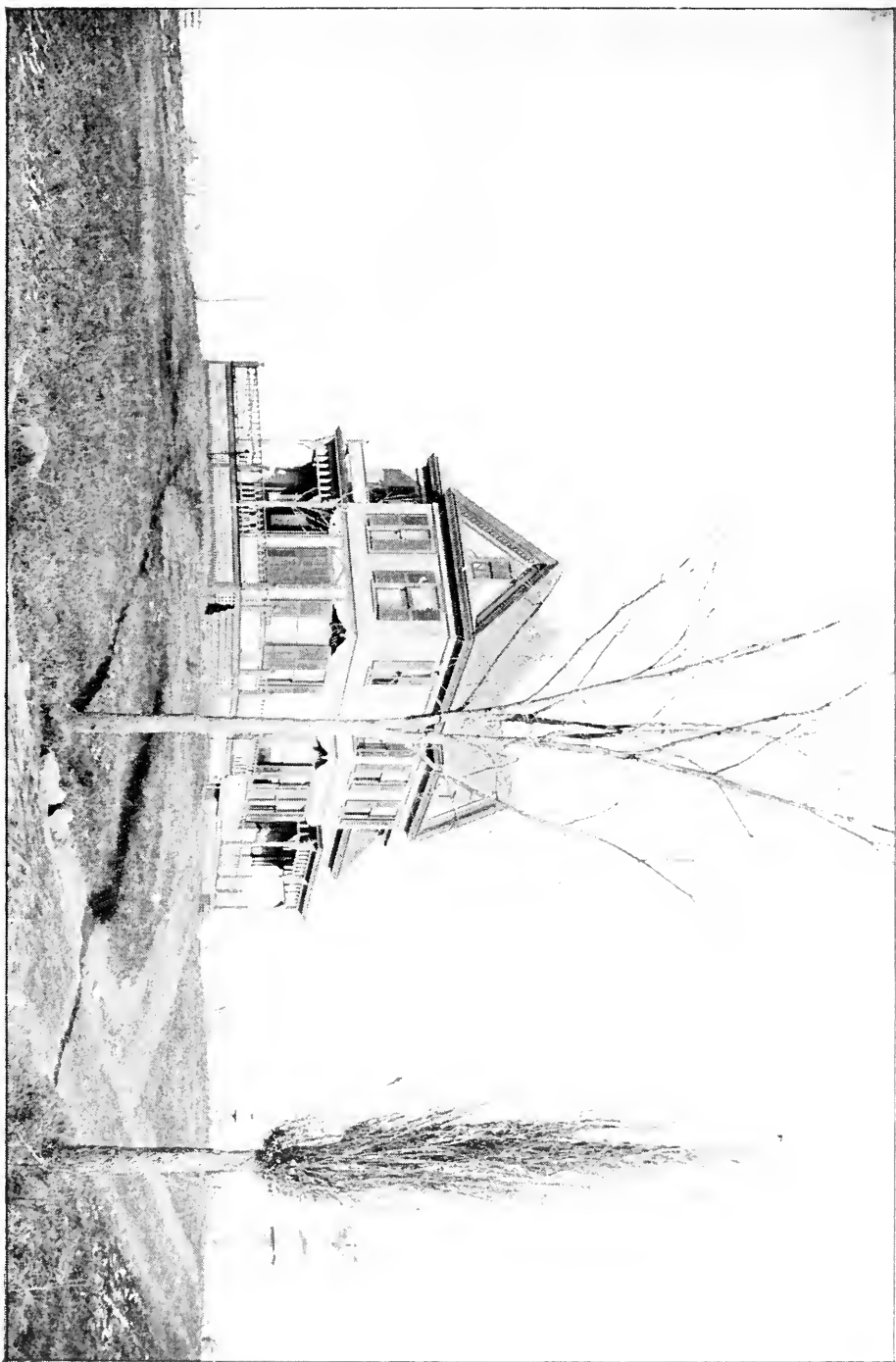
Not far from the old meeting-house still lies a stone which was once a horse block. There used to be three of them, one by each door of the edifice. One was used for many years as a doorstep.

A row of sheds once occupied the sidewalk on Summer Street. There were ten of them, and the hearse house; they were painted red. During the September gale of 1815 they were all blown over flat on their backs. After this a heavy piece of granite was fastened by an iron bolt to each shed, or, as they were called, "horse houses," to prevent another uprising or downfalling of these appendages. They were taken down about 1850.

Said one of Lynnfield's gifted sons, Hon. N. M. Hawkes:—

"The dedication of your fair new town building marks an era in your existence. It is the final divorce of church and town. The holding of the town meetings in the house erected on the green by the old North Parish was a reminder of Puritan ways that was unique. The old house was plain, but it was in keeping with the plain, God-fearing yeomanry who there legislated and worshipped. There the precinct district and town of Lynnfield were formed. After the massive timbers of that edifice were hewn from the primeval forest two generations of men had wrought their appointed tasks ere the solemn rumble of creaking wagons passed on to the Col. Cox Tavern, with precious freight of dead and wounded.

"That wondrous day, the 19th of April, had occurred, and hard by in yonder churchyard repose the mortal remains of Lynnfield's hero and martyr of that day. Sturdy artisans were raising the frame of that edifice a century before the star of Napoleon Bonaparte set in final darkness upon the field of Waterloo. The snows of a hundred and fifty bleak winters had blown upon it when Grant and Lee met at Appomattox, — and Appomattox to those living to-day seems like history."



BARNJUM HOUSE.

THE TOWN HALL.

For some time, especially during the years 1889 and 1890, there had been a desire to remove the old town hall and meeting-house from the Common and modernize and improve the building. The initial movement towards the new hall was on March 30, 1890, at a special town meeting, when \$6,500 was voted for the purpose, and a building committee of five, being Messrs. George E. Batchelder, Henry Law, Elbridge F. Gerry, Warren Newhall, and Albert Copeland, were chosen. The committee purchased a lot of land on Summer Street, near the Common, of Frank T. D. Barnjum, and a piece containing 2,480 feet was given by Mr. Ebenezer Parsons.

The building was erected by Messrs. Wentworth & Heath, of Wakefield, the mason work by H. C. Watson, of Reading. The surveyor was Mr. James A. Bancroft, of Reading. Another town meeting was held in June, and \$1,000 was appropriated to heat, light, and furnish the building, which was accepted by the committee Dec. 12, 1890.

The hall sets back from the street, so that there is a lawn in front. It is built of wood, two stories high and a basement. Its dimensions are 48 by 60 feet. It has a tower in front, and before this a portico. Inside this is a vestibule, and a closet of large dimensions on either side. The vestibule leads to the main hallway, where are doors to the different rooms on the lower floor, consisting of banquet hall, $21\frac{1}{2} \times 28$ feet; selectmen's room opposite, 16×19 feet, and containing a vault of brick and iron, the brick walls twenty inches in thickness. The iron vault is $7\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ feet on the inside, and the safe was made by E. C. Morris, of Boston. The ticket office is in front of the hallway, and a committee room, 13×14 feet, at the west. The public library room is in the front of the building and north of the banquet hall; it is 13×23 feet. At the rear of the building is a door outside and stairway to the

upper part. A kitchen is in the southern portion. The basement is cemented and is high studded, with brick piers, and contains lockups and furnaces.

The main hall is on the second floor, being 36 x 39 feet, with a stage 10 x 18 feet, with anterooms on either side and a balcony in front. There are cloak-rooms at the north side, and the hall is finely seated, so that they can be removed in sections. The whole is finished in whitewood with floors of birch and hard pine, with interior blinds and transoms for ventilation. It cost \$8,398.70, and the next year sheds, tramp house, etc., were built by an extra appropriation from the town, that seems well pleased with the result of the effort to build it. The hall was dedicated Jan. 28, 1892, when many gathered from this and neighboring towns. Henry Law presided. The American Band, of Lowell, furnished fine music for the occasion. Rev. H. L. Brickett, of Lynnfield Centre, offered prayer, and was then introduced as the orator of the day, which position he filled admirably. He related many incidents in the town's history, made a strong plea for the ancient church to be preserved as a relic of the past, for a public library to be placed in the hall, for which accommodations had been provided, and also recommended a tablet to be put in the hall for Lynnfield's valiant sons, a fund for which since then has been commenced. Mayor Elihu Hayes, of Lynn, spoke of the close connection between Lynn and Lynnfield, and urged the establishment of the public library at the next town meeting, which was done. The keys were received by John M. Danforth, Esq., and the reading of the report by George E. Batchelder. Mayor William M. Tyler spoke for Wakefield in a happy vein, as did Judge E. A. Upton. Hon. Nathan M. Hawkes, a native of Lynnfield, had prepared a paper,—“Why the Old Town House was Built and some Things which have been Talked of Since.” The time had so passed away that his remarks were brief, but the article was printed

and is a valuable addition to the history of this old historic town.

Hon. Asa Tarbel Newhall, ex-mayor of Lynn and a native of Lynnfield, gave an address full of patriotism, enthusiastic in praise of Lynnfield. The following poem (original) was read by its author, Mrs. Annie Stevens Perkins : —

“ There were meetings and greetings and proud, glancing eyes,
At the thought of completed successful enterprise,
One day in the long ago.
In the calm autumn sunlight glad forms might be seen,
And with sweet sounds the breezes above the fair green
Went wandering to and fro.

“ Lordly and fair neath the blue of the sky,
A newly built edifice gladdened the eye,
The pride of the quiet town.
Reared to the praise of the God they loved,
Whose tender mercies had ever proved
Their blessing, their glory crown.

“ In the hush of the holy Sabbath they came,
Some golden boon from above to claim,
At this first gathering.
Brave and earnest in piety
Our town's forefathers, whose memory
Sacred and dear we sing.

“ Those voices, eager with joyful praise,
Died in the silence of the golden days,
And passed from the earth away.
But in courts unseen there are echoes now
Of the song and prayer and fervent vow
Of that distant, holy day.

“ We can but hallow their memory,
And grateful accept the legacy,
Through the long past handed down,
A building grand, with the story of years,
All fraught with the holy hopes and fears,
To God's fulfilment grown.

“ A link that binds to the days of old,
When trust and truth were more than gold
 And life was a way to God;
A silent reminder left behind,
That however life's pathways lengthen and wind
 Eternity must be trod.

“ Could the hall on yonder quiet green
Speak of all it has ever seen
 And the tales it has surely heard,
The truth that history is but the plan
Of a Providence ever guiding man
 Would echo in every word.

“ For sacred association's sake,
Truest and fondest pride we take
 In the hall beneath the elms.
Close wrapped in the present, would we forget
The heaven-blessed past, whose story yet
 The true heart overwhelms?

“ It is fitting to guard the storied frame,
Grand with a thought lips cannot name,
 And sacred to memory.
It is fitting now to set aside
From common use in holy pride
 Our fair, rich legacy.

“ We have gathered within these walls to-day,
Mid music and gladness and greetings gay,
 And faces with joy alight.
With prideful glow at last we call
Our own, our beautiful, new Town Hall,
 So fair to our partial sight.

“ With its spacious corridors and halls,
And apartments to meet the many calls
 A townspeople may make,
The airy and commodious hall,
Library, banquet-room, and all,
 Where we may comfort take.

- “Municipal apartments too,
Carefully planned for the work to do,
For all needs and behests.
Upstairs hall and gallery show,
And two little bedrooms down below
For very infrequent guests.
- “May the building we with our glad hopes crown
Prove a joy and blessing to all our town,
As the years shall come and go!
Advancing in all prosperity,
In the new opened era of days to be,
Unto honor may we grow.
- “We have come from our common paths away,
For this is our happy, gala day,
Sacred to us so dear;
With sweet rejoicing and grateful praise,
We would make it the brightest of hope-crowned days,
As we gather in gladness here.
- “To all who have come with greetings fair,
In our rejoicings and praise to share,
We offer our welcome true;
We find it the wish of our inmost heart
That something the hour may impart
Shall be glad and sweet to you.
- “So welcome, heart welcome we offer you,
Who have gathered with greetings glad and true,
Here at the voice of our call,
While with strains of melody thrilling the air,
And to heaven uprising the throb of our prayer,
We dedicate this our hall.”

The literary exercises lasted nearly three hours, including an inspection of the different parts of the edifice. After the benediction had been pronounced by Rev. H. L. Brickett, the invited guests were escorted to a supper in the lower hall, splendidly spread by Caterer Dill, of Melrose.

A ball was held in the evening till two o'clock in the morning, the music and supper being furnished as in the afternoon. The hall has proved a boon to the town in many ways, and fulfils all expectations of its originators. It came very near being burned on the 24th of September, 1894, at the time the new dwelling-house and the paint shop, formerly the Methodist Meeting-House, burned to the ground, and it was only by strenuous exertions in keeping the building wet that it was saved. May it be, like the Old South Meeting-House in Boston, a barrier where the fire shall stop, though it may have been raging long in other directions, and may it ever be a beacon light for truth ! On its tower we can read, "Town Hall, 1891."

SCHOOLS.

Lynnfield, like the rest of New England, and especially Massachusetts, was a patron of public schools. Next to her church came the school. Not that she always had a public-school building ready for use, as at present, still she made provision for the school if not for the building ; it was the kernel she looked for, — the nut and not the shell. We find as far back as 1730 the town of Lynn making provision for this part of its territory, and doubtless it had done so for more than fifty years. The town used sometimes to hire a master, and send him awhile in one ward and awhile in another, for no child dreamed of going to school all the time ; and besides the qualifications for teachers were various. Not all of them were college graduates. Some of them were aged, some were in poor health. Sometimes the minister taught the school, and especially those fitting for seminaries or colleges.

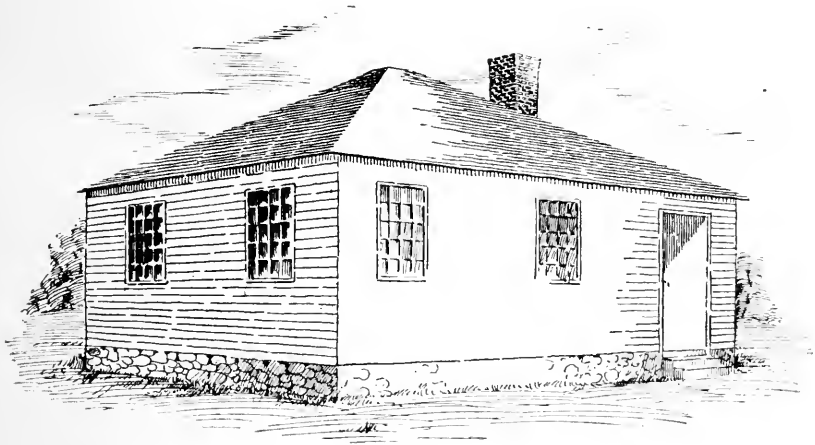
When the schools were taught by ladies, sewing was one and sometimes the acquisition. As a general thing, the tasks were not numerous, Latin and Greek being reserved for future generations.



SOUTH SCHOOLHOUSE.

For many years after its settlement this village never boasted a schoolhouse, but previous to one being built rooms were furnished in private houses, more generally up one flight of stairs; and there is still standing one of the old domiciles, built way back in the past, that boasts of a room where many persons of influence graduated in the gone-by days, some of whom have made a mark in the world.

In 1763 the parish voted to build a schoolhouse "nigh ye meeting-house," but it was not probably done till 1772. At that



1772.

time the town of Lynn "voted to give fifteen pounds to build a schoolhouse in the north ward." This schoolhouse was a small one, about twelve by eighteen feet, and stood where the town pump on the Common is and close to the old burying ground. It was a plain building, had a fireplace on one side and a door in one corner.

This building was used for the purpose for which it was built till 1808, when it was superseded by another, which stood nearly in the street, near the spot occupied by the present Centre Schoolhouse. The old one was sold for part

of a dwelling-house, and stood near the corner of Main and Essex Streets, where it was burned in 1878.

The second schoolhouse was blessed with a convenient entry, perhaps nine or ten feet square, finished in wood and furnished with hooks and pegs. This was given to the ward by the late Capt. Henry Bancroft. This building, during its earlier existence, had a big fireplace, but later on a stove was thought to be preferable. The ponderous tongs that the fire used to be poked with in the old fireplace are still in the keeping of one of the scholars of the old schoolhouse, and, were there an historical society in this town, it would be presented with half a thousand other articles to show what has been in days of yore. This schoolhouse at first was painted red, as were most all built long ago. The North Schoolhouse stood on the little common in front of the present one, and was not so old as the last named. It was not so large, but it too was a red one. It is supposed that some of its scholars thought it had outlived its usefulness, and one night in 1856 it was burned down.

In those days economy was practised everywhere. The boys were expected to build the fires and the girls sweep the schoolroom. Imagine the state of society now were these rules enforced upon the young gentlemen and ladies of the present ! I fear there would be almost a state of chaos ; yet this was done till 1848.

Another article of economy was that the boys used to perform their examples and write upon their leathern breeches.

I have just paused in this article, ascended to the top of the house and brought down an ancient arithmetic, that my grandfather and father both used at school, by Daniel Adams, 1802. It is a veritable book, with board covers covered with leather ; a string is attached to hang it by. The paper is good and looks as if it might last any number of years. Of course

it has *f*'s for *s*'s. On the 210th page are "pleasant and diverting questions." Let me copy one that in my childhood I used to love to repeat :—

"3d. As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?"

And we will give also a word that a schoolgirl of eighty-five and ninety years ago informs us was given out to spell. It is "Horonofocubituditibusque" (Ho-ro-no-fo-qui-ficubi-tudi-tati-busque), and strongly reminds one of having come down from the wigwam.

The South Schoolhouse was built at the beginning of the present century, on the same site where now stands its successor. The ward was called "Newhall Ward," and each ward built its own schoolhouse till the wards were abolished in 1868. The schoolhouse was large and remained many years. After new schoolhouses had been built in the North and Centre wards, it was one day in town meeting remarked that the south part ought to have a new schoolhouse. Several came forward and remarked that their schoolhouse was good enough, large enough, etc. Indeed, things seemed to be in a thriving condition, but as soon as the town could build a new schoolhouse it was a new tune set on a different key.

While the town did not control the schools in 1856, the present Centre Schoolhouse was built. It was much the finest in town that had ever been built, and at the present time contains the largest room in town. It was furnished with all the modern conveniences, and the dedication of it was quite an event long to be remembered, and really showed forth the town to advantage.

Soon after this the North Schoolhouse, which had lately been reared, was also dedicated. It was built on a side lot, instead of the triangle where the former stood. At the time it was built the ward furnished plenty of scholars for a good-sized school, but for many years there has been a steady decline, and for decades the schoolhouse has been closed, and seems worthless, except for its company or something to want insurance, except for its memories ; and they will always cling to the school of youth. The writer remembers hearing the songs like "Way Down upon the Swanee River" sung before he ever read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He remembers with interest seeing the broom walk in at the entry door enveloped in the many clothes of the many school children, hear its drum-hum, etc., little thinking that one of the scholars was enveloped in the wrapping, and held the said broom above her head. He remembers hearing the scholars in the grammar class parse "I might have been," and sure enough, she has "had Ben" ever since. These and many other things rush into the mind, from the very mention of school.

And now the wards are abolished, and the South School needs badly a new schoolhouse ! A new one, the handsomest and most costly building of its kind ever built in town, rears its head near the spot on which the former one stood, while close beside it floats the flag of freedom, the gift of Hon. Asa Tarbel Newhall, a native of this town and an ex-mayor of Lynn. The building accommodates two schools, one up stairs and one down. It was built in 1871, the expense not to exceed \$4,000. It is surmounted by a cupola, and looks as if education there is in quite a flourishing condition. A cut is given in this work of it, with the children of the two schools assembled in front on a November day.

One thing is certain, birchen rods do not grow as near the schoolhouse door as they did many years ago.



TOWN HALL.

The primary school at the Centre is in the old town hall, which has been used for many years, although not at all times, for its convenience. It underwent considerable freshening during 1894, and is really quite a pretty schoolroom.

It is quite near the Centre Schoolhouse, where from the liberty pole floats the star-spangled banner; and the old church of the fathers has been used for as great a variety of uses as any other building, besides enjoying a green old age indicative of further usefulness.

It is doubtful if there is another schoolroom in the State where scholars assemble that has attained the age of this. Here scholars have thought for themselves. Some who have been but little at school have studied elsewhere. Years ago one of the committee, in making remarks to the school, used to state that all the books he studied at school were the Psalter and the spelling book. One of the nicest penmen I ever knew declared that he never wrote but a single sheet of paper, except what he did for himself; and yet he has blessed thousands with his writing schools and in other ways.

Those who left these schools have found their ways into others and graduated with distinction. Even the one who studied but the Psalter and spelling book represented this town in no uncertain way, and his children, grandchildren, and their children have been an honor to the town from which they sprung.

When the Academy at Bradford was opened, it will be remembered it was founded for both sexes, but now the ladies have taken sole possession of it. For many years Lynnfield furnished samples of her ambitious youth. For instance, Capt. John Perkins, Rev. Jacob Hood, Mary M. Bancroft, and others might be mentioned. Then there are others of a generation later who have graduated from the normal schools, and we could instance a family of four at one time,—a quartet of

teachers surely. Lynnfield always furnished a large quota of teachers as far back as the memory of man or woman runneth, and perhaps as good as the average. Mrs. Emily P. Coney, for many many years an excellent teacher in the public schools in Chelsea and other places, was school committee till she declined a re-election. Mrs. E. W. Gilman, wife of Judge Gilman, faithfully served for years, even while she was teaching in Boston; and now we have one thoroughly interested in education at the present time in the efficient person of Mrs. Hattie F. Russell. Nor must we omit an item here, although it has no application as we are aware to any of the three instances of school committee just mentioned, but certainly extends back a century. It is this, that a remarkable number of ladies, after having taught school for longer or shorter terms, have consented to marry the members of the school committees, and live and die, for better or worse, in this town; and we once heard a bachelor aver that when he wished to be married, if he found a "hill of difficulty" in the way, he would coax the town to put him in as school committee, and he seemed to think the point was gained.

A list of the committees of the schools embraces most of those competent for the office, and one of the teachers who have served our public schools, sowing the seed that sprung up in after years, proved to be one who has since had his \$500,000 to give away at a time. It would show the scientific farmer, the military man whose name has a handle to it, the minister, and his "better half" too, besides many a lady well known in these parts. Lynnfield has no high school, but years ago she generously offered to transport scholars who might wish to go out of town, and last year nearly a dozen responded to the call.

The report for schools of 1881 was remarkably concise.

We hope that this good old town will in the future as much as in the past be the patron of education, and that its scholars

may honor it, its schools, and themselves as much as those have in days of yore.

“Close by the church spire stands the school.”

SCHOOL COMMITTEES.

Daniel Mansfield, 1814, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820.
 Elias Richardson, 1814.
 Col. Joel Hewes, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1821.
 Col. Matthew Cox, 1815.
 Hon. Asa T. Newhall, 1815, 1821.
 Capt. Ebenezer Hart, 1815.
 Herbert Richardson, 1815.
 Daniel Needham, Esq., 1816, 1817, 1818, 1821.
 John Bryant, 1819, 1820, 1821.
 Dea. Oliver Emerson, 1819, 1822.
 Samuel Wiley, 1820.
 Benjamin Cox, 1820.
 Joshua Hewes, 1821.
 Bowman Viles, Esq., 1821.
 Capt. Henry Bancroft, 1822.
 Capt. John Upton, 1823, 1829, 1830, 1838.
 Gen. Josiah Newhall, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1828, 1838, 1839,
 1840, 1841, 1843, 1844, 1846, 1852, 1853, 1858, 1859, 1860,
 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866.
 Col. Joel Hewes, 1823, 1825, 1827.
 Rev. Joseph Searle, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827.
 Hon. Asa T. Newhall, 1823, 1825, 1826, 1830, 1833, 1834,
 1836.
 Col. Matthew Cox, 1825, 1830, 1837.
 Daniel Needham, Esq., 1823, 1825.
 Rev. Mr. Jones, 1824.
 Benjamin Wiley, 1826.
 John Bryant, 1826.

David Needham, 1826.

Dea. Oliver Emerson, 1826, 1834, 1841, 1849, 1850,
1856.

Rev. Warren Emerson, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830.

Dea. John Perkins, 1827, 1828.

Andrew Mansfield, Esq., 1827, 1829, 1830, 1832, 1833,
1842, 1847, 1848.

Wright Newhall, 1827.

John Aborn, 1830.

Bowman Viles, Esq., 1830, 1833, 1836.

Joshua Hawkes, 1831, 1834.

Rev. Reuben Porter, 1831.

Rev. Mark Staples, 1831.

William Perkins, 1831, 1832, 1835, 1836.

Daniel Mansfield, 1832, 1837, 1853.

Joshua Hewes, Esq., 1832, 1839, 1840, 1842.

Moses Richardson, 1831.

Jacob Wiley, 1832, 1834.

Edward Upton, 1834, 1835.

Rev. Joseph Hill, 1835, 1836.

Rev. John Bailey, 1835.

George F. Whittredge, 1835.

Thomas B. Newhall, Esq., 1836.

Oliver Emerson, Jr., 1837.

Capt. Henry Bancroft, 1838.

John Perkins, Esq., 1839, 1840, 1843, 1844, 1847, 1848.

Willard Wiley, 1842, 1845, 1847.

John Danforth, Jr., Esq., 1841.

William E. Cox, 1843, 1844.

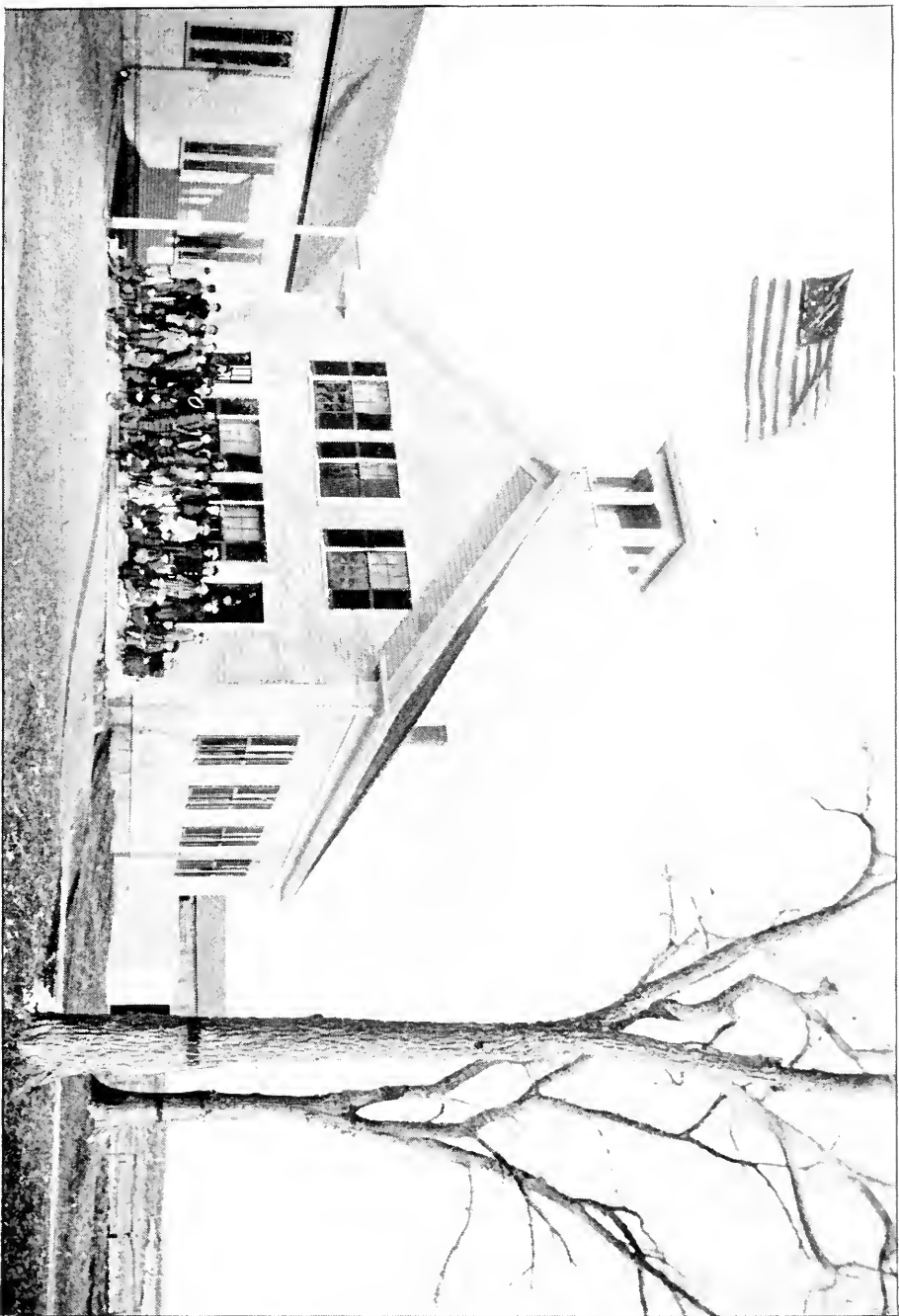
William A. Whittredge, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848.

P. St. M. Andrews, 1845.

Dea. William Smith, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853.

Benjamin U. Preston, 1849, 1850, 1851.

Joseph Hart, 1815.



CENTRE SCHOOLHOUSE.

- Samuel N. Newcomb, 1853.
Israel A. Parsons, 1852, 1853, 1861, 1862.
Rev. Ariel P. Chute, 1854, 1855.
Rev. U. W. Condit, 1854, 1855.
Rev. Luther Walcott, 1854, 1855.
David A. Titcomb, 1856, 1857.
James G. Perkins, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861.
Israel A. Parsons, Jr., 1857, 1858, 1859.
Joseph Smith, 1860.
Ebenezer Parsons, 1862.
James Hewes, 1863, 1864, 1865.
Henry E. Smith, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866.
Rev. M. Bradford Boardman, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869.
Chas. W. H. Coney, 1867.
George L. Hawkes, 1867, 1868, 1869.
Jeremiah Coney, 1868.
Alfred Wiley, 1869.
Rev. Jacob Hood, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874.
Albert Mansfield, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875.
Emily P. Coney, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874.
Rev. D. B. Scott, 1875.
Dea. George E. Herrick, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879,
1884, 1885, 1886, 1888, 1890, 1891.
Joseph S. Moulton, 1876, 1877.
Francis P. Russell, 1876.
Henry Danforth, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880.
Andrew Mansfield, 1878, 1879, 1880.
Warren Newhall, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885,
1891.
E. W. M. Gilman, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884.
Benjamin T. Brown, 1881, 1882, 1886, 1888.
Albert E. Copeland, 1885.
W. J. Munroe, 1886, 1891.
Ebenezer Parsons, 1890.

Oscar I. Stowell, 1890, 1892, 1893, 1894.

J. Winslow Perkins, 1892.

George M. Roundy, 1892.

Hattie F. Russell, 1893, 1894.

Annie L. Stevens, 1893.

George H. S. Driver, 1894.

CHAPTER IV.

Annals, 1635-1700.

Then these broad vales and quiet hills
Responded to the piercing cry
Of wolf or wild-cat; at these rills
Drank trembling fawns, so coy and shy.

Forests with thick, umbrageous gloom
Spread far and wide, wild fruits matured
Unplucked by man; the choice perfume
Of flowers no human foot allured.

The hawk and raven built their nest
Unscared; the timid fish, uncaught,
Swam the deep pools; and Nature dressed
In pristine garb, with grace untaught,

Looked queenly in the eye of Heaven.
Lowly and sweet the anthem then
At blush of morn or calm of even.
Along each winding stream and glen

Stretch groves of pale, deciduous trees;
The slopes are crowned with evergreen;
No woodman's axe hath humbled these,
No vandal's touch had marred the scene.

REV. E. R. HODGMAN.

IN the Journal of Mr. Obadiah Turner, one of the legacies of James R. Newhall, the eminent historian of Lynn, is a chapter recounting a journey "afar into ye wilderness" to the

west and north of Lynn which describes the country so vividly that it is here copied entire :—

“ 1630 Julie ye 28. On ye last 4th day some of vs did goe afar into ye wilderness towards ye river on the west and thence about by ye hills on ye north. And this we did that we might discover what ye land and productions of this our heritage might be. We found valies of mighty trees of such kinds as Old England is a stranger too. And wee made sore our feet by ye climbing of hills among rocks and thornie brambles and vines. Great store of wild berries were on every hand. Among them were many black shining berries as big as ye pills of ye apothecaries and these berries be of sweete milde taste and grow in clusters on low bushes with light green leaves without thornes.

“ Wee did pluck some and found them savory to eat in fire cakes and did think them apt for puddings. Then there were found other large shining berries growing on creeping vines of most licious taste, and we did eat all till our mouths were black as ye chimney back.

“ As wee journied we did sometimes see skulking about among ye trees what we conjectured to be Indjans or Devils ! jt patent yt ye great foe of all God his people hath already begun to harrass and plague this godlie company. But we do expect to have over from Nehumkeage a big ordinance whereby to defend ourselves from ye one and some godlie bookes and catechisms to fortifie against ye other And God being on our side wee feare not what Indjans or Devils can doe.

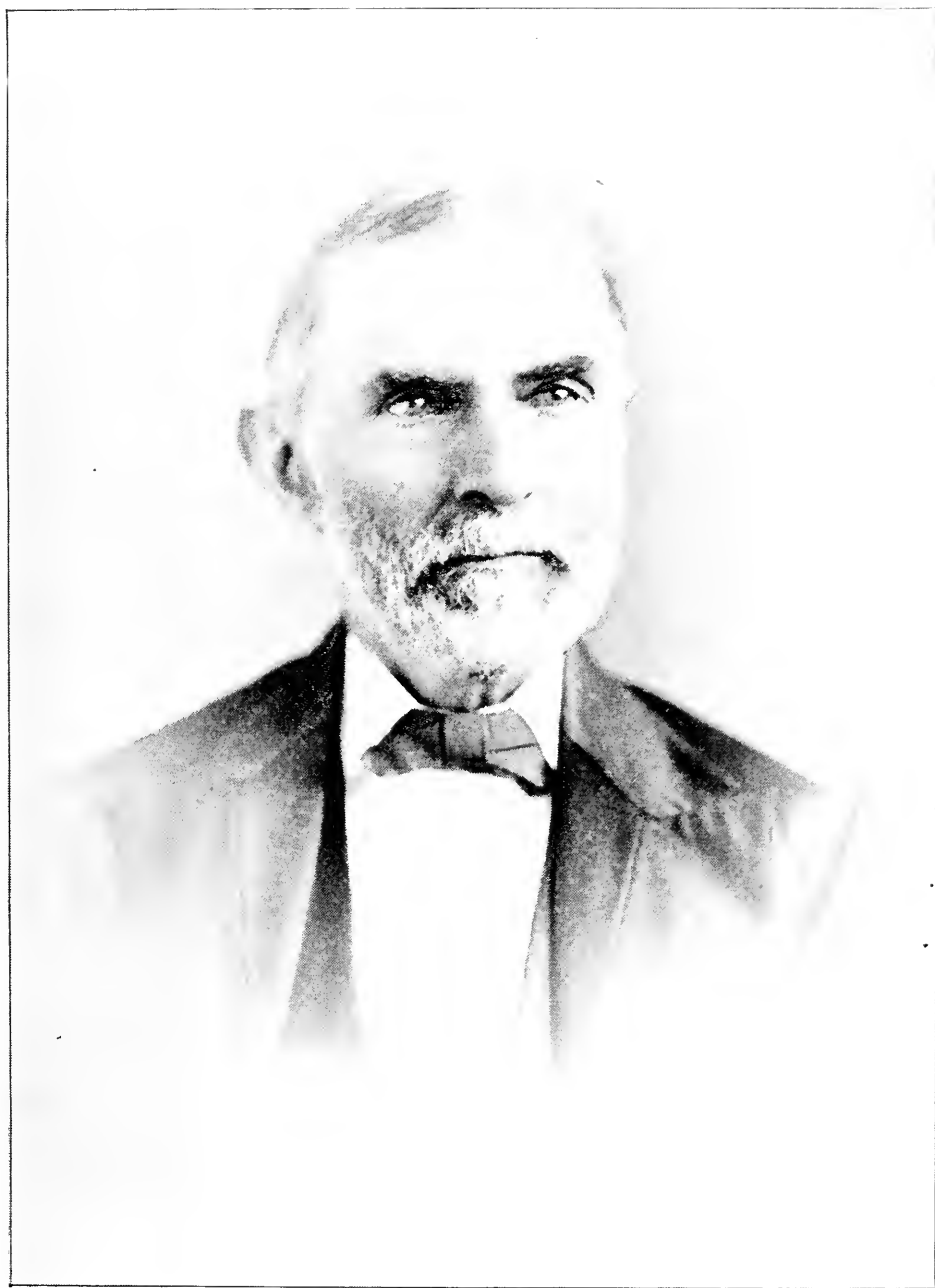
“ In a vallie wee found a small store of corn growing wch wee did conjecture belonged to ye savages. And a little way off we did see some fruits growing whereof wee knew not ye name or use, but did surmise they were all for food. But we saw none watching thereabouts and no habitations.

“ Of wild animals wee spied but a few But we heard jt terrible roarings as if there were bears or unicorns away off in ye wilderness or may be they were wild asses or Devils seeking to devour God his people.

“ We did see some reptiles and serpents and two we saw had rattills in their tails wherewith they made a strange whirring noise much like ye nose of ye night watch in London only not so mightie a rattill.

“ Of birds wee saw great store. Some eagles and hawkes and manie of wch wee knew not ye names. But we are of a truth in a paradise of those moving things yt be good for food.

“ In ye woodes in ye pondes and on ye sea shore wee have multitudes of fowle fish and game most savory to ye appetite and healthy for ye



JONATHAN BRYANT.

stomach. Ye Israelites fared less dantilie than we wherefor praised be God.

“It was somewhat within ye night when we came in sight of home. In coming over ye hillock nigh ye doore of our habitation I discried a daintie white rabbit as yt seemed wch I deemed would make a savory dish for breakfast on ye morrow. Giving chase I was soon almost upon him, when lo he whisked up a bushy tail over his hinder parts and then threw jt towards me with a mightie rush! and jt shed upon me a liquor of such stinke jt nothing but ye opening of ye bottomless pit can equal. My eyes & my breath seemed stopped forever. When I recovered ye smell remained upon me insomuch yt they would fain drive me from ye house saying yt they could not abide within while I remained. And I still carry jt about with me in a yet terrible degree. I am perswaded yt this is another device of Satan yt fourfooted beast being an impelet to do ye Devil his baptism by sprinkling.”

1635. The first record that relates to the territory we are now studying may be found in the Colonial Records, which inform us “There is 500 acres of land and a fresh pond with a little island containing about two acres, granted to John Humphrey, Esq., lying between north and west of Saugus, provided he take no part of 500 acres within five miles of any town now planted. Also it is agreed that the Inhabitants of Saugus and Salem shall have liberty to build four houses upon the said Island and to lay in such provisions as they shall judge necessary for their use in *tyme of neede*.”

This grant, the reader will see, was at the pond now known as Humphrey's Pond, or Suntaug Lake. Mr. John Humphrey died in 1661, and his administrators, one of whom was Joseph Humphrey, claimed the five hundred acres in Lynnfield, which had to be given them by the Court, although it had never been occupied by the owner.

1637. “March 13. Lynn was granted six miles into the country and Mr. Hawthorne and Lieut. Davenport to see how, and inform how the land lyeth, beyond whither it be fit for another plantation or no.” This grant was given to Lynn, as

the people had not sufficient room, and petitioned to the General Court for more. The Court afterward ordered that the Indians should have satisfaction for their right at Lynn. The reader will see that the six miles into the country included the territory now called "Lynnfield."

Plymouth had been settled but seventeen years, Salem not ten, and Reading, including what is now Wakefield, was not granted to Lynn for seven years after. Lynnfield was probably immediately settled by citizens of Lynn and some from Salem, and the boundary line of the two towns met in Humphrey's Pond.

Within five years from 1637 many families had removed here, mostly from the mother town of Lynn.

The centuries roll and pass away,
Soon night succeeds each fleeting day,
But let us turn our wondering eyes,
And seek a former sun and skies.

Backward turn two hundred sixty years,
See how this place to us appears,
Before the white man settled here,
In scenes now to us so dear.

The hills stood firm, the valleys wild
Like Nature's parks for Nature's child.
Few towns were settled far or near,
To shield the coming one or lull his fear.

Old Lynn to the south the picture fills,
With ocean grand and porphyry hills;
Salem east, with its peaceful name,
Before its renowned East India fame.

Boston is sleeping yet away
Through rivers deep; its hills are gray,
And birds and beast the forest roam,
Where now is found many a happy home.

The woods were still, trails were rough,
Indeed, to-day there's still enough,
Right here, where came the men of God,
Right here, where our feet since have trod.

But we know the white man's foot has come,
And seen the landscape of our home,
One grant upon the records make,
Five hundred acres, and the silver lake.

We love to find, and point, and trace
Each welcome, fond, familiar place,
To tread in the steps they once trod
Who calmly rest beneath the sod.

1638. It is recorded that a terrible earthquake took place this year, the first since the country was settled.

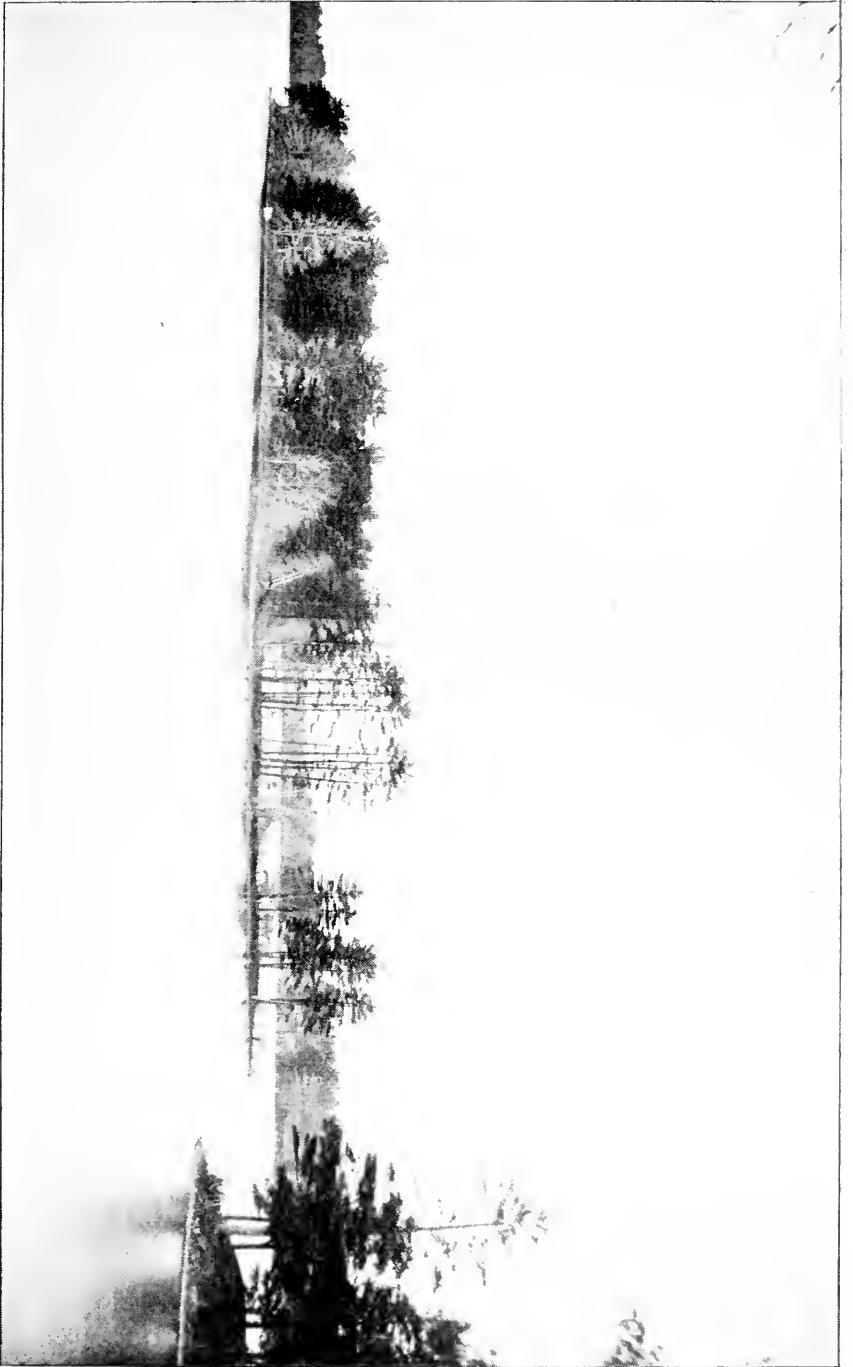
Let us try to think of the home that welcomed the first colonists here. When they arrived, think of the contrast presented at the present time. Above their heads were the tops of trees, centuries old, woven and twined together. No street, nothing but Indian trails wound under their dense foliage, which was so thick that scarcely any underbrush could cumber the ground. The mighty oak, the towering pine, the graceful elm, and many another species served to form the arches of Nature's cathedral, while it was carpeted with the thick, rustling leaves that fell from the branches above. Where now are open fields were once dense forests, and *vice versa*. The rivulets, some large, some small, passed unchecked to the sea but a few miles away. But a few white people lived on the continent, and these were strangers, separated by magnificent distances with impassable ways. No sound of the locomotive was heard, and the roar of the water and the deep woods was the nearest resemblance of it. The beautiful wild flower bloomed in silence, or the trailing vine clambered over the rock in solitude. The berries and nuts

of the woods were ungathered from year to year, except by the squirrel and bird, who found enough and to spare. Everything was new and untried, and they certainly deserve the "meed of praise" who laid the foundations for such comfortable, pleasant homes, and for their wonderful patience and uncomplaining toil.

Previous to this time probably the foot of the white man had never crossed its surface, except Mr. Humphrey's land and a little beyond.

Till this time it had been the residence of the red man and wild beast. Here the son of the forest was born, lived, and died, and was buried on the sunny sides of these hills with his war implements placed around him; here he sang the war song, smoked the pipe, hunted the forest, and worshipped the Great Spirit. Here the black-haired, high-cheek-boned, large-shouldered, brawny-armed son of the forest dwelt, while the squaws raised the corn, melons, beans, etc., and sang to the papooses, or arrayed themselves in wampum, beads, feathers, and skins, with the waters of the lake for a looking-glass and the forests for a flower garden or the hillsides for a lawn, with the smoke of their wigwams curling among the valleys, where they cooked the hasty pudding or corn cake, or roasted the meats which had been caught in traps or shot with the bow and arrow.

But the poor Indian has gone to the silent land, leaving that behind him which reminds us of what we have heard of the primitive sons of the land,—the streams, the woods, Indian corn, with various Indian names; and now and then we meet a person whose gait and features at least make one think of him. It is said that in 1633 the smallpox swept off the Indians in great numbers; whole towns were depopulated, and so great was the epidemic that the living were unable to bury the dead, so that they were found years after above the ground.



HUMPHREY'S POND.

The Indians once had a trap at the north part of the town and another in what is North Reading. The former was called "trap below," and the latter "trap above," and when the houses were first built in these neighborhoods they were called by the names of the traps. The place where the wolf pits were is still recognized.

In all the years passed since the beginning of the settlement to the present, relics of the Indians have been found in the fields where they roved and more particularly the streams near which they lived. No doubt many a string of wampum has been collected by them from the shores in this place, and there are pestles, gouges, sinkers, multitudes of arrow-points, etc., which can be shown to attest the Indian's footprints.

Over the line in Middleton lived Will, whose grave is still pointed out. The brook at the eastern part of the town is named for him, and all along its banks have been found the stone relics above mentioned. Many years ago a tortoise made of stone, of beautiful workmanship, was found, which was supposed to be an Indian idol, and is probably in existence at the present time.

Many large stone relics have also been gathered near the mill and on Saugus River, and an Indian legend of Saugus River we copy from one of the historians of Lynn, J. R. Newhall : —

"The Indians gravely informed the settlers that when the Great Spirit had got the earth nearly prepared for its garniture he happened to be walking around one fine morning somewhere up at the north and espied an enormous serpent basking in the sun among some spare bowlders. Seizing one of the bowlders of many tons weight he hurled it at the monster. Unluckily the aim was imperfect and the serpent started with great speed for the ocean. His assailant however rapidly followed, dealing a blow whenever within reach, and it was only by exercising all his powers of speed and cunning, sometimes dodging back between the legs of his pursuer and sometimes gliding to the right or left, that he was finally able to reach the sea. The earth not then having quite hardened, the serpent's body sank somewhat and thus was plunged the tortuous channel of Saugus River." — J. R. N.

One of Lynnfield's sons thus writes : —

But time with dusky wings has flown
Across the red man's way,
Has clouded all his brightest hopes,
And left no cheering ray.

The forest falls beneath the stroke
That sounds her children's knell,
And furnace fires and anvil-blows
Disturb the silent dell.

The rivers, once so free and gay,
Obey the white man's will,
And patient bear the laden keel
Or turn the busy mill.

Now stately buildings proudly raise
Their beauty towards the sky,
Where once the peaceful wigwam stood
With brooklet babbling by.

How sadly toward the western wave
The Indian winds his way !
And dazzling in the papoose face
The evening sunbeams play.

WARREN NEWHALL.

The first inhabitants found plenty of game, with which the woods and waters abounded. The spontaneous productions of the soil were abundant, but have grown less year by year. Here were the bear, moose, wolf, fox, raccoon, woodchuck, skunk, martin, hare, rabbit, squirrel, mole, mouse, the beaver, muskrat, mink, otter, goose, gull, crane, eagle, woodcock, quail, whip-poor-will, crow, hawk, owl, blue jay, snowbird, partridge, woodpecker, bobolink, blackbird, lark, snipe, pigeon, swallow, thrush, yellowbird, catbird ; for snakes, the rattle, striped, green, black, and water ; for fishes, trout, pickerel, eel, perch, pout, shiner, and sucker ; and for insects, grasshopper,

beetle, wasp, cricket, butterfly, hornet, mosquito, ant, spider, flies, moth, worms, and bugs.

We think part of an ancient poem written by Gov. Bradford, of Plymouth, as applicable to this place as to the home of the Pilgrim Fathers : —

“All sorts of grain, which our own land doth yield,
Was hither brought, and sown in every field,
As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans, and pease.
Here all thrive, and they profit from them raise
All sorts of roots, and herbs in gardens grow.
Parsnips, carrots, turnips, or what you'll sow.
Onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes.
Skirrets, beets, coleworts, and fair cabbages.
Here grows fine flowers many and amongst those
The fair white lily, and sweet fragrant rose.
Many good wholesome berries here you'll find,
Fit for man's use, almost of every kind.
Nuts and grapes of several sorts are here,
If you will take the trouble them to seek for.”

The first settlers had few of the comforts which we their descendants enjoy. Theirs were rough, unfinished, unpainted dwellings with steep roofs. They had no carriages as used now. A man and his wife, with a pillion, would ride for miles together on a single horse and perhaps carry a child. Sleighs were used before wagons, but they were so rough and heavy and such untasteful affairs that many a poor child would exclaim “orful” at the very vehicles in which our forefathers and foremothers took all the comfort imaginable.

The first chaises were quite different from nowadays, being actually lined with brick to keep them from being blown over, it is said.

Books were very scarce, and many a man's library might be almost put in a hat. Newspapers were not published in the country.

Things were very economically used in these primitive times. A Bible worth a hundred dollars could now be bought for five. The inside could be read. The fly leaves were sometimes used for a journal, and the leather cover was often used as a razor stop till it was an irreverent-looking volume.

Land was cheap. Not far from the cider mill are twenty-five acres of land which were once bought for five pistareens (\$1) and two gallons of molasses. It was sold near the beginning of this century for ten dollars, and a few years ago four thousand dollars' worth of wood was cut from a part of it.

Stoves were unheard of and unthought of, and the first one brought to town was as much of a curiosity as St. Paul's Cathedral.

Money was scarce, and articles and provisions were exchanged for each other; even ministers' salaries, a part of them, were paid in articles of home consumption.

The Sabbath was observed with greatest strictness. People were not allowed to ride fast, or visit from place to place, and every man was expected to go to meeting at least four times a year.

Nearly every family was ponderous, the small ones being the rare exception.

The colonists were governed somewhat in the matter of dress by the General Court. As early as 1651, it prohibited all persons whose "estate did not exceed two hundred pounds from wearing any gold or silver lace, or any bone lace above two shillings per yard." It also sounds remarkable to think that selectmen were notified to "see what persons wore costly apparell especially of ribbands and great bootes, as well as silk or off any hoods or scarfs."

Many an humble family of these times possesses common articles which two hundred years ago would have been luxuries of untold value, and many of the first families of that time practised economies that now would almost raise a shriek of persecution.



MANSFIELD HOUSE, PEABODY.

But no one had to ask, "Who is my neighbor?" for they were bound together, and one helped another, and there was not the cause for rivalries of the present time. In this respect they had the advantage of nowadays, when one knows not the other, and, what is more, does not wish to.

1661. This year Mr. John Humphrey, who was the first grantee of the land in this town, died, and perhaps a short sketch may be proper in this place, — although he never settled here, — which we glean from several sources. "He was born in Dorchester, England, and possessed a good education besides an excellent reputation. His wife was Susan, the daughter of Thomas Earl of Lincoln, who after she came to this country longed to return to her former home. Mr. Humphrey came to this colony in 1634, and held many important offices in it. The year that he died, his administrators, Joseph Humphrey and Edmund Batters, claimed his property in this town, consisting of the 500 acres of land and fresh pond which were given him years before by the Court. He had six children and a large estate."

A part of the five hundred acres — more than one third of it — was owned afterwards by Joseph Newhall, who was known as Ensign. It was called the "Pond Farm," his homestead lying to the southeasterly, the lake being the northern boundary of the land known as the Pond Farm.

Could Mr. Humphrey or Ensign Newhall revisit the lake, or even some of the owners since their time, what would they say at the changes that have occurred in the lapse of time? Perhaps the pond might still wear much of its beautiful pristine appearance, but its surroundings have greatly changed, and if a traveller of 1635 and 1895 should meet there we can imagine the conversation in part.

1663. The sawmill on Saugus River between Wakefield and Lynnfield was built this year. It was owned by John Poole, who lived on what is now the Cox estate.

The first bridge over the river was not built till sixty-four years after, in 1737, by the two towns of which the river was the boundary.

1664. It is said that a comet appeared this year, lasting more than three months.

1670. This year potatoes were introduced into this part of the country, and a man having a bushel did not know what to do with them ; not the case at the present time, when they form so important a part of food not only for man but beast.

1672. This year Thomas Wellman died, one of the earliest settlers of Lynn End ; his wife's name was Elizabeth.

1675. This was the year of the Bloody Brook disaster, which happened at South Deerfield, on the 18th of September, and which was, it was said, the saddest day that ever befell New England. The historian Palfrey says : " The company of ninety picked men led by Capt. Lothrop, and but seven or eight at the utmost, escaped the savages who were believed to be not fewer than 700. Lothrop was shot dead early in the action. He was a godly and courageous commander, but valor so beset was unavailing. One of the Englishmen was stripped and left for dead, after being first wounded by a musket and then by a tomahawk, and yet he escaped. Another forced his way through with his musket, with which he laid about him till one arm after the other was broken. The dead were all buried in one grave, now covered with a memorial stone which arrests the traveller's attention on the side of the highway in South Deerfield. This was at Bloody Brook." Such is the brief story of the company known as The Flower of Essex, the men belonging to this part of the State. How many went from here we know not, but we do know Stephen Wellman, of what is now Lynnfield, was killed with the others.

1678. The Charlestown farm has been a noted landmark in this place for more than two centuries. The first par-

sonage stood upon a part of it that was exchanged by the town of Charlestown and the parish at Lynn End in 1732.

The farm was owned by Richard Russell, Esq., and left by him for the use of the poor of Charlestown, Feb. 26, 1678, and confirmed by his executor, David Russell. It is said that the selectmen of Charlestown used always once a year to come out and spend the day upon it.

1688. The following persons subscribed the sums affixed to their names to build the new meeting-house at Reading, now Wakefield, they all being residents of Lynn End, now Lynnfield.

	£	s.	d.
John Pearson	6	12	0
Maudlin Pearson	1	10	0
Peter Haies	1	15	0
Abra'm Roberts	1	10	0
Wm. Robbins	1	00	0
John Bancroft	3	0	0
Hannaniah Hutcheson	1	10	0
Benj. Hutchinson	1	0	0
Edward Hutchinson	2	10	0
Isaac Hart	10	0	0
Daniel Gowing	1	10	0
John Gowing	2	0	0
Capt. Tho. Bancroft.	5	0	0
Daniel Eaton	2	9	0
Abr'm Wellman	0	13	0
Isaac Wellman	0	19	0
Robert Bates	1	5	0
John Poole	7	1	6
Shuball Stearns	0	10	0
Timo. Hartshorne	3	0	0
Robert Gowing	3	1	0
Nath'l Gowing	1	19	0

	£	s.	d.
Edw'd Marshall	2	10	6
John Townsend	2	0	0
Geo. Lewis	2	0	0
Tho. Aelwell	[Illegible.]		

1692-93. By a law of the Province enacted at this time to warn all strangers to leave town, if it were not given within three months then they were citizens, and if they became sick or poor the town must aid them. Great care was taken that the laws should be complied with, as all town records of that time amply prove. If any person warned failed to depart within two weeks, he was waited upon out of town by the constable or his order. A tradition of witchcraft still lingers as a souvenir of the sad times of 1692. It is said that Mrs. Samuel Hart, of the east part of the town, whose name was Sarah Endicott, a near relative of Gov. John, was seized as a witch and lodged in Salem jail.

One morning her daughter arose and said, "I am going to see mother to-day, and bring her home with me." Her friends said sadly, "Oh, no!" She went to Salem, and word had arrived from England that there should be no more executions, and her mother came home with her. The precinct had the year before lost by death one of its prominent men. The country was new, and sad was the state thereof. Giles Corey, who lived in West Peabody, near the Lynnfield line, and whose landed estate was about a couple of miles from what is now the centre of Lynnfield, had been pressed to death; the sad time in Salem Village, now Danvers, almost in sight of this place, and but a few miles away, so that the fresh news could be brought from Salem,—all this, and more, not knowing where the dreadful delusion might end or who would fall a victim,—what a load must have been lifted from every *heart* as well as *Hart* when it ceased!

CHAPTER V.

Annals, 1700-1800.

1700. We have now passed on from the sixteenth to the seventeenth figures in our hamlet, and must look about us.

1706. Lynnfield common lands were laid out in this year, the town being the second district of Lynn, which at that time was laid out in seven districts.

We find the people busy the first part of the century in being set off from Lynn as a separate parish, or precinct, as it was called. Then came the building of the meeting-house and the settlement of the first pastor and formation of the church. Next the building of a parsonage for the under shepherd. When this was done we find them at work improving their meeting-house ; and it is wonderful to see the faith and patience with which these pioneers labored, considering the obstacles they overcame.

The first recorded step towards becoming a separate parish is as follows : —

“Lynn Farms Precinct book, Book 1.

1711-1752.

“LYNN January 16. 1711.

“Then ye inhabitants of Lyn-farms so called on ye north side of ye highway yt leads from Reading to Salem having had information yt part of our inhabitants are by part of Reading drawn in a petition with them for the building of a meeting house we then met together at the house of Capt Bancroft and agreed on a plan for setting a meeting hous near John Gowings where the ways meet and now apply ourselves to ye town

that we may be a precinct by ourselves. We then chose. Left. Pearson Left Pool mister John Gowing Capt Bancroft, Shoball Stearns a committee to ye town on our behalf and they did then decide that ye bounds of ye precinct should be as foloweth, begining at Saugust River so called between ye land of John Brintnalls and John Jeffries to ye land of John Hawks senior and ye bounds of ye land now in his possession to ye land of Isaac Larreebee which he bought of John Hawks and by said land to ye south west corner of ye third division of lotts and yt range line to be the bound to the town highway by Nathanel Newhalls."

This was Lynnfield in the bud, as the request was granted, and ever after had its separate meeting-house, took care of its own highways, etc.

1715. The precinct set off and parish duly formed, we find them busy building their first house of worship, which is still standing, and which was the only public building for more than a half-century, and which has been considerably changed since that time, but contains the same stout, solid old frame of one hundred and eighty years ago. What a multitude of all conditions have in that time crossed its thresholds! It is probable there was never public dedication of the building. For a description of it see "Old Meeting-House," Chapter III.

1720. Lynn End Church this year gave a call to their first pastor, who had just graduated from Harvard, but who preached here considerably before, and whose wife was a native of the place.

1721. It seems strange to us to read about these times of terrible snowstorms, earthquakes, and dark days. This year Cotton Mather speaks of "an horrid storm."

1727. Prices were made by the towns on various commodities. That of Lynn at date "was on grain of wheat at 6s barley and rye at 5s indian corn at 3s oats at 1s 6d per bushell Nov 22."

1729. The following list of persons were assessed in the parish this year : —



OLD MEETING-HOUSE ON THE COMMON, 1715.

Moses Aborn.	Thomas Hutchinson.
Moses Aborn, Jr.	John Hawkes.
Thomas Aborn.	Thomas Hodgman.
Samuel Aborn.	Capt. Timothy Horn.
Eben Aborn.	Martin Herrick.
Ensign John Bancroft.	Thomas Newhall.
Dea. John Bancroft.	Elisha Newhall.
Ebenezer Bancroft.	Samuel Newhall.
Josiah Brown.	Ebenezer Newhall.
John Bancroft, Jr.	Daniel Newhall.
John Darling.	George Nurse.
Benj. Chaplin.	Andrew Mansfield.
Peletiah Crocker.	James Pearson.
Dea. Wm. Eaton.	Ebenezer Pearson.
Jeremiah Eaton.	James Pearson, Jr.
Joseph Eaton.	Samuel Parker.
Benj. Eaton.	Samuel Potter.
Widow Eaton.	John Poole.
Lieut. Flint.	Timothy Poole.
Nath'll Gowing.	Thomas Poole.
Nath'll Gowing, Jr.	William Perkins.
Jonathan Gowing.	Stephen Pepper.
Benj. Gowing.	Benj. Pope.
Ezekiel Gowing.	Samuel Pope.
Daniel Gowing.	Shubael Stearns.
Daniel Gowing, Jr.	Samuel Stearns.
Samuel Gowing.	Nath'll Sharman.
Thomas Gowing.	Daniel Townsend.
Thomas Gould.	John Williams.
Capt. Sam'l Hart.	Thomas Wellman.
Thomas Hart.	Stephen Wellman.
Samuel Hart.	Abraham Wellman.
John Hart.	Jonathan Wellman.
Nath'll Hutchinson.	John Wellman.
Francis Hutchinson.	John Woodward.
	Samuel Wasson.

1731. It was voted to build, or at least to procure, a parsonage this year, Oct. 25.

1737. This year a communion service was presented to the church. The tankards were inscribed, "The Gift of Capt. Timothy Poole To ye Second Church of Lynn 1737," and six silver cups, "The Gift of ye Honourable Coll. Burrill Esq to ye Second Church in Lynn 1737." This service is still carefully preserved, and a cut in this book shows its form and features. The basin is very large and heavy, and probably dates back to the first commencement of the church. We could wish it had been inscribed as the cups and tankards.

1738. Some of the interesting names of places around here at this time were, the six hundred acres, Stone's Meadow, Bates Brook Slough, Beaver Dam, Charlestown Farm, Collins's Meadow and Wigwam Meadow, *and the Meeting-House*.

1751. This year the meeting-house was repaired, more probably finished, at a cost of forty-five pounds, which included clapboards and shingles. The old window frames were taken out and the new ones in their place were given by donors who received the old ones. Probably before this the windows were diamond glass in lead frames, which did not give enough light to overflow the house.

1752. It was voted to give Mr. Samuel Angier a call to become the minister of the parish, Aug. 25, his salary to be sixty pounds lawful money, to provide keeping for three cows and one horse summer and winter, and twenty-five cords of good wood, cord-wood length, brought to his "dore."

A new order of reckoning, by counting the 3d of September as the 14th, was introduced into England at this date.

1760. Paid for taking care of meeting-house and parsonage fences, 11s. 4 pence. (Parish Records.)

1768. We transcribe two deaths from the Records of this year: "May 12, 1768 Died the Widow Elisabeth Sparhawk suddenly not so much as able to give the least account of

what *ailld* Her. July 1, 1768, Died Stephen Wellman of a fall that broke his Silver Cord aged 54."

1770. Work was regulated at this time at two shillings per day.

1771. "On the ninth of January, Mrs. Rebecca Hadley, wife of Mr. Thomas Hadley, of Lynnfield, left her home to visit an acquaintance and did not return. On the twenty-sixth she was found drowned in the stream above the mill pond into which she probably fell in attempting to cross it."*

1774. An interesting story of this time runs as follows: The Rev. Mr. Adams and family one morning were assembled in the sitting-room for family prayers while the breakfast was smoking on the table in the adjoining kitchen. A simple man entered the back door, and seeing the food sat down at the table and ate an enormous meal. In a few moments one of the children came into the kitchen, and, perceiving the turn of affairs, ran and told her father. He asked the man why he was eating all of the victuals. The epicure turned one eye on the reverend gentleman and replied, "The good Book tells us to watch as well as to pray; you did the praying, I the watching," at the same time slipping out of the back door with a well-filled stomach and leaving the family minus.

1775. For items of this period see "Revolutionary War."

Congress this year issued two hundred millions of dollars, which in a few years depreciated, to the sorrow of the owners.

1776, July 4. This day, never to be forgotten in the annals of American independence, when our country shook off the shackles imposed by England. Who wonders that the day should be celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm? Who wonders the noble soldiers lived to be aged? Who doubts

* History of Lynn.

that the Ruler of the universe was pleased to spare them till the government they founded was established on a permanent basis? Never may the day be forgotten till our glorious country is no more !

On the night of the 2d of October, Charles Riley, a traveller, died at the tavern before any one knew of it.

1777. On Feb. 9, John, son of Benjamin Aborn, was scalded to death in the sixth year of his age.

1778, Oct. 15. Voted by the precinct to raise £100 for support of preaching.

1780. The 19th of May is commonly called "the dark day," and is supposed by many to be the darkest day that ever visited the earth. It was so dark that fowls went to roost; candles were lighted, as no one could see to read, and it is said that the darkness at night was very dismal. People became alarmed, thinking that the end of the world had come. One woman, speaking of it afterwards, said that she was washing at Rev. Mr. Mottey's, that she took her hands out of the suds never expecting to wash another rag.

1783. The following sentence appended to Mr. Mottey's letter of acceptance of the invitation to become the pastor of the Lynnfield church will show the prices of that time: "The choice I have made of the several methods of support you have proposed is £80 stated on Indian corn 3s. 4d. rye at 4s., beef at 3d., pork at 4d. and twenty cords of wood annually, and your parsonage in lieu of settlement."

Aug. 4. The pound was built in 1783, by John Bancroft, for the sum of £15.

1789. The powder house was built this year.

1790. Copy of a certificate for marriage:—

"LYNNFIELD July 5, 1790

"I herby certify the intention of marrage between A and B of Lynnfield has been entered with me fifteen days, and law-



GEO. E. BATCHELDER.

ful publication of their intentions made and no objection offered."

1795. Swine were shut up this year for the first time. They had previously run at large.

To form an idea of the customs about one hundred years ago, let us in imagination visit a dwelling as it appeared in those days. We pass through a piece of lowland where flows a brook. Across the stream are laid stepping-stones for foot passengers. The house, which is large, stands upon rising ground, and exactly faces the south, so that the "goodwife" can tell by the rays of the sun when it is twelve o'clock. Stretching in all directions are cart paths leading to every house within half a mile, which, by the way, are not many. Beside the dwelling lies a large pile of scraggy brush, which, with the barberry bushes near by, is in use for a clothes line, while behind these flows a clear, cold spring of water.

Let us now enter the house and look around. Behind the door is a square place which we in these days should be at a loss to account for, and which is plainly called "the cat hole," for the convenience of the cat race. Straight before the front or "outer door," as it was called, is the cellar door; upon it is a monstrous wooden button, large enough for Goliath. Passing down three stone steps we come to the chimney; three more to the right and as many to the left take us into separate cellars, which are so low if we are not careful we may get a Franklin bump. (See life of Franklin.)

The principal rooms on the first floor are the east and west rooms and back kitchen, all of great size, each of which contains a fireplace and brick oven in the chimney, which seems to possess an undisturbed right to the centre of the house. The fireplaces are nearly large enough for hermits' caves, with their hearths made of stone. Around the blazing fires which were built in them the families used to sit on

benches before the fire logs, which would burn for a week at a time, making bushels of coals,— excellent to roast potatoes, corn, and apples in. Let us peep into the east room first. In one corner stands a bed (feathers were plenty) ready for company when it has been warmed with the warming-pan. In the opposite corner is the buffet, and its glass door is ornamented with festoons of red pepper, while between them are peeping the glistening contents. Look at a part of the display. Here are six tiny teaspoons and three large ones of solid silver, six china plates that two hundred years hence will be very valuable, as well as a china bowl, teacups and saucers, a teapot round (almost) as an apple, with birds flying, and brilliant colored flowers sprinkled over them, and which are never brought into requisition except when company comes and the great round table is dragged from its resting place between the windows and loaded down with the good things the farmer's larder contains. The oaken floor is white and unspotted with paint, having been sanded in waves to give it a crinkly appearance. Between the windows hangs the coat of arms which it is hoped some day may give a title to an immense ancestral estate in the mother country. But we have paused here long enough, so, bidding the chairs, of which there are as many as three kinds, good by, we step into the other room.

Here the family live. A roaring fire is blazing on the hearth, where the teakettle is singing to the tune of old thousand, while upon one of the firedogs is a piece of meat roasting upon a spit, which can be easily turned by a child. Perhaps if we could rake open the coals we might find goodies equal to any age. In the corner is the milk-room for winter use. Beside it is the dresser with its shelves of pewter and wooden plates, platters, and earthen dishes, and near by is an eight-legged table; next is a chair for the master of the house. The room is finished with boards to the top, with now

and then a beam visible. But let us look into the "back kitchen." This seems to be the repository for many things. It is unfinished. On a hook hangs a supply of candles for winter ; on a nail is a split broom and another made of hemlock. At one side of the room stands a cheese press, and beside it a churn ; under a window is a bench, and beneath it are queer-looking culinary utensils ; on pegs are strings and sticks laid up for future use. Perhaps you may not want to pass upstairs, see beds whereon are quilts made of a thousand pieces ; around are hung leather breeches, short gowns, etc. ; and a little search would bring forth shoe buckles, fantastic bonnets, high-heeled shoes, and many other things, as auctioneers say, "too numerous to mention." Then there is the garret with its little diamond panes of glass and lead sash, by the light of which we discover lots of herbs laid up for sickness. At some distance from the home stands the barn, a well-stocked country barn, with flocks of geese, hens, turkeys, etc. Near by it is the corn barn, and all around are the signs of thrift which belong to the farm.

Let us glance at society as it existed in days gone by. First and foremost was the minister, who was regarded as a superior being, almost an angel. When he was settled, it was expected by him and his people that with them was his first and last field of labor, that only death would remove him from them, and that in fact in their midst he would live, preach, die, and be buried. His ordination day was a great day, and was celebrated in a manner which showed plainly that it came but seldom. It was what would now be called a regular thanksgiving ; and the minister's funeral was equal to anybody's, — all the pomp and show possible. When he visited he was received with the most deferential respect, seated in the big chair, and treated with the very best the house of his parishioner afforded. When met on the street every one made his best bow or courtesied as low as possible. If there

was trouble in the parish he was sure to know it, and many times could settle it much better than a lawyer, as both parties were generally his friends. In short, the pastor knew the secrets of nearly the whole town. When a beef, a sheep, or a hog was slaughtered it was customary to send a nice piece to him, till sometimes he had enough and to spare. But this act, our readers are well aware, has become obsolete, and it is now openly asserted that lately imported breeds contain no minister pieces.

Next came the doctor, who was thought to be Mr. Considerable. Being educated, he ranked among the first, and each town seemed to regard their M. D. as a little more skilful than others. In case of sickness, when the celebrated personage was called (in toddy times), some brandy or other heater was freely partaken of ere prescriptions were made. But of course the physician, like other people, was not always the same.

Then the deacons are entitled to a passing notice. They were generally from the first families, and ranked among the most wealthy, educated, and honorable in town. It used to be remarked that a man must raise a certain number of bushels of beans before he could be a deacon. Much counsel was asked of them in times of trouble. Most of them made a present to the church of which they were members. The old church in this town was the recipient of several favors of this class. Sometimes the deacon would be captain of a military company, and at his death fife and drum were beat to his grave.

School teachers also stood high in the scale. Some of them taught from manhood to old age, and had great credit for making use of the birchen rod; but we suppose no one believes that every school teacher was an ogre in disguise.

Fearing the reader will be weary tracing the phases of life from the top rounds of the ladder, and as life was different in

different places, we must leave colonels, squires, majors, lieutenants, and lastly, though not leastly, farmers to write their own lives for posterity to study.

It is perhaps needful that we say a word for the shoemaker. Once they were not as plenty articles as at the present, and no shoe store stood in their midst. A shoemaker used to go from house to house with bench and tools and make the shoes for the understandings of a whole family. Tailors or tailor-esses went out in the same way.

The reader will see that this was before the period of "Women's Rights."

The following lines, entitled "Bygone Years," are so plain we cannot refrain from placing them in this connection : —

Back to the days of bygone years
We turn our thoughts to the household joys
Where to their meagre fare they welcomed
Large additions of girls and boys.

They believed in a woman's right
To rock the cradle, sweep the room,
Cook the food, brew the beer, spin the yarn,
And fabricate it in the loom.

To tend the garden, feed the pigs,
Pick the geese, and milk the cows,
Load the hay, rake after the cart
And place the forkfuls on the mows.

When they wanted recreation
They improvised a spinning bee,
And carrying their linen wheels
Filled a neighbor's house with glee;

Or they gathered with their cards,
A neighbor's lot of wool to break,
And deftly raised a snowy pile
That would the household clothing make.

There flax and wool were changed to yarn,
And from one corner of the room
From shuttle, lathe, and teasel, came
The ringing clatter of the loom.

Their fare was wheat and Indian bread,
Pork, hominy, cabbage, and greens,
Cucumbers, onions, lettuce, leeks,
Beets, turnips, peas, squashes, and beans.

Their flavoring condiments were
Peppergrass, parsley, marjoram sweet,
Caraway, garlic, fennel, and dill,
With pepper and mustard for meat.

They made glue, starch, and soap,
Vinegar, sugar, beer, and dyes,
Salves, bitters, conserves, and plasters,
Inks, tonics, and washes for eyes.

They set their milk in earthen pans
And dipped it with wooden ladles,
With onion stalks they blowed their fires,
And rocked their babies in box cradles.

With an axe, a shave, and a saw,
A pod auger and burning iron,
They made their ox-yokes, sleds, and carts,
And whatsoe'er they chose to try on.

They ringed their hogs and let them run,
Yoked their geese and clipped one wing;
They shod their hens with woollen cloth,
And bled their cattle every spring.

They talked of cattle, crops, and farms,
Of logrolling, swamps, and ditches,
Of lucky and unlucky days,
Apparitions, signs, and witches.

Over the door on wooden pegs
 Rested a firelock stout and strong,
With wads, flints, shot-pouch, powderhorn,
 And all else that to guns belong.

One open dresser, rough and small,
 Held a brown mug, a bullet mould,
Some wooden plates, bowls and spoons,
 And a dozen things all told.

From beams above on wooden hooks,
 A row of smooth-peeled poles reposed,
Graced with miscellaneous things,
 That want of drawer room disclosed.

But when autumn's stores were garnered,
 And golden pumpkins did abound,
Then to their use the poles were given,
 And filled with strips cut round and round.

Roots, barks, catmint, and other herbs,
 Specifics for each of life's ills,
In the garret were safely hung,
 To save expense of doctor's bills.

A horseshoe that had service done
 Was firmly nailed above the door,
Malicious witches to interrupt
 When they essayed to reach the floor.

But when down chimney the elfins crept,
 And into the dash churn got,
The cream no butter would make
 Until 'twas stirred with poker hot.

Dear to them were churches and schools,
 The rights of God they respected,
And would build houses of worship,
 Though worldly things they neglected.

They went to church in heat and cold,
And stood through prayers full half hour long,
And sat through sermons double still,
And sung God's praise in long-drawn song.

Thus they labored and thus they prayed,
To give religious freedom birth,
And plant the noblest institutions
That ever blessed our noble earth.

Our comforts cost them lives of toil
And years of plainest fare;
With grateful heart we here embalm
The memory of their virtues rare.

LIKE TO SEE AGAIN.

To see again in the old-times way
The meadows and pastures we knew,
The hills and the vales, the rocks and trees,
And the woods where the wild flowers grew.

To lie once more in the thick, soft grass,
With the sweet winds brushing by,
The world outside, and the heart at peace,
And above the summer sky.

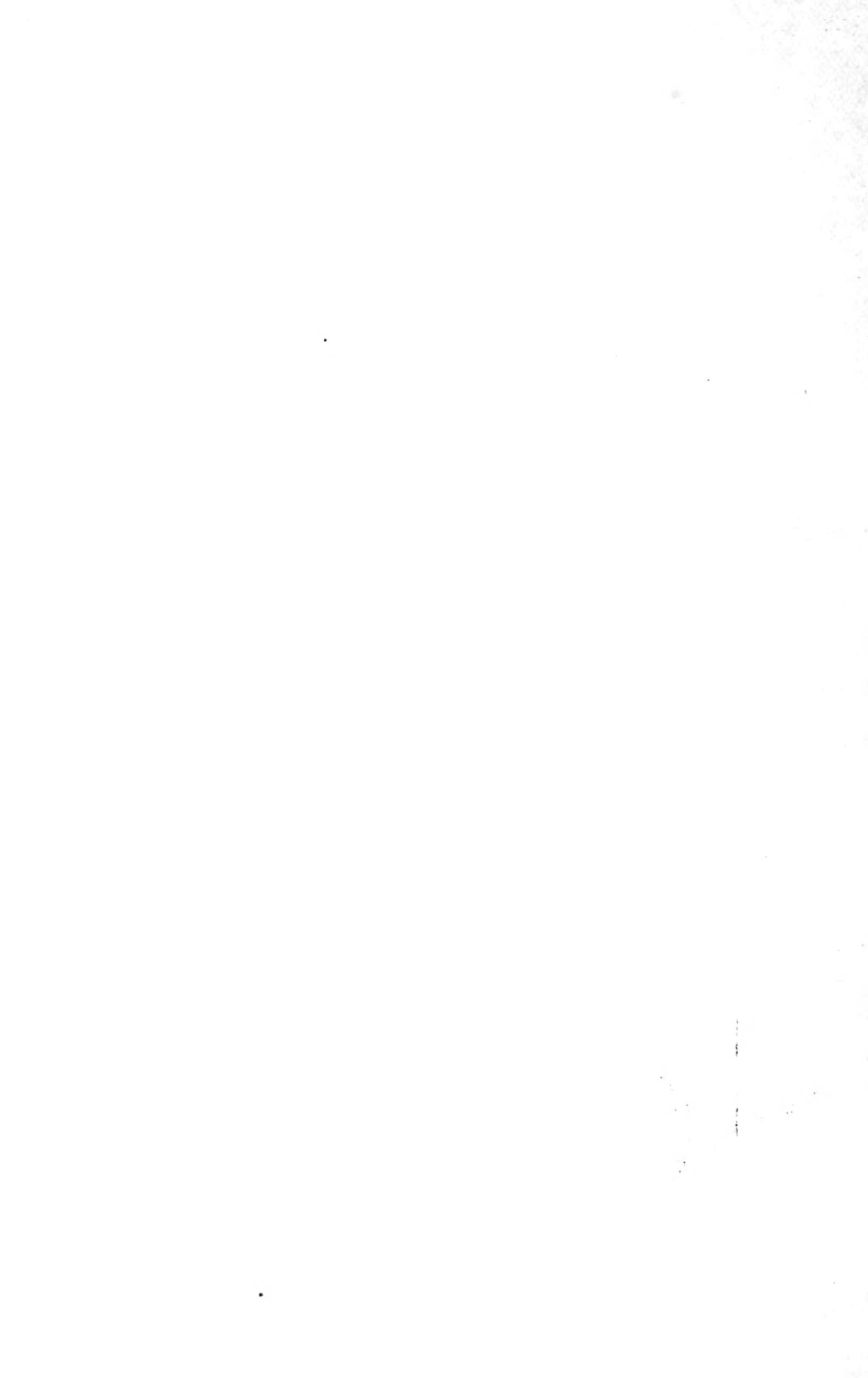
To watch the clouds in their shifting lights,
And the mists on the distant hills,
And dream to the music of rustling leaves
And the voices of dancing rills.

And wade once more in the cooling stream
That wound by the roadside below,
Where the wild rose bloomed and the eglantine,
And the peppermint used to grow.

UNCLE ARTHUR.



HENRY LAW'S SHOE FACTORY.



LYNNFIELD HOTEL.

This old hostelry was built in 1804, by the old Newburyport Turnpike Company, who laid out the Newburyport Turnpike, which was finished at an expense of \$420,000, in 1806. The hotel, ninety years old, was much better known than the town itself, and now nothing remains of the famous building but ruins.

It was sold in 1832 to a man by the name of Thomas Pingree, of Salem, when it was run by Landlord Chester for two years. Other proprietors were Noah Newhall, Asa & Theron Palmer, Capt. Smith, Charles Putnam, Mr. John Andrews, Messrs. Fisher & Sprague, and Samuel S. Bruce, beside others.

Dr. Perley some years ago bought it and used it as a private residence till his death. It covered an area of about an acre and contained about sixty rooms.

The street by it for half a mile was double width, and it was said was built by the company for the farmers to trot horses upon. So well was the building known that the village was called "Lynnfield Hotel" more commonly than anything else.

With its French roof and its numbers of stories, it was the most imposing building perhaps in town.

It has caught fire many times, but never proved serious till the night of March 7, 1894, when the fire caught in the kitchen. In an hour from the time it took fire everything was flat, although everything possible was done to save it. Two other hotels were built at the same time with this, one at Topsfield and one at Newburyport. We remember to have heard it said years ago that the cost of Lynnfield Hotel was \$22,000 when built. No one was injured at the fire. The Siamese Twins made it their home in years gone by.

At the time the hotel was burned an article appeared in

the Salem paper, from which we copy the following facts: "In 1855 the place was leased to Messrs. Hill & Townsend. The house was kept at this time mostly for summer boarders, and was generally well filled. Among the families boarding there at this time were those of Mr. Henry Mellus, Mr. Theodore Neal, and Henry Poor, of Salem. There were some wealthy Lynnites also who were frequent visitors, and who spent their money lavishly, and who no doubt enjoyed themselves accordingly.

"In November, 1856, Jack (John) Saunders took the place. It was while the hotel was under his management that the military muster was held in Lynnfield. It is still remembered by the old residents as a reign of terror for the three days of its continuance. The hotel was converted into a veritable 'gambling hell,' and every place in the vicinity which could be secured was turned into a den of infamy, and the place swarmed with the dissolute of both sexes. There was nothing occurring during the whole encampment of 1861-62 that could compare with those three fearful days."

"In the earliest days of the hotel a murder was said to have been committed there, and subsequently a ghost story was connected with the same. An old lady, long since dead, who had lived in the vicinity all her life, told the writer all the particulars of the affair, avowing her firm belief in the ghost part of it, as she knew of persons who lived at the hotel who had seen the ghost with their own eyes and had almost been frightened out of their senses. This old lady also stated that she knew the person who wore out the clothes that were supposed to have been taken from the body of the murdered man, and gave his name. Although the writer was inclined to feel a little sceptical about some parts of this narrative, he could not be positive that it was not true."

The fire of the hotel was seen for many miles around, and was at once a source of joy and sorrow in the immediate and surrounding community, and the ruins still speak of what once was and is not.

One survivor of the hotel is still in existence. In one of the halls of the Essex Institute of Salem is the ancient sign of eighty-three years ago. It has upon it a life-size picture of Gen. Washington handsomely painted. Above it it says, "Washington Hotel," and below, "T. Newcomb. 1812."

Since bicycles have been the rage there were counted one Sunday around the building more than seventy-five of the articles resting for their owners. The last year of its existence the sum of \$1,500 was paid for license by Samuel S. Bruce to the town.

A site for another hotel nearly opposite the former has been purchased on Broadway, and the foundations are all laid, the work being done in 1894. It is to be called the "New Lynnfield," so it is reasonable to suppose the town in the future will not lack this commodity.

A muster roll of Capt. Daniel Needham's company, May 3, 1796:—

Capt. Daniel Needham.
 Lieut. Ebenzer Hart.
 Ensign Amos Blanchard.
 Serg. Daniel Hart.
 Serg. Walter Smith.
 Drum James Putnam.
 Fifer Benj. Danforth.
 Fifer Thomas Woodward.

RANK AND FILE.

Ebenezer Aborn.
 Daniel Anabal.
 Nath'l Adams.

Joseph Brown.
 Nicholas Brown.
 William Brown.

Thomas Bancroft.	David Newhall.
Amos Butler.	Wright Newhall.
Timothy Brown.	Jacob Newall.
John Burnham, Jr.	Aaron Newhall.
Thomas Dodge, Jr.	Daniel Newhall.
Benj. Dole.	John Orne.
Charles Emerson.	Samuel Putnam.
Simon Francis.	John Perkins, Jr.
Theodore Flag.	William Perkins.
Simeon Guilford.	Ebenezer Perry.
Nathaniel Gowing.	Joseph Rand.
Ezra Gowing.	Elias Richardson.
George Hart.	Jeremiah Shelden.
Joseph Hart.	Eliab Shelden.
Jacob Hart.	Thad. Perry.
John Holman.	Walter Smith, Jr.
Joseph Jeffry, Jr.	Asa Snow.
Ephraim Larribee, 3d.	Jonathan Tarbel, Jr.
William Larribee.	Joshua Tweed.
Levi McIntire.	Benj. Winn.
William Mansfield, Jr.	Daniel Walton.
John Mead.	Josiah Walton.

CHAPTER VI.

Cemeteries.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD GRAVEYARD.

She drooped her soft gray wings and smiled;
“Your fathers bade me hold their dead
‘Until the Day should break, and till
The shadows flee away!’” she said.
“I hold my watch and ward till then.
It may well be this dust shall lie
Forever — garments dropped of clay, —
The husks of wheat that needs must die.
What if it be shot through with fire,
The dross consumed with the whole earth,
And all made beautiful and new —
New and yet old — the heavenly birth!
Fear not that I shall sleep that Day!
Yea! I shall know its light! I know
His winds — God’s breath — through all the world,
To winnow out the chaff, shall blow.”

MARY A. PARSONS.

ONE town in this State contains no cemetery, but we believe this is a solitary instance. The living die everywhere, so that our history would be very incomplete did we say nothing of the resting places of this town. The old graveyard is a somewhat secluded place at the south side of the Common. It was first used early in the last century. Previous to this time there was no public burial place in town, and here neath the pines, with walls covered with clematis, lie half a dozen generations of the “fathers of the hamlet.”

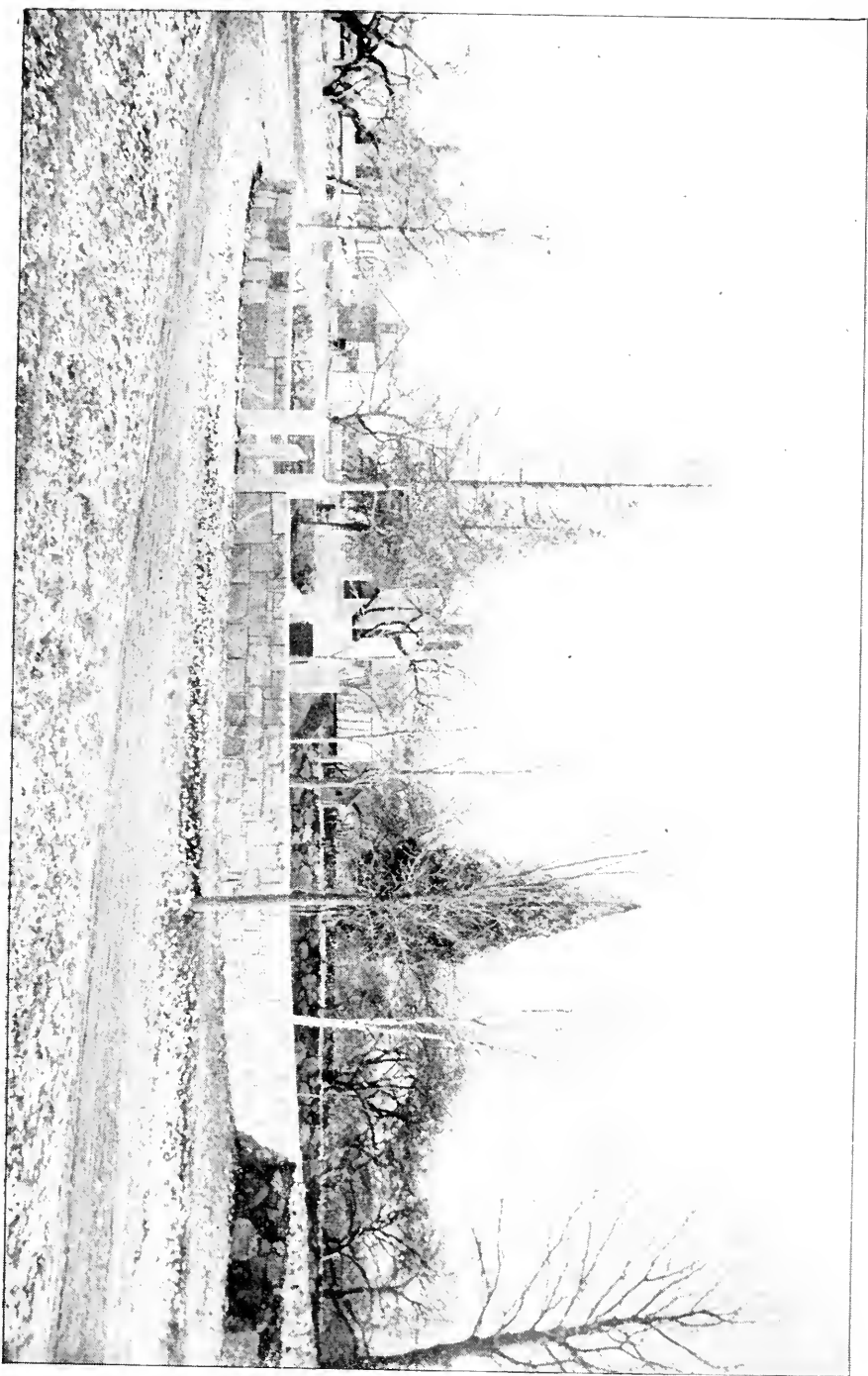
One and two hundred years ago these spots of ground were quite different from now. No walls enclosed them, and when an effort was made to do so the boundaries were hard to define. Over the graves horses, cows, and fowls were allowed to graze and roam at pleasure, and even the children could play there, as the first cemetery in town was behind the school-house. No beautiful trees, plats of ground, no flowers, and few monuments marked "their lowly bed."

The dead were laid with a few simple rites in a simple coffin which had been borne tenderly, perhaps for miles, on the shoulders of friends and neighbors. We remember with horror the look of the dead laid in a winding sheet or white robe, in a rude coffin hastily made, and contrast it with those of nowadays, but still do not doubt that in other days the heart was as sad as now, that love forgot not its dead any more than at the present, and the heart of the living yearned for some one who had lain down for the last time with a "silent oar."

We could wish that more graves were marked, but when we see so many in just the same condition, and reflect that at present we do not have to send to England for these articles, we cannot but exclaim, "Well done!"

These many years upon this spot
Our fathers and our mothers slept.
Dear to us is their burial lot,
In the heart of the town still kept.
In the quiet let them rest,
"The memory of the just is blessed."

Every ancient settlement has its old burial ground. The most revered part of ancient Plymouth, except the *rock*, is the *hill* where the Pilgrims sleep. During the seventeenth century the inhabitants here were carried to rest in Lynn or in Wakefield before they had a ground of their own. The oldest stone in Wakefield was that of one of Lynnfield's first settlers. He was buried in what is now the park, and when



TAPLEY TOMB, 1820.

the ground was ploughed and taken for other uses, his stone, with many others, was removed to what is now the old graveyard in Wakefield, where it may still be seen. It is, as we have said, the oldest, and is in excellent state of preservation, and we wish it could be brought back here, where the one whose memory it cherishes died and where his descendants still live.

The oldest place of sepulchres is at the south side of the Common. It was originally larger than at present, and an effort was made many years ago to get the land outside of the walls back to the former ground, but without effect. For many years it was open, and horses and sheep grazed upon its hillocks, and school children played on the new-made graves. It was probably laid out for a garden of the dead as early as the old meeting-house was built, and perhaps four or five years before. The first inscription to be found within its limits, although others may have settled away, is : —

Here Lyes Burried
Ye Body of Deacon
John Pearson
Who died June
21st Anno Domni 1728
Aged 78 years.

Near the centre of the ground where it is rising may be seen a thick, square, ancient-looking stone, which is that of the first pastor of Lynnfield church. At the right hand is that of his wife, Elizabeth, which has been rent in twain, while at the left is a small one to the memory of their son Nathaniel. The first mentioned reads as follows : —

Here Lies Burried ye
Body of ye Revnd Mr.
Nathaniel Sparhawk
Who Departed this
Life May 7th Anno Dom.
1732 in 38 year
of his age.

A little nearer the gate is the grave of the next pastor. The stone is broken crosswise, lying on the ground, and it was only after persistent effort years ago that the epitaph was made readable.

Here lies Burried
The Body of
the Rev. Benjamin Adams
Pastor of the Second
Church of Christ in Lynn
Who departed this Life
May the 4th 1777 in the
58 year of his Age
And 22d of his Ministry
The memory of the just is blessed.

This stone is that of a Revolutionary soldier : —

John Upton
died April 30, 1838
aged 92 yrs.

Sally
wife of John Upton
deposited on the right
died March 26, 1799
aged 51 yrs.

Hannah
wife of John Upton
deposited on the left
died Sept. 17, 1837
aged 89 yrs.

There are four marble stones, all bearing names of the Bancroft family, and all erected in the early part of this century.

Not far from the grave of Rev. Mr. Adams is that of Lynnfield's Revolutionary martyr. The epitaph is given in the items relating to that period. Probably no grave has been so well

known as his in this town, and none will ever be better remembered. Near the western side is a grave whose stone tells us that an officer sleeps there : —

Here lyes Intered
the body of Capt
Timothy Pool Esqr
Deacon of ye 2nd Church in Lynn
Who Departed this Life
Feb. ye 28 Domni 1753 Æt. 50 yrs.

Blessed are ye dead which die in
the Lord from henceforth, yea saith
the Spirit they rest from their labors
and their works do follow them Rev. 14, 13.

Some of the epitaphs cannot be condemned on account of their great length, for instance : —

Emily Orne Hall Aged 37 yrs.

Of the physicians who sleep in the ground three have memorials whose stories are here transcribed : —

Here lyes Burried
The Body of
John Perkins Physician
who departed
this life
Jan. 23, 1781 in ye
84 year of his Age.

The next reads : —

Here lyes the Body
of Doctor John Aborn
who Departed
this life November
the 8th 1768
in the 41st year
of his age.

The third has these words arched over it, "God is Just."

Erected in memory of
Dr. Benjamin Adams
Obt. Jan. 16, 1811, Æ. 53.

In the same lot with Dr. Perkins one of the stones reads as follows : —

In memory of
Benjamin Perkins A. B.
Who died on the 17th Nov.
1809
Aged 20
Could genius science and virtue
ensure length of days this stone
had not been thus early marked

As one enters the gate, in the first range of graves at the right he will notice seven stones marked with the name of "Mottey," three of which we shall here transcribe, all of which speak for themselves : —

Sacred
to the memory of the
Rev. Joseph Mottey
Pastor of the church of
Christ in Lynnfield
who died July 9, 1821
in the 66 year of his age
& the 38th of his ministry
He was distinguished by
a profound mind and was a
learned faithful & Exemplary
minister.

Secondly : —

This humble stone
is here erected
to perpetuate the name
of
an estimable woman
who in giving life
sacrificed her own
Mrs Elizabeth Mottey
consort of the Rev. Joseph Mottey
died on the XXVII of August.
Anno. MDCCCLXXXIX
Æ. XXXII.



DAVID HEWES.

Thirdly : —

Sacred
to the memory of
Mr. Charles Mottey
son of Rev. Joseph Mottey
who died at Salem
July 19th 1804, on the
morning after his arrival
from a voyage to
India after an absence
of 12 months employed as
clerk to the Capt of the ship
Henry.

At the opposite front corner, in a row, are nine tombstones bearing the name of Hawks. One of these, bearing the following inscription, is somewhat remarkable : —

In
Memory of
Mr John Hawks
who died
May 3: 1811
Æt. 57

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

Perhaps the reader will think there is nothing remarkable, but if he will look at the stone he will see it is a black slate nearly six feet in height, and there is not another like it in town.

In the same lot we read Lois, wife of John Hawkes, died June 10, 1865, æt. 79 years. She was the last interred in the ground. Probably the burials in this ground for the last forty years have not averaged one a year. There has been a number of times talk of removing this city of supulchres, but the fathers and mothers of the hamlet are still resting in this their chosen burial spot, "mid the peaceful shades," where the pine and clematis thrive, where we may read their names, such as Brown, Bancroft, Orne, Emerson, Danforth, Upton, etc. The front of this cemetery is enclosed with a massive granite wall

of Lynnfield rock, the same as all the cemeteries in town. There are many buried here whose graves are not marked. It is estimated that there have been one thousand persons buried here.

They are sleeping, sleeping
Mid the quiet glades
On the western hillside,
Where the sunset fades;
But 'tis the casket only
Fills the bed so lonely —
God knoweth all.

SOUTH BURYING GROUND.

The next is the South burying ground. This is about a century old. In the front part, on the eastern side, enclosed in an iron fence, is the burial lot of the Newhalls, one of Lynnfield's best-known and oldest families. On the family monument are these inscriptions. On the west side : —

Jona. Newhall, Sr.
died 1775
Eliza Newhall
died Jan 15, 1794.
Jona Newhall Jr
died Nov. 15, 1798.
Æt. 42 yrs.
Susanna Newhall
died July 20: 1789
James Newhall
died at sea.
Feb. 4: 1800.
Æt. 28 yrs.
John Newhall
died July 29: 1827
Æt. 36 yrs
Sarah Newhall
died Æt. 2 yrs
John Newhall
died Æt. 18 mos.

On the south side : —

William Teele

died at sea.

William F. Brown

died Jan. 18 1833

William H Teele

died at Liverpool Eng

Jan. 11, 1833.

Æ. 24 yrs.

He fell from the fore yard

Of the Ship Tallahassee.

Jesus our Captain leads us on

He hails us from the skies

And reaches out a starry crown

And bids us take the prize

John Sullivan

of Boston Branch Pilot

died at N. G.

Aug. 5 1847

Æ. 42 yrs.

George A. Sullivan

of Boston Branch Pilot

died Oct. 12, 1848

Æ. 35.

Not far away are two tombstones whose inscriptions read : —

James Newhall

Died

Oct. 25 : 1874

Æt. 87 yrs 8 mos

We paused as if from that bright shore

Beckoned our dear ones gone before.

Sally Richards

wife of

James Newhall

Died

Nov. 23, 1867

Æ. 72 yrs. 5 mos

Grandchildren of Jonathan Newhall, on the east side : —

John G. Sullivan
died Feb. 10: 1807

Æ. 4 yrs 6 mos.

Eliza A. Sullivan
died June 24: 1812.

Æ. 7 yrs. 4 mos.

Charles S. Sullivan
died Aug. 15, 1815.

Æ. 5 yrs 1 mo.

Granville F. Sullivan
died Jan. 17, 1818.

Æ. 1 yr. six mos.

Grandchildren of Jonathan Newhall, Jr. : —

John Sullivan Jr.
died Aug 11, 1822.

Æ. 42 yrs.

Branch Pilot of Boston

The time has been that time is past
When youth I bloomed like thee
The time will come, tis coming fast
When thou shall be like me.

Other epitaphs in this enclosure read :—

In memory of
William Newhall
who died

June 5: 1823

Aged 72.

A Revolutionary soldier who fought for the freedom of his country.

Asa Newhall
died

April 30: 1814.

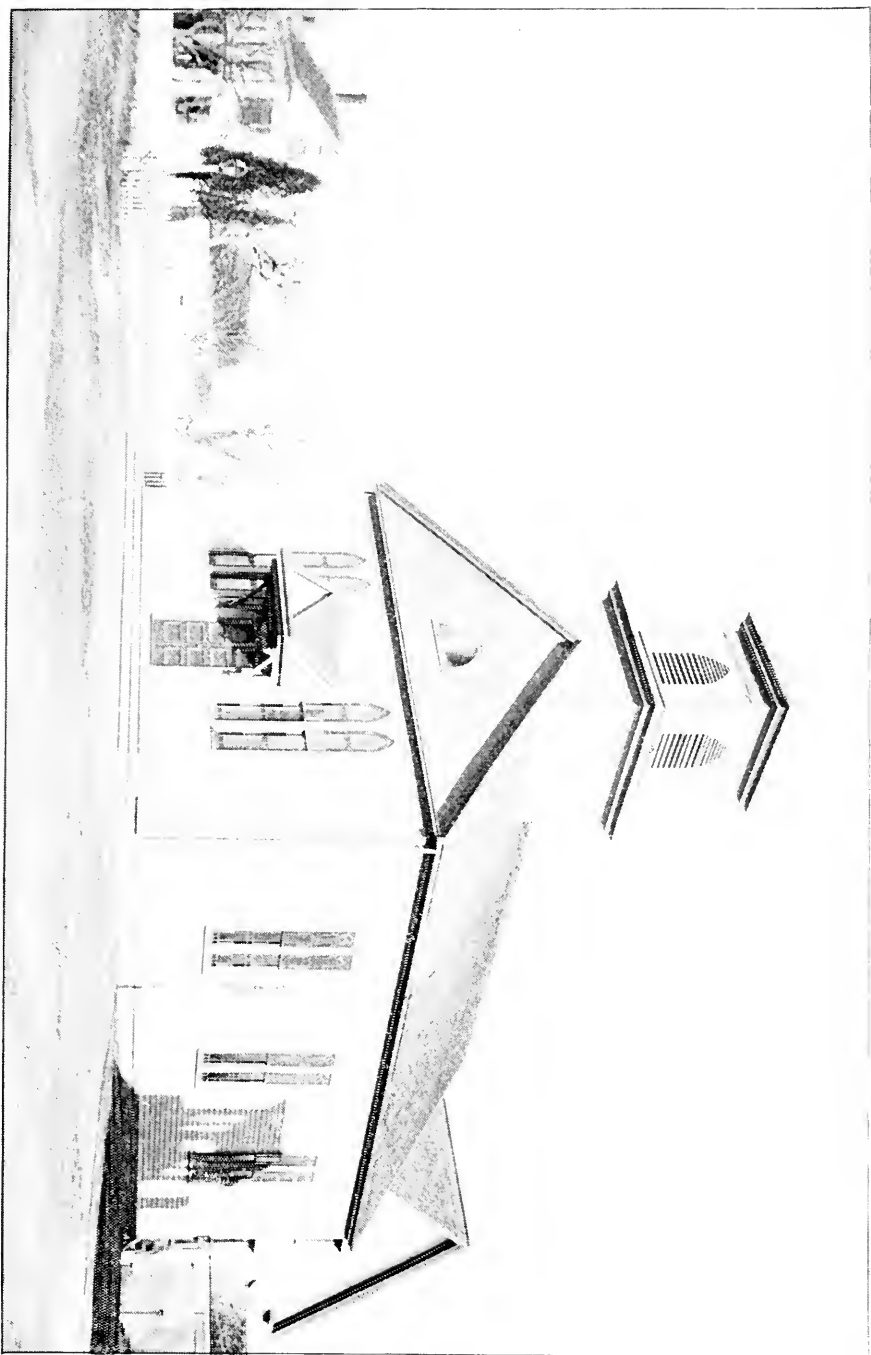
Aged 81 yrs 9 mos.

Sarah

his wife

died Nov. 30: 1840

Aged 97 yrs. 9 mos.



CENTRE ORTHODOX CHURCH.

Wendall G. Nichols
Born in Boston
July 12, 1838.
Killed in battle near
Petersburg Va.
Aug. 18: 1864.
He was a member of Co. A
39. Reg. Mass. Volls.

Calmly he sleeps: no clang of arms
Shall break his ceaseless slumbers more
Safe he has passed from war's alarms
To peace upon the other shore.

Erected to the memory of
Edward Otis Skerry
By
Suntaug Lodge, I. O. G. T.
He died
Aug. 8: 1870.
Aged 21 years
& 6 mos.
We miss thee.

WEST BURYING GROUND.

A committee was chosen by the town in 1813 to select a piece of land in the central portion of the town for a burying ground. This was the third city of sepulchres in town. It has, like the other cemeteries, on front a nice faced wall of Lynnfield granite, and above it used to be a row of beautiful trees, a gift of Hubbard Emerson, Esq. It is nicely hemmed in all around, much of which is due to Judge Nash, who used to say it was a part of his religion to venerate the dead. It is somewhat singular that a plot of land having been used more than fourscore years should not have a clergyman buried here, yet such is the case. It is said that Capt. Wm. Skinner's daughter was the first to be buried in this ground; and another

daughter of his was the first to be laid in Forest Hill Cemetery a generation after.

The first row of graves on the left-hand side is that of Bowman Viles, Esq. The first reads : —

Bowman Viles Esq.
Died
March 27, 1838
Æt. 57 years.
Thou art not dead, but sleeping
In Christ thy spirit rests.
Thy useful life still speaking
To those who knew thee best.

Still nearer the gate is the Cox lot. An elegant monument claims a share of attention, which says : —

Sacred
to the memory of
John Orne Cox
who died
Aug 16, 1839
Æt. 21 yrs.
This stone is erected by the
Boston Light Infantry
as a token of respect for a
brother member.

In the same range is one which will repay perusal : —

In memory of
William E. Cox
who died in Mexico
April 21st, 1849
in his 29th year
and whose remains
were deposited here
July 2, 1850.
Say shall the bosom of affection mourn,
Or shall the tear of love bedew his urn?
Yes, Jesus wept.

On the opposite side of the avenue are monumental stones : —

Capt Henry Bancroft,
Died —
Aug. 15, 1872
Aged 86.
“ Death is the crown of life.”

Eliza Mottey
wife of
Capt. Henry Bancroft
Dau. of Rev. Joseph Mottey
Died Feb. 10: 1869
Æt. 79

The night dew that falls
Though in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure
The grave where she sleeps
And the tear that we shed
Though in silence it rolls
Shall long keep her memory
Green in our souls.

George Mottey Bancroft
drowned near
San Francisco Cala
Feb. 3, 1851,
Æt. 26 yrs

Henry Alexander Bancroft
Died July 25, 1862
— Æt. 35 yrs

In the range back of these is a nice marble, which we copy : —

{ Nathanel Bancroft }
{ Danforth M. D. }
Born in Lynnfield
Sept. 24, 1821.
Died in Wrentham
Jan. 30: 1864,
Aged 42.

In the yard a short distance back is the Richardson lot. We transcribe three of the epitaphs, the first because it is the oldest in the yard, but not the first burial :—

Sacred to the memory
of Sophia Richardson
Dau. of Mr Herbert
and Mrs Mary Richardson
who died March
13, 1813
aged 10 yrs.

The father's stone is inscribed : —

In
Memory of
Mr
Herbert Richardson
who died
Nov. 29 1823.
Æt. 66

Here where this stone its record keeps
A Friend a Husband, Father sleeps
A heart within whose sacred cell —
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell,
Affections warm a heart sincere
And truth and justice centered there.

The third is remarkable, a double grave and stone, which reads : —

In memory of
Mr Herbert Richardson Jr.
of Lynnfield son of Mr Herbert &
Mrs Mary Richardson Aged 24,
and Miss Charlotte Palmer
Daug'ht of Mr David & Mrs Sarah
Palmer of Londonderry Aged 20 —
who were both drowned in Shawshen
River in Andover March 3 1818.



REV. JACOB HOOD.

Behold these lovely blooming youth
 Whose days were pleasantness & truth
 Cut down while in their youthful bloom
 And hast'ned to a watery tomb.

Back of this is a huge boulder, solid rock, the Parsons monument, whose polished surface says, Eben'r Parsons 1794-1853, Mary Hart his wife 1792-1864.

Near the centre of the cemetery, enclosed in an iron fence, is the burial place of Elijah Hewes, Jr., and family. At the time it was fitted up it was the most beautiful around. A large urn was set up on a mound in the middle of the enclosure, but both have since been taken away, so that the lot is not as ornamental as formerly, although it shows evidences that it is not forgotten.

A large Roman marble monument stands on the Jeremiah Coney lot, which is nearly filled with mounds.

The Wiley lot, near by, has a beautiful granite memorial to father, mother, son, and daughter.

A short distance to the rear are the stones and monument of the James Hewes family lot. Three of them we will notice here. First, the father's, reads : —

“Death comes to lead me from Mortality
 to lands which know not one unhappy
 hour.”

Mr James Hewes
 died in Cincinnati Ohio
 Feb. 17, 1852
 Aged 67 years
 His remains were
 deposited here
 March 14, 1852.

Rest Father the Almighty hand
 That bore thee to that better land
 Will guide us all our journey through
 Till we shall meet both him & you.

The second is a monument with an urn upon the top : —

Mrs Lydia Kidder
died in Saugus
Jan. 3, 1855
Aged 30 years
and 8 months.

Weep — she was worthy of the purest grief
Weep — in such sorrow you shall find relief
While o'er her doom the bitter tear ye shed
Memory shall trace the virtues of the dead.
These cannot die, for you for her they bloom
And scatter fragrance round her early tomb.

Mrs. Kidder was a daughter of Mr. Hewes. Another was Mrs. Spinney. Her stone is marked by a cross of flowers. The inscription runs thus : —

Eliza H.
Wife of
George Spinney
Died Jan 7, 1864.
Aged 48 years
and 10 mos
Her works praise her.

On the opposite side of the cemetery are the monuments of the Joel Hewes family, with the inscription of Henry E. Hewes, a soldier who died at Newbern, N. C.; of William Mansfield, containing the family deaths,—one to Angeline, wife of Ezra Mansfield, and one to the family of the late Col. Joel Hewes. The latter is on a raised lot, its top surmounted with a cross. In one corner of the lot are two crosses to mark the resting of two small children. The motto is : —

We have loved them on earth
May we meet them in Heaven.

Just back of the last mentioned is the burial lot of the late Alfred Skinner, which contains the remains of the parents and four children, all but one of the whole family. The father's stone says : —

Alfred Skinner
died April 26 : 1855
Aged 30 years

So soon my wife and children dear
I come to join you sleeping here
One of our little flock is left behind
Trusting in God pure friends to find

The mother's says : —

Lydia Ann
wife of Alfred Skinner
died April 5 : 1855
Aged 26 years

Oh weep not for the dead.
Rather oh rather give the tear
To those who darkly linger here
When all beside are fled

Not far from the Mansfield monuments is one of Scotch granite to the memory of Benjamin Cox.

The following soldiers have tombstones, which we transcribe :—

In memory of
Capt. Ebenezer Hart
who fought for the liberty
and independence of his
country during the war
of the Revolution and died
March 26, 1840
Æt. 77.

In memory of
 Mr. Ebenezer Parsons
 who died
 April 17, 1843
 Aged 81
 A Soldier of the Revolution

Daniel Needham Esq.
 Died Feb. 16, 1844
 Aged 83.
 A soldier of the Revolution

Joseph L.
 Son of Joseph & Mary
 Hart.
 A member of 4th Mass
 Battery
 Died in Hospital at
 Fort Pike La. Dec 1 1862
 Aged 39 years.

George W.
 Only son of Wm W.
 & Rebecca B.
 A volunteer soldier
 in the Lafayette
 Art'y Lymeboro N. H.
 Died Oct. 19, 1864
 Æt. 20 yrs 1 mo.
 "Absent but not forgotten."

THE TAPLEY TOMB.

One of the finest illustrations of this book is an excellent representation of the above, which is situated at the north part of the town, at the "Three Corners." It was built by Joseph Tapley, whose house stood near by. Mr. Tapley was a native of Danvers, and died soon after the tomb was built, in 1820. Since then the tomb has been going to decay and presented a

neglected appearance, although the dozen bodies it contained were unmolested. Mr. David Hewes, of California, a grandson of Mr. Tapley, had contemplated making improvements at this and the homes of his ancestors, having put in perfect repair the former home of Mr. Tapley, and the place where he himself was born, in 1822 ; had also fitted everything connected with this resting place, including a new inscription, enlarging the ground, setting granite posts, relaying the walls around the enclosure, rebuilding the front of the tomb.

When the reinterment was to take place, in November, 1892, Mr. Hewes invited a large company to be present at the memorial exercises, which were held in the schoolhouse near by. Among the guests present were Hon. T. N. Hart of Boston, Ex-Mayor George D. Hart of Lynn, several of the Tapley family, as also the Hewes family, and many citizens of Lynnfield and neighboring towns. The exercises consisted of prayer by Rev. H. L. Brickett, of Lynnfield Centre ; a cordial welcome extended by Mr. Hewes, who spoke of the object of the gathering, and introduced Hon. Thomas N. Hart, postmaster of Boston, as "a future governor of Massachusetts," who made remarks.

After the exercises the visitors adjourned to the tomb, where the coffin was placed within and sprigs of evergreen thrown in as tokens of respect. A collation was served at the house near by and the company separated.

The following verses are a part of the poem written by Mrs. J. W. Perkins of this town : —

" Unforgotten ! As thoughtful hearts
Murmur the love-fraught word
The tender echoes are taken up
By the winds that overheard.

" Unforgotten ! O cherished dead !
Sweet is thy resting place,
For tender thoughts have been busy here
With love's own perfect grace.

“Unforgotten! The busy years
Cannot efface the past,
And love, because it is born of God,
To eternity shall last.

.

“Unforgotten! The breezes sweet
Murmur the love-fraught word;
Beyond our hearing the echoes go,
The loving one has heard.

“Unforgotten! O cherished dead!
God’s love has marked the spot;
He knoweth, though all men forget,
And he forgetteth not.

“Unforgotten! The Easter glow
Shall flood earth’s death-dark sky,
For he remembereth to fulfil
Unto eternity.”

FOREST HILL CEMETERY

Is situated on the avenue of the same name, but a short distance from the Centre depot, and was laid out in 1856 by Henry Lilley Eaton. The plan is a double circle of lots in the centre, while the avenues run across and lengthwise. The lot contains six acres, and was purchased of James Hewes. At first but the front part was used, but of late years the rear part is being occupied. The front is enclosed by a solid granite wall, the stone being quarried in this town. At the gate is a semicircle. The dedication took place Oct. 14, 1856, Rev. Messrs. Hodgman and Chute of this town officiating. The address was by the Rev. Mr. Hodgman, from which we quote the following: “The practice of selecting some place for the burial of the dead and adorning it is as old as the race of men. Civilized and



HOOPER ESTATE.

Christian nations bury with appropriate ceremonies. Pagans burn or destroy. *Indians* bury. Some of their old burying grounds are still pointed out. Perhaps some of their dead lie enshrined here. There is an obvious propriety in setting apart places for burial. The earliest sepulchre of which we have any account is that which Abraham bought of Ephron. It was the field and cave of Machpelah, which is before Mamre. (Gen. xxiii. 17.)

“The ancestral burial place is the one fixed element in the unstable life of a nomadic race, and this Hebron furnished to the patriarchs. The one spot which Abraham called his own was the sepulchre which he bought with four hundred shekels of silver from Ephron the Hittite.

“‘There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife ; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife ; and there I buried Leah.’ (Gen. xlix. 31.)

“Of all the great patriarchal family Rachel alone is absent from this sacred enclosure ; she was buried at Bethlehem. (Gen. xxxv. 19.)

“The Jews called their sepulchres everlasting habitations. They were outside of the city. Only kings or distinguished persons were buried within the city walls. Sepulchres were often in groves or gardens and were private property. Such was Abraham’s and Manoah’s, in which Samson was buried.

“Asahel was buried in his father’s sepulchre near Bethlehem. (2 Sam. ii. 32.)

“The primitive Christians were generally buried in subterranean sepulchres ; in fact they often lived in them, to be safe from their persecutors. These were secret, very spacious, with many apartments.

“We are always interested in a place of burial, and for good reasons. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that we must one day die and *need a grave*. We wish for a quiet resting place for the body.

“The sea is the grave of many, but it shall one day give up its dead. The domestic affections prompt us to wish that our friends may be buried *near us*. The Bible justifies us in attaching *to the grave* a real significance. Hither the old man will come and the tender mother.

“We accept the sentiment of Washington Irving, who wrote, ‘The grave is the ordeal of affection; there we dismiss all prejudice and resentment.’

“Let us recall the Thanatopsis of William C. Bryant. This suggests *quiet* but does not inspire hope. It is the *gospel* which *brings light into the grave*. The Saviour passed through it before us, and took away its darkness and its gloom.

“This cemetery is henceforth the city of the dead. Precious dust will be gathered here.”

The first interment was that of Mrs. Sarah S., wife of George F. Blake, now of Boston. She was the daughter of William Skinner of Lynnfield. Her remains were afterward removed to Mount Auburn. The next was that of Miss Margaret Ann Gates, who sleeps near the centre of the enclosure. Not far from her lies what was mortal of Belle Cushman Eaton, and near by is the lot set apart for the soldiers and sailors. But a short distance from the last named is the Hood monument, where rest the oldest couple that probably ever graced Lynnfield. At a short passage is the solid granite (native) monument of Messrs. Bancroft and Herrick, and one nearly of the same description marks the last resting place of John Danforth, Esq. Near the gate is the marble monument erected to the memory of Miss Lydia Newhall. On the east, enclosed in a granite curbing, are the twin monuments of Aaron Hewes and Levi H. Russell, who have passed away. Not far off is the Wellman and Carter monument, of beautiful Swedish granite. One of the prettiest memorial stones is that of Micajah Pope, placed at his grave by his widow.

In this cemetery sleep and are memorials of the following soldiers of the War of the Rebellion : Asa R. Reed, Henry B. Wellman, Lieut. Benj. W. Parsons, George W. Wiley, George A. Norwood, James Norwood, Manfred C. Cook, Daniel Cook, James M. Roberts, Charles Goss, Edward Sanborn Coney.

This cemetery promises, if the town should grow, to be like Copp's Hill, in Boston, -- surrounded by the habitations of the living.

WILLOW CEMETERY.

This cemetery is the last one laid out by the town, and is but a short distance from the South Schoolhouse, on the street to Lynnfield Centre. It is quietly situated just out of the village. It was purchased by the town of Gen. Josiah Newhall for the sum of \$550 in 1869. The surveying was carefully and faithfully done by the Rev. Jacob Hood when nearly eighty years of age. The front of it is a faced wall of granite with a semicircular entrance, like Forest Hill, at the central portion of the town.

The cemetery contains more than two hundred and fifty lots, and is already being much of it taken, and presents the look of a modern cemetery. One of the first to be buried here was Major Andrew Mansfield, died Dec. 17, 1869, aged 68 years 3 months. A large marble monument marks the place of his sepulchre.

On the left side as you enter, a short distance from the outside, is a monumental stone whose story reads : —

A Soldier
Charles H. Forrester
Died
June 16: 1871
Æt. 32 yrs.

Here, among the tasty monuments and tablets, sleep many of Lynnfield's sons and daughters, such as Gen. Josiah New-

hall, Elbridge Gerry, Daniel Mansfield, and their wives, descendants of those who peopled this town many years ago, and others with whom they have associated, and here in the quiet, near the green woods, with the schoolhouse in sight and the locomotive's whistle near by, one after another is brought to sleep in Mother Earth, while friends recount their deeds and mark their names in marble.

“Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”

CHAPTER VII.

The Revolutionary War.

It is needless to recount the incidents that brought on the war with England, as every scholar has ample opportunity to study them in every village school ; neither can we give one town all the credit due, when it was simply a per cent or another ; but we are sure Lynn End, now Lynnfield, did her part nobly, and will give such facts relative thereto as we have been able to obtain, commencing April 19, 1775, although before this the military company had been called out, it being when the British tried to take the North Bridge at Salem. At this time and for many years after the ammunition was stored in the attic of the old meeting-house, the powder house on Powder Hill not being built.

At this time "Congress issued paper money, at first three millions of dollars, and soon enough for two hundred millions," which in the course of half a dozen years was rather poor stuff, and the depreciation of currency made sad havoc of people's fortunes. The First Church had a fund which was on interest. After the war had ceased the fund, with interest of twenty years, did not amount to its original value.

I used to look at specimens of the aforesaid money and think, I'm glad we don't have such small bits of paper, little thinking that soon another war would bring the same.

We cannot, nor do we wish to, help admiring the "spunk" of our Revolutionary forefathers ; and when speaking of them

let us not forget our foremothers, for both had the real Yankee grit. Societies were formed, who pledged themselves not to purchase foreign articles, but to make the necessities and forego the luxuries of life. Spinning and weaving were done by those who could afford to buy. Sheep were forbidden to be used as an article of food, that their wool might be made into clothing, and a suit of "homespun" was very fashionable. Is it not a pleasure to think that we belong to such a glorious ancestry, — men who "fought, bled, and died" for their country, and whose memories should be held in grateful esteem?

We see them made prisoners, walking barefoot on the ice and snow, so they could be tracked by the blood, without food and shelter when well, and care and medicine when sick, while their families at home were practising the most rigid economy, giving their pewter to be made into bullets, and, in fact, suffering all the horrors of war, while they had not some of the reliefs of the present time.

No post office threw out its priceless store of letters, detailing how the soldier fared in camp or the battle-field; no telegram announced if he were wounded, while no railway was in readiness to convey the loved ones to the sick or the dying brother, husband, or father, or to bring him home; no newspaper conveyed the latest intelligence from the seat of war, but everything must be done in a slow, single way, if done at all, compared with the present age. Think of waiting three weeks to hear from New York!

Tories soon became scarce articles, leaving by hundreds for Mother England's broad domains, or if staying on the soil were "still as mice." We regret to know that no memorial of our "fallen heroes" has been publicly raised to their worth, and that what was applicable to nations is also to towns, —

"How nations slowly wise and meanly just
To buried merit raise the tardy bust,"—



JAMES HEWES.

and trust future generations will improve on the past in this respect, although all are not to be blamed for this forgetfulness.

In an account of the Revolutionary patriots I feel that in no way can it be so well done in part as by giving a sketch from a newspaper by Capt. Aaron Foster when ninety years of age, one who knew the length and breadth of this town, being born within a mile and a half of its Common, having attended church and school here, and "lastly, but not least," married two wives of the Mansfield family. It is a pleasure to copy in his own words so able an article from such a worthy personage: —

"As Lynnfield was a part of Lynn during the Revolutionary War, it is difficult at this time to distinguish the soldiers who belonged to Lynn from those who belonged to Lynnfield, as they are all included in one list. The Lynn historians have given the names of one hundred and sixty-eight men, not including those who fell at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, a part of whom belonged to what is now Lynnfield. I shall therefore attempt to give only a few short biographical notices of some with whom I had some acquaintance, and of one or two others of whom I have the most reliable tradition. Of the four who fell at Lexington three belonged to what is now Lynnfield, viz., Daniel Townsend, William Flint, and Thomas Hadley. Townsend lived in the central part of the town, Flint and Hadley lived in the southerly part of the town.

"Among those who were wounded on the famous 19th of April was Timothy Munroe of Lynnfield, whose house was on the left-hand side of the road after crossing the river from Wakefield to Lynnfield by way of Salem Street. The house has been well preserved and is still in good condition. Mr. Munroe is deservedly mentioned by the Lynn historians as follows: 'He was standing behind a house with Daniel Townsend and firing at the British troops as they were com-

ing down the road on the retreat toward Boston. Townsend had just fired and exclaimed, "There's another redcoat down," when Munroe, looking around, saw to his astonishment that they were completely hemmed in by the flank guard of the British army, who were coming down the fields behind them. They immediately ran into the house and sought for the cellar, but no cellar was there. They looked for a closet, but there was none. All this time, which was but indeed for a moment, the balls were pouring through the back windows, making the glass fly around them. Townsend leaped through the end window, carrying the sash and all with him, and instantly fell dead. Munroe followed and ran for his life. He passed for a long distance between both parties, many of whom discharged their guns at him. As he passed the last soldier who stopped to fire he heard the redcoat exclaim, "Damn the Yankee, he is bullet proof, let him go." Mr. Munroe had one ball through the leg and thirty-two bullet-holes through his clothes and hat. Even the metal buttons of his waistcoat were shot off. He kept his clothes till he was tired of showing them, and died in 1808, aged 72 years.' To the above historical account it may be added that Munroe, while pursuing the retreating British from Lexington, came to a wounded British soldier, who begged of him to dress his wound, which was bleeding very rapidly. Mr. Munroe used his handkerchief to stop the flowing blood from the soldier's wound. To reward him for his kindness the soldier took from his clothes a silver buckle which Mr. Munroe gave to the late Mrs. Caleb Green, Sr. It is now in the possession of her grandchildren, the heirs of the late Joshua Green. If it could be obtained, I think it would be a valuable and attractive article for the Wakefield Historical Society.

"Another, whose name I do not find mentioned in history, and who was a soldier of the Revolution, was Noah Newhall. He is said to have been the first landlord of the Lynnfield

Hotel, and who afterwards kept a public house at Reading for a few years, and then removed to Vermont, where he died, leaving five daughters and one great-granddaughter. None of his descendants are known now to be living.

“Among the numerous and exciting incidents of his army life one was to be a witness of the execution of Major John André, the British spy. He was one of the number detailed for duty on that memorable occasion. These facts were given to the writer by one of his daughters, more than fifty years ago. She had heard her father relate the story of the execution, with many particulars in connection with it.

“Another of Lynnfield’s heroes was the late Capt. Ebenezer Hart, who fought ‘long and well’ for his country’s freedom and independence, continuing in the army from the beginning to the end of the war. He must have endured many hardships and privations during his long term of army service, and no man in the army was more deserving of the pension he received in the later years of his life. He lived in the northerly part of the town, where he reared a large family of children, giving them all a very good common school education.

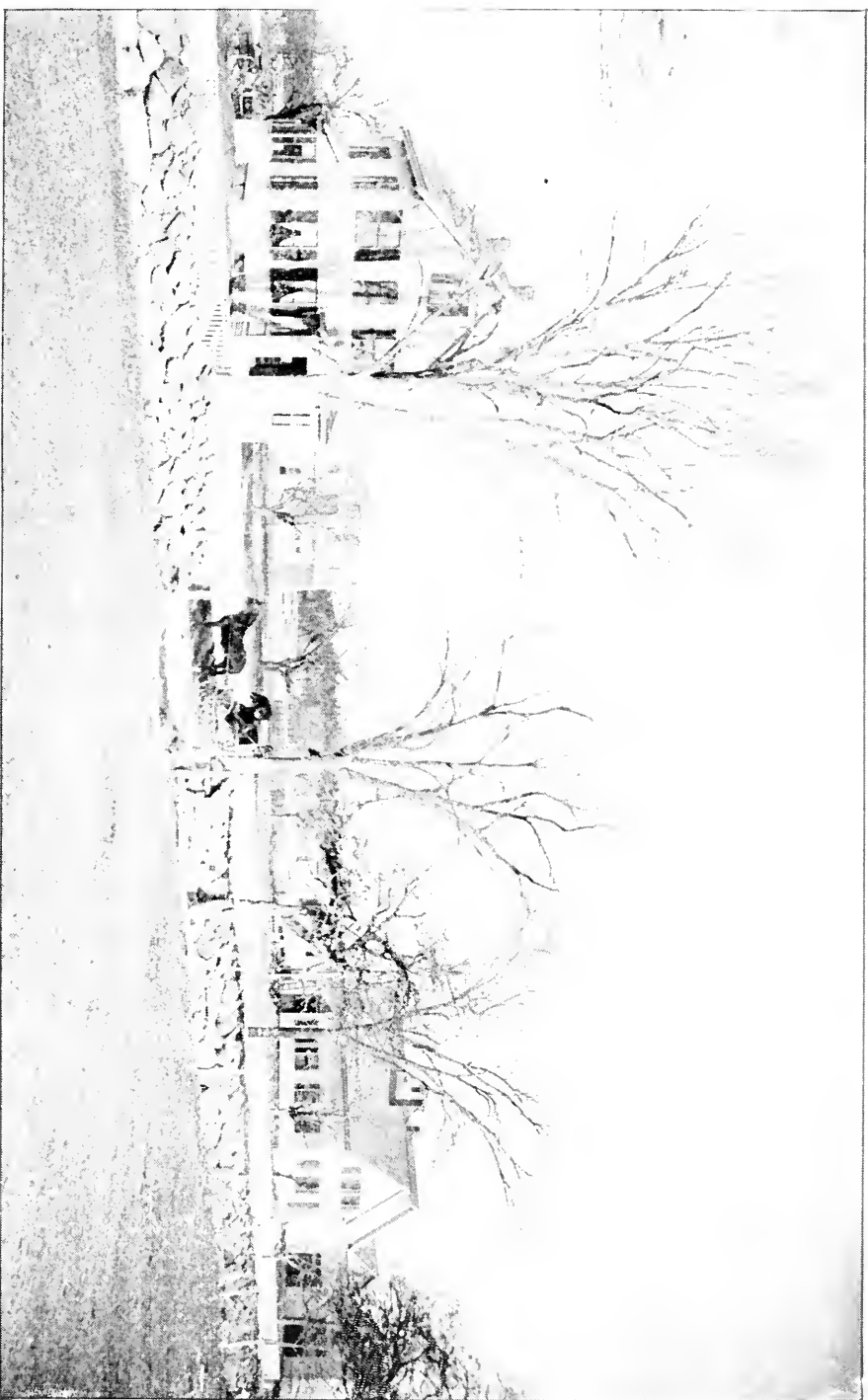
“Being intelligent and well informed on matters and things in general, he took much interest in the subject of education as well as in other matters of public interest. He had an argumentative turn of mind, and was tenacious and inflexible in defending the ground he had once taken. I have known him to hold discussions with an antagonist on some theological point for nearly an hour after he had been called two or three times to his dinner, being determined to have the last word, thus showing that when warmed up in an argument with an opponent, and having his choice, he would rather fight than eat at the same price.

“For the opportunities he had he was a man of extensive and varied reading, and so well posted in political as well as

in theological history as to make him an able debater and a formidable antagonist.

“In private life he was a man of quiet manners, kind and courteous, but independent and flat footed as a mugwump in his opinions, and fearless in expressing them, a faithful friend as well as a determined opponent. In the War of 1812 party spirit ran very very high, and political subjects were discussed with great warmth and animosity. He belonged at that time to the Jefferson school of Democrats, and there were but two others in Lynnfield in about a hundred voters that at that time belonged to his party, viz., Joseph Pearson and Eben Waitt, both good, honest, and well-meaning citizens, but not at all aggressive or active in political matters. Until the year 1814 the voters of Lynn and Lynnfield voted together for State officers, and it belonged to Lynnfield to have one of the five representatives for both towns. Capt. Hart was one of those taken as a candidate for Lynnfield, and having a majority of the Lynn voters on his side, was elected, over all opposition in his own town, by a large majority. Some of his descendants in the female line remain in Lynnfield and some in other places.

“Another of the veterans of Lynnfield was Aaron Nourse. His native place was in the north part of the town. The Danvers railroad passes directly over the spot where he was born. He was, as I remember him, not very intelligent, but an honest, industrious, hard laboring man. He had three children, but none of his posterity are living. His simple-minded son was for a long term of years a burden to the town of Lynnfield. The old soldier, like other old soldiers in later years, would ‘shoulder his crutch and tell how fields were won,’ and in one of the fields in which he was engaged after the battle was won and the enemy had left the field, and as his regiment was in pursuit of the retreating foe, he came to a dead British soldier on the ground with a gun by his side,



WILKES FARM.

a much better one than the one he was carrying, and in a case like this he seemed to think that 'exchange was no robbery,' and took the dead soldier's gun and left the one he was carrying. It was called the king's arm from its having been used in the king's service. His life ended by falling from a load of hay. James Nourse, whose name is mentioned in connection with his, is supposed to be his brother and a soldier of the Revolution from Lynnfield.

"Another on the roll of honor from Lynnfield was Joshua Burnham. He at one time lived upon, and, as is supposed, owned, the place or a part of it now owned by Mr. Thomas E. Cox. Some time after the war he was made colonel of the Lynn regiment. He spent the closing years of his life in Wakefield. His descendants are numerous, some being in Lynnfield, some in Wakefield, and some in other places.

"Lieut. John Upton, who served in the Revolutionary War, lived upon and owned the place now owned by Mr. Frank Hart. He was a man of strong mental powers and much energy of character. He must have acted a very conspicuous part in the Revolutionary history of the town. He died at quite an advanced age of ninety years. In politics in the later years of his life he was a Federalist, and strongly opposed to the Jeffersonian school of Democrats. In personal appearance he was a man of large stature, of medium height, but of stout, portly frame and stately mien, and with a countenance expressive of dignity and intelligence, and of one born to command, though he held no higher rank than that of lieutenant. In his religious opinions he belonged to the Congregational school as it remained during the time in which he lived.

"There were some others from Lynnfield in the army service who perhaps, though not so worthy of notice as the above named, were yet good, quiet, peaceable, industrious citizens, and undoubtedly acted well their part during their service in the

army. Taken as a whole it may be said of them that they were men 'inflexible in faith,' as the event proved 'invincible in arms.' "

One Revolutionary soldier in this chapter needs a word. Ebenezer Parsons, a soldier of the Revolution, was born in Leicester, Mass., March 13, 1762. His father, Israel Parsons, dying in 1767, he came to Lynnfield to live with his grandfather, Ebenezer Bancroft. He was married to Nabby Smith, Nov. 18, 1787, and resided in Lynnfield till his death, April 17, 1843, at the age of eighty-one.

Little is known of his service as a soldier, except that he was with Gen. Sullivan at the siege of Newport.

"In 1778 Washington and Count d'Estaing arranged for the French fleet to attack the British near Rhode Island, and Sullivan was sent with a large force to co-operate in besieging Newport. On the day appointed for the combined attack a violent storm so shattered the French vessels that they withdrew. After defeating the English in one engagement, Sullivan's forces retired from Rhode Island."

The length of his first term of service is not known, but that he re-enlisted for six months in 1780 is shown by the following copies of documents in the possession of his grandson, Ebenezer Parsons : —

LYNN July 4th 1780

wee do hereby Engag & promise to Ebenezer Parsons of Lynn, being an inlisted souldier in the Continental army for six months, to deliver him thre Cows at the End of the sd six months in Lieu of his six months wages, he delivering his six months wages or money Equel thereto to us or Either of us, the sd cows to be as good as cows are one with another that is to say midling Cows.

JOSEPH GOWING
THOMAS TOWNSEND
JOHN PERKINS

A copy of his discharge : —

Ebenezer Parsons a Soldier in Col E. Putnam's Reg. Discharged the service, the Issuing Commisariat will Enoch Putnam Col Comdt furnish you with Provision on your march home.

WEST POINT Dec 6 1781.

On the back of the discharge is the following indorsement : —

this may Certify that the Barrer has Drawn Provision to the 9th Instant.

J. NYE, Q. M.

in behalf J. Forsyth A. C. B.

WM DEEN

Issued 3 Rations :

W. M. T.

That his service as a soldier did not cease with the close of the war the following will show : —

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

To mr EBENZER PARSONS greting
 { SEAL } You Being appointed sargent major of the Fifth Regt First
 Brigaid & 2d Division Commanded By Colo Fredk Breed, By
 Vertue of the Power Vested in me I do by these Presents
 grant you this warrant, you are therefore Carefully and Diligently to
 Discharge the Duty of sargent major in Leeding & ordering & Ex-
 exercising said Regt in arms. Both inferior officers and soldiers & to keep
 them in good order and Disapline and they are hereby Commanded to
 obey you as their sargent major, and you are yourself to obeserv and folow
 such orders and instructions as you shall from Tim to Time Reseve from
 your superier officers.

given under my Hand and Seele at Lynn this Seventh Day October
 one thousand seven hundred and Eighty Nine.

FREDK BREED *Colo*

He first received a pension in 1818, as the following document will show :—

WAR DEPARTMENT.

REVOLUTIONARY CLAIM.

I certify, that in conformity with the law of the United States of the 18th of March, 1818, Ebenezer Parsons, late a Private in the Army of the Revolution, is inscribed on the Pension List Roll of the Massachusetts Agency at the rate of eight dollars per month, to commence on the 4th day of April one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

Given at the War Office of the United States this 16th day of May, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.



J. C. CALHOUN,
Secretary of War.

He received an invitation to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument erected in Danvers (now Peabody), in commemoration of the battle of Lexington :—

DANVERS, April 14, 1835.

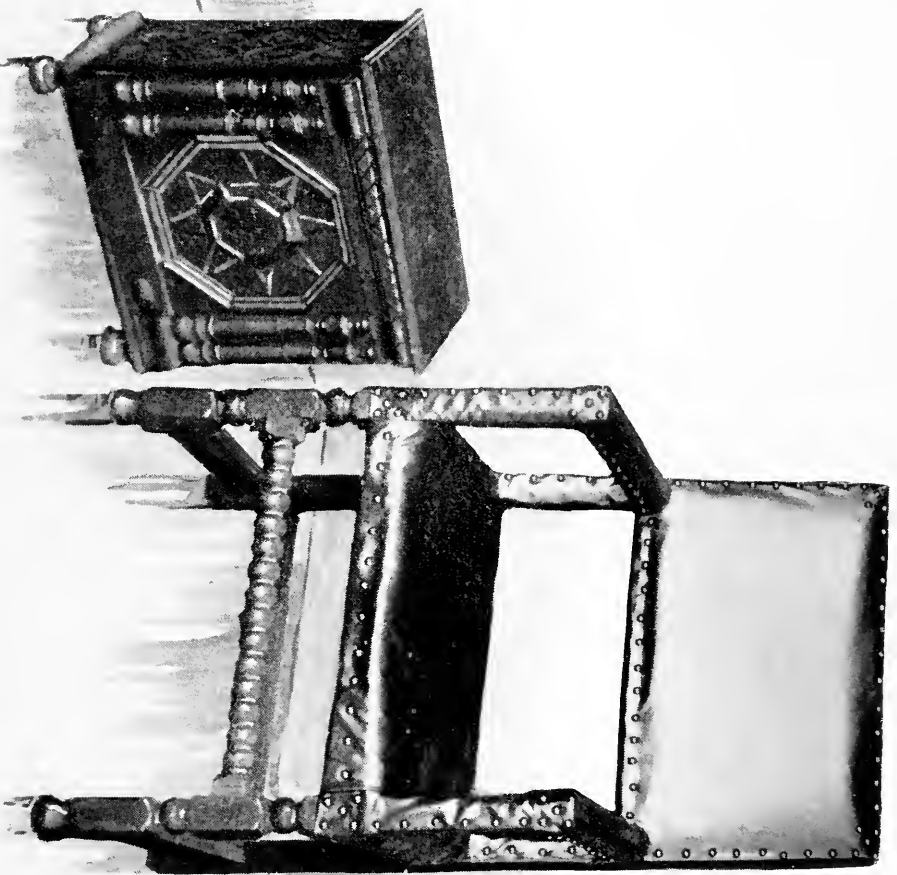
MR. EBENEZER PARSONS.

Dear Sir,—An association of gentlemen in Danvers have determined to erect a monument in commemoration of the battle of Lexington and those citizens of Danvers who were the first martyrs of our liberties. The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone will take place on Monday, the 20th instant.

In behalf, sir, of the subscribers to the monument, you are hereby respectfully invited to be present on that occasion and take the place assigned you in the procession among the Revolutionary patriots, those few living memorials of the patriotism of 1775.

The procession will be formed in front of the Old South Meeting-House precisely at 10 o'clock A. M. Your presence and early attendance is desired.

JON. SHOVE,
Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.



CABINET OF 1679 AND "GOVERNOR'S" CHAIR.



Nor would we fail to mention in our heroes of the Revolution who have lived in this town the well-remembered, never to be forgotten name of Martin Herrick, M. D., who was born in the neighboring town of Reading in 1747, and a graduate of Harvard College, 1772. It is said that "he studied medicine with Gov. Brooks of Medford, and that he met Paul Revere in his memorable ride, and going in an opposite direction gave the warning. He fought in the battle of Lexington, and after the battle assisted in caring for the wounded. He enlisted in the army, from which he was transferred to the navy as surgeon, and was twice captured by the British." He lived at different times in different parts of this town; at one time he was a school teacher here. He died here in 1820, and was buried, by his special request, in the old burying ground. His grave is but a short distance from the gate in a straight line, but it is not marked in any way, and was pointed to the writer almost forty years ago by one who knew him and attended his funeral. He was buried with Masonic honors.

Another soldier was James Bancroft. He was born in 1756, and entered the Revolutionary army, 1775, at the age of 19; served as a lieutenant of infantry; was discharged at the close in 1783; married Sarah Parsons of Leicester, Mass.; went into trade, failed in a few years, became an inspector in the Boston Custom House, where he remained till his death, April, 1803, aged 47; his wife having died April, 1795. He left four sons and three daughters; one son and one daughter died in infancy; James, Henry, Charles, Sarah Parsons, and Harriett lived to mature age. The latter became the wife of Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler, an Episcopal clergyman. Sarah Parsons was never married. Henry was the only one who remained at Lynnfield. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and always attended its meetings on the fourth of July with his accustomed punctuality.

The above James was the son of James, who was the son

of James, who was the son of John, who was grandson of the first Bancroft settled here.

A white stone in the old burying ground is placed in memory of Lieut. James Bancroft and Esther Smith, his wife, who died here, the former Aug. 22, 1814, aged 82 years, and the latter in March of the same year.

Capt. Thomas Emerson was born in 1757; married Ruth, daughter of James Bancroft, Esq.; died in Lynnfield, at the Henfield house.

He was a soldier of the Revolution, a man of great bravery and patriotism. He was a prisoner in Dartmour Prison. His widow survived him many years; died at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Cox, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. She was a woman of great cheerfulness and intelligence. Hubbard Emerson was their son, and Mrs. Burnham their daughter, beside others.

Capt. Emerson and his wife were buried in the old graveyard at Wakefield, where their tombstones may be seen.

It is said that Capt. Emerson, at Concord, saw two foemen meet, fire at each other, and both fell dead.

Lynn End lost in the struggle three of her noble sons, and one other was supposed to have perished for his country's sake. Two others, at least, died from effects of being out on alarms. One woman died from the loss of her husband, another from a nervous fever, and many carried to their graves hidden sorrows which came of the war. There were many who had the smallpox in the army, others were never well after their return home; one living but a year, another two, and the list of mortality at home was frightfully large. Indeed it would be impossible to state the woes of war, for "the half was never told."

The alarm and training band were ready to be called at any time.

The first resistance of the British at the North Bridge, Salem,

found them there. The battle of Lexington found them there. They were at Champlain, at New York, and in many battles. These were the sons of and grandsons of many who left the mother country for liberty, and were resolved to maintain that cause, and were the authors of many an exploit worthy to be, but never chronicled in fame.

During the year 1816 a young man, from one of the towns in this county, on horseback came to Lynnfield. He called at the minister's, Rev. Mr. Mottey's, to engage a situation as teacher of the Centre School. He was directed by him to go a mile farther, to one of the committee. Arriving there, the door was opened by one of Lynnfield's fair young ladies, perhaps twenty years of age, who showed him into the house, where the school was engaged. He then went back to his home, and in stating the circumstances to his father, mentioned the man's name. His father had a wonderful memory, and told his son to ask the gentleman, after he had given an excellent description of him, if he was not at the battle of Ticonderoga, and if he remembered seeing one who was there, which all proved true; and it proved true that the young man, and lady who ushered him into her home, were after married, and lived not only threescore and ten years, but another score added to that, raised a fine family, and are now resting in Lynnfield Centre.

Let's find the fields where our old sires
Were trained for martial glory,
And learned to face the hostile fires
And write their names in story;
Inspect the *firelock*, *pouch*, and *horn*,
The *priming-wire* and duster,
The *two spare* flints and old canteen,
At *trainings* and at *muster*.

L. EATON.

Every schoolboy has learned of the tea in connection with the war of the Revolution, but a footnote from the Memorial History of Boston is so interesting that we insert it in this connection: "Charles Waterton, the enterprising traveller and naturalist of Walton Hall, Wakefield, Yorkshire, makes a humorous reference to the Tea Party in his autobiography, written between 1812 and 1824." "It is but some forty years ago, our western brother had a dispute with his nurse about a cup of tea. She wanted to force the boy to drink it according to her own receipt. He said he did not like it and that it absolutely made him ill. After a good deal of sparring she took up the birch rod and began to whip him with uncommon severity. He turned upon her in self-defence, showed her to the outside of the nursery door and never more allowed her to meddle with his affairs."

Uncultured, rough, yet strong and true,
Who all life's humbler duties knew, —
Such men as these the times could boast,
The "van of Freedom's stalwart host."

E. PARSONS.

It is said that at the north part of the town a rocking-chair swayed to and fro all night while the battle of Lexington was going on. A cannon ball was fired at the battle of Bunker Hill over into Malden, and was preserved in this vicinity till 1834, and was then sold for old iron, after having been rumbled over the attic floor thousands of times.

An old table is in existence here that was taken from a house in Charlestown when the town was burnt in 1775.

The following is the epitaph on the hero of the Revolution's tombstone: —



REV. HARRY L. BRICKETT.

“Sacred to the memory of Mr Daniel Townsend who was slain at the
Battle of Lexington April 19, 1775 — aged 36.

Lie valiant Townsend, in the peaceful shades we trust
Immortal honors mingle with thy dust —
What though thy body struggled in its gore
So did thy Saviour's long before
And as he raised his own by power divine
So that same power shall quicken thine
And in eternal glory may'st thou shine.”

His wife died just six months afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ecclesiastical History.

THE Second Church of Lynn, now the First of Lynnfield, was formed Aug. 17, 1720, five years after the erection of the meeting-house and one hundred after the settlement of Plymouth. Although this was the Second Church of Lynn, most of the inhabitants attended and belonged to the First Church in Reading, now the First in Wakefield, which was formed in 1644 ; some, however, went to Lynn. The number of members at its formation was twenty, and we have before us a list of nineteen more who lived here.

Rev. Nathaniel Sparhawk was the first pastor. He was ordained Aug. 17, 1720. He was son of Rev. Nathaniel Sparhawk of Cambridge, where he was born 1694. His wife was Elizabeth Perkins of Lynnfield. She died May 12, 1768. His salary was seventy pounds a year. His house stood on the spot now occupied by the Whitteridge Wheeler house, and he graduated at Harvard College, 1715. He had four children : Elizabeth, Nathaniel, Edward Perkins, and John. Tradition says the latter was an eminent physician in Philadelphia.

The following is a copy of Rev. Mr. Sparhawk's letter of acceptance as pastor of the church in Lynn End, now Lynnfield : —

January ye 21, 1719-20.

Dear friends and beloved

After service presented to you it may be not all improper to inform you with respect to a few things

Whereas God from whom we have our beings and for whose service and glory we are to improve ourselves, and in his sovereign pleasure disposes man for ye administration of ye affairs of his kingdom in this world has in his providence disposed your hearts to make choice of myself the most unworthy for to teach and instruct you in ye mysteries of his kingdom and further ye in the way of your salvation and also inclined you to grant a Compitsey of outward things according to your ability for my support and subsistance.

In consideration of these I accept of your call praying to God for grace and strength that I may be enabled to perform all dutys and services incumbent on me as also that a peaceable and healing spirit may be amongst you that you may dwell together in unity and further one anothers peace and comfort, thus far I thought fit to acquaint you, and take leave to subscribe myself yours and Christs to serve

NATH'LL SPARHAWK.

The following is a part of the covenant used at the time :—

“In humble dependence on free grace for divine assistance and acceptance we do in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord freely covenant and bind ourselves solemnly in the presence of God himself his holy angels and all his servants here present to serve the only true God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whose name alone is Jehovah, cleaving to him, as our chief good and unto our Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour the Prophet, Priest, and King of our souls in a way of Gospel obedience Avowing the Lord to be our God and of our children whom we give unto him, and resolve that we and our houses will serve the Lord counting it as an high favor, that the Lord will accept of us and our children with us to be his people ”

The list appended, containing some of the first members of the church, is certainly interesting in this connection : —

Thomas Wellman.	Ebenezer Bancroft.
Ebenezer Person.	Hugh Henry.
Thomas Goold.	Jonathan Wellman.
Moses Aborn.	Stephen Wellman.
Jeremiah Eaton.	Martha Aborn.
Jonathan Person.	Sarah Latherbee.
Ezeikel Gowing.	Ruth Goold.
John Williams.	Elizabeth Aborn.

Mary Bancroft.	Sarah Frost.
Abigail Hodgman.	Hannah Person.
Mehitable Osgood.	Mary Boutwell.
Elizabeth Whitford.	Hepsibel Person.
Rebecca Williams.	Tabitha Person.
Mary Henry.	Margaret Chambers.
Abigail Gowing.	Abigail Aborn.
Patience Bancroft.	Elizabeth Bancroft.
Martha Gowing.	Sarah Eaton.
Martha Chambers.	Mary Gowing.
Mary Wellman.	Mary Gloyde.
John Wellman.	Mehitable Wellman.
Samuel Latherbee.	Elizabeth Sparhawk.
Daniel Gowing.	Mary Bancroft.
John Perkins.	Hannah Gowing.

The records of the church during Rev. Mr. Sparhawk's ministry could not be obtained of him, as he felt he had not been in some ways kindly used, so the records do not commence till 1732.

The title-page reads : —

“ Deacon John Bancrofts Gift to ye 2d Church in Lynn Anno Dom. 1732 Nov'br ye 29 Anno Christi ”

Rev. Stephen Chase was the second pastor of the church. He was born at Newbury, Mass., 1705, graduated at Harvard College, 1728, and was ordained over this church, Nov. 24, 1731. The churches invited to sit in council and for the ordination were, First in Lynn, Second and Third in Salem, Second in Hampton, First in Stoneham, and First and Second in Reading, — seven churches in all. He married Jane Wingate, of Hampton, in 1732. They had five children, born in Lynnfield, viz. : Abraham, Stephen, Jane, Stephen, 2d, and Mary. He resigned his pastoral office in 1755, going to Newcastle, was resettled, and died there in 1778. His salary

in Lynnfield was £100. It is worthy of remark that for the next hundred years in this place the name of Stephen was very common.

The next and third pastor was Rev. Benjamin Adams, also a native of Newbury, Mass., being born there May 8, 1719, a graduate of Harvard College when but nineteen years of age; ordained Nov. 5, 1755. His letter of acceptance read as follows : —

LYNN END Sept. 29, 1755

TO YE 2 CHH. AND CONGREGATION IN LYNN

Beloved Brethren, — You have sometime since seen meet very unanimously to call me to be your Pastor and as I understand your desires are the same — not diminished but increased and as I have had proper time for consideration, I now accept your call and I hope I can say not without some consideration. “But who is sufficient for these things” says the Apostle 2 Cor. 2 and therefore I shall have your prayers &c B. ADAMS.

Mr. Adams had seven children born in this place. They were, Rebekah; Dr. Benjamin, born Sept. 7, 1758, married Eunice Orne, of Lynnfield, and died here Jan. 16, 1811, aged fifty-three years; Elizabeth, Sarah, Ann, Joseph and Nathan, twins. His wife, Rebecca, died less than a year preceding his death, of consumption or dropsy, after two years and four months' illness, in the forty-third year of her age. He died May 4, 1777, of a short illness, in the fifty-eighth year of his age and twenty-second of his ministry. It is said that he died in his pulpit in the old meeting-house. At his death the parish defrayed the expense of his funeral, procured his gravestone, and voted that his family have the improvement of the parsonage for that year. He was buried near the first minister of Lynnfield, but the headstone has lain for many years in a shattered condition, and could hardly be deciphered many years ago. The footstone is very large, stands erect, and is still very easy to read.

Rev. Benjamin Adams had a twin brother, who graduated at Harvard, 1742, four years after his brother. They were born

in that part of Newbury called "Byfield." The brother's name was Joseph. He was a preacher of the New Light persuasion, in his native town, for some years, and was afterwards settled in Stratham, N. H., June 24, 1756, and died Feb. 1, 1785, aged 66 years.

Rev. Joseph Mottey was the fourth pastor of this church, born May 14, 1756, and graduated at Dartmouth College, Aug. 26, 1778. He preached as a candidate in Marblehead, Beverly, Ipswich, Rowley, and Newbury, receiving calls from the last two societies. After supplying the pulpit at Lynnfield for three years, he was ordained Sept. 24, 1783. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine. She died 27th of August, 1787, aged 32 years. His children were, Charles, Elias, Charles, Edward, Betsey, and Eliza; all of them preceded him in death, with the exception of the last. He is said to have been very sensitive, fond of retirement, and it is related of him that he preached more than forty years within nine miles of his birthplace and never exchanged pulpits there. Several works of his were printed which are still in existence. He took great interest in all things about him, and was a great favorite with his people.

He died on Monday, July 9, 1821, after but five days' sickness, and was laid to rest as the sun went down, by his request, in as simple and quiet a manner as possible; and we see that this church had but four pastors for more than a century. Rev. Mr. Mottey was sixty-six years of age and in the thirty-eighth of his ministry, at the time of his death.

To show his love for his adopted home we copy a sentence written by him bearing date April 6, 1795:—

"By the aid you have herein afforded me should things return to their old channel I hope by prudence and economy to be able in a few years to place myself in such a situation as to be able to spend the remainder of my days among a people with whom it has ever been my wish to live and die."



SOUTH CHURCH.

He desired that all his sermons, about three thousand in number, should be destroyed, which was done ; and he also wished no public services in the meeting-house, but that everything be done as quietly as possible at his funeral.

The fifth pastor was the Rev. Joseph Searle, who was born at Rowley, Mass., Dec. 2, 1789, and was a graduate of Dartmouth in 1815, and was ordained as pastor of the First Church, Jan. 21, 1824. He resigned Sept. 27, 1827, and removed to Stoneham.

Mr. Searle was unmarried, and all the time he was pastor everything seemed to be uphill work. He is said to have been thoroughly Orthodox, and at Mr. Mottey's death it was thought that the congregation would never be united on another man — and it proved true.

The first four pastorates of this church extended over a century, but the fifth hardly covered three years.

The deacons of this church have been William Eaton, Dec. 20, 1733 ; John Bancroft, Dec. 20, 1733 ; Daniel Townsend, 1738 ; Daniel Mansfield, March 8, 1756 ; Nathaniel Bancroft, May 31, 1763 ; John Perkins, 1823 ; John Mansfield, April 1, 1824 ; Samuel Aborn, June 1, 1864 ; Warren Bancroft, June 17, 1823 ; John Perkins, July 3, 1839 ; William Smith, Nov. 5, 1847 ; John Herrick, May 3, 1867 ; Joseph T. Bancroft, Sept. 6, 1876 ; George E. Herrick, Feb. 19, 1879 ; Thomas B. Wellman, April 23, 1882 ; William R. Roundy, 1887.

The church was at its foundation strictly Orthodox. At the time of Rev. Mr. Mottey's settlement, in 1783, it was objected to his becoming pastor of the church by Rev. Mr. Stone of Reading, it being thought that he was much too rigid. The next year, Feb. 23, 1784 : —

“The Church met according to adjournment and voted *unanimously* that the practise of admitting persons to covenant, and in consequence thereof granting them the privilege of Baptism for their children while they themselves neglect the ordinance of the Lord's Supper appears to

them unscriptural — and voted to admit no persons in future into covenant except those who come up to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

“Attest:

J. MOTTEY.”

After the dismissal of Rev. Joseph Searle, Lynnfield had no regular minister for several years.

A part of the society remained Orthodox, and a part became Unitarians; these offered the Orthodox party joint occupancy of the church, also to have all the evangelical preaching they could pay for, promising to attend upon such preaching as well as upon their own. The Methodists had withdrawn before the death of Mr. Mottey, causing him much trouble.

In 1832 eighteen persons withdrew to form “a religious society to be known as the Orthodox Evangelical Society in Lynnfield.” Resort was had to arbitration to dispose of a part of the church property, Benjamin Merrill and Asahel Huntington being arbitrators. They decided that “the stove and communion plate formerly owned by the First Congregational Society in Lynnfield still belong to said society.” Also, that “said trustees shall pay to said First Congregational Society the sum of one hundred and seventy-five dollars, part of the fund held by said trustees; . . . that the residue of said trust moneys subscribed in 1818 belongs and shall be paid to said Orthodox Evangelical Society for its use.”

Among those who left, it is said, were the trustees, the Sunday-school superintendent, the deacons, and most of the members of the church.

About the year 1830 efforts were made to establish Unitarian preaching, but no minister of that faith was settled in the town; for twelve years there was no settled minister except the three of Mr. Searle's pastorate; there were many causes to weaken the church and society; there was a partial supply of preaching by the Unitarians; for over ten years, services were not held in the old church, most of the members attending the church across the street, of which Rev. Henry S. Green was pastor.

The Universalist Home Missionary Society took possession of the field. The old meeting-house was opened Dec. 16, 1849, Rev. George H. Emerson being the first preacher. After him we remember Rev. Carlos Marston, a man of great worth, who afterward became a physician at Dedham, Mass. Rev. Luther Walcott was ordained 1854, and continued till the close of the next year, when he was dismissed. Sermons were read from eminent preachers in this pulpit by Mr. Ebenezer Parsons, a native of Lynnfield, and at the present time town clerk, from June 29, 1856, till May, 1864. After a recess of one year services were recommenced, and continued until July, 1879. Since then there have been but occasional meetings. One of great interest was held on Sept. 8, 1881, and as was said in the "sketch"* of the First Religious Society in Lynnfield, read before the Essex Unitarian Conference: "One date more in my history a large congregation is assembled in the old church. From far and near they have come to fill it once more and to do honor to its one hundred and sixty-six years, have met to listen to a few incidents scattered along the years of the simple story of a little spring that bubbled up here, sparkling with the waters of religious liberty that in 1620, ninety-five years before, fell in a quiet but copious shower to be stored up 'neath the rocks and in the soil of a virgin continent, that the thirsty of all lands might come and drink."

It is a fact that nine generations in succession have worshipped in the old meeting-house.

The Orthodox Evangelical Society was organized September, 1832, with twelve members. Rev. Josiah Hill, from Henniker, N. H., was pastor of this church from Oct. 23, 1833, to April 23, 1837. He was born at Bradford, Mass., 1792. When he removed from this place his wife and son still remained here, and both of them died and are buried here; the son, Joseph by name, leaving a widow and two sons.

Rev. Mr. Hill removed to the West, and I think had a

* By E. Parsons.

second wife. He lived many years after he left this place, which he used afterward to visit. When he came to live here he resided in the Wheeler house, but he afterward built the house now occupied by William E. Roundy, near the Common. Services were at first held in the Centre Schoolhouse, which stood on the same spot as the present building, till the new house of worship was built, which was dedicated October, 1833. This is the same one now used by the parish, having obtained the age of more than threescore years, and it is in most respects the same as when built. It is still surmounted by an altar steeple, so common in those times. The dimensions of the church edifice proper are the same as when it was built. In many ways of course it has been modernized: new stained glass windows have been put in, the pulpit has come down a notch, a chapel has been added to the rear with its kitchen, dining-room, and library; the box stove has been taken out, and the building is now heated by a furnace; concrete walks have been made around the building, and the lighting apparatus has been greatly increased and improved, till the building is quite a gem for the place.

Rev. Henry Solomon Green was a native of Boston; was ordained as pastor of the church at Lynnfield, from which he had received a call, Nov. 6, 1837, Dec. 27, 1837. The churches represented were those of South Reading, now Wakefield, Middleton, Reading, Danvers, Peabody First, Wenham, and North Reading. The council met at the house of Mr. Whittredge at nine o'clock. The exercises of ordination commenced at the church at 11.15 o'clock. The introductory prayer was by Rev. Mr. Jefford of Middleton; sermon by Rev. Mr. Braman of Danvers; ordaining prayer by Rev. Mr. Park of Peabody; charge by Rev. Mr. Emerson of Wakefield; right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Mansfield; address to the people by Rev. Mr. Pickett; concluding prayer by Rev. Mr. Orcutt. Rev. Daniel Mansfield of Wenham, and Dea.

James Brown, delegate from Peabody, were both natives of Lynnfield.

Soon the old church was closed, and the members of the parish worshipped with this church till near the time Rev. Mr. Green went away, in April, 1850.

The next pastor was Rev. U. W. Condit, who was ordained October, 1850, having come from Orange, N. J. He was a very active man, and under his care the church and society prospered greatly. At the time of his removal here he had one son and three daughters; and one daughter, Gertrude, was born at the Lynnfield parsonage, who is still living. Rev. Mr. Condit was settled immediately over the church in Deerfield, N. H., on his dismissal from Lynnfield Centre, which occurred at his own request. He has since been blind, is now aged.

The next pastor was Rev. Edwin R. Hodgman, a native of Camden, Me., where he was born Oct. 21, 1819. He was settled at Lunenburg, Mass., previous to his coming here. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1843, and at Andover Theological Seminary, 1846. His first wife was Miss Harriett Hill, of Mason, N. H.; and the second, whom he married on coming to this place, was Miss Abby Symonds.

He was installed Jan. 9, 1856, and dismissed Nov. 30, 1858; and was afterward pastor at Westford, Mass. He also wrote the history of that town, a large work which shows great care and accuracy. He is now living at West Roxbury, and occasionally visits this his former parish, where he is held in high esteem. He has a son Edwin, and a daughter Hattie M.

During the interim of *settled* pastors, Rev. William C. Whitcomb, a native of Marlboro, N. H., son of Dea. Simeon Whitcomb, was acting pastor. His time of service began March 14, 1859. He married Miss Harriet Lincoln, a cousin. They had a large family of children. His former pastorates were at Stoneham, Globe Village, and North Carver. He enlisted as

a chaplain in the army, went to North Carolina, and died at Morehead City in that State, Oct. 27, 1863, aged forty-three.

The next settled pastor was Rev. Moses Bradford Boardman, who was born in the parsonage at Francestown, N. H., May 25, 1833; graduated at Amherst College, 1860, and at Union Seminary, N. Y., and Andover Seminary, Mass. He was married to Miss Ellen Barbour, who was born at Greensboro, Ga., Aug. 28, 1839; married at Harwinton, Conn., Sept. 17, 1863; ordained at Lynnfield, Oct. 1, 1863; and he and his wife were much beloved by his people. He was dismissed Nov. 12, 1870. His children, born at Lynnfield, were Francis Barbour, born Dec. 12, 1864; Sarah Bradford, born Nov. 8, 1867, she died here Feb. 22, 1869, of scarlet fever, and sleeps in Forest Hill Cemetery; Henry B., born Aug. 7, 1869. Mr. Boardman was installed at Brimfield, Mass., Dec. 1, 1870, and dismissed 1873. He now resides in Connecticut.

Rev. Oliver P. Emerson, a native of the Sandwich Islands, where his father, Rev. John Emerson, was a missionary, was the next pastor. He was a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and when he was ordained Prof. Smythe preached the sermon, Sept. 13, 1871. Rev. Constantine Blodgett, D. D., was the moderator of the council. He was never married, and was dismissed July 2, 1873. He was afterwards settled at Peacedale, R. I., and at length returned to his native land.

The following is his letter of resignation:—

TO THE ORTHODOX CHURCH OF LYNNFIELD CENTRE.

Dear Brethren and Fellow-Workers in Christ,—Your pastor would submit his resignation to the consideration of the church and society, to take effect on the second day of July next. A pastorate which to him has been fraught with many a pleasant memory, and to his people he trusts not without some good and kindly influence, is ready to resign to the end that the best interests of the work of the Master which concerns us may be forwarded.

Yours in the bonds of Christ,

OLIVER C. EMERSON.

LYNNFIELD CENTRE, April 12, 1873.



HENRY BANCROFT, 2d.

The next pastor in town, who was settled over both of the Orthodox Congregational churches, was Rev. Darius Bullock Scott, and he remained about three years, being installed over them Sept. 3, 1874, and dismissed, at his own request, April 10, 1877. Rev. Mr. Scott was afterwards settled at Clinton, Mass., and is now a preacher in the far West.

The preacher the next Sabbath after Mr. Scott's departure was Rev. Edward O. Bartlett, successor of Rev. John Todd, D. D., of Pittsfield, perhaps the most talented preacher this church ever had. He was acting pastor about two years. He is now Rev. Edward O. Bartlett, D. D., and is settled in Providence, R. I. His wife was a daughter of Hon. A. C. Barstow of Rhode Island, and one of their children was born here. Dr. Bartlett often preaches in his former pulpit with great acceptance.

April 1, 1880, Rev. Calvin B. McLean was stated supply for one year. He came from New Boston, part of Sandisfield, in this State, and left here for Vineland, N. J., preaching here just a year. Rev. Harry L. Brickett, a native of Newburyport (the third minister in Lynnfield born in ancient Newbury) was the next pastor, and remained twelve years. The house is still standing where he first saw the light, Sept. 14, 1852. He was a graduate of Oberlin College, Ohio, 1875, and of Andover Theological Seminary, 1882. He came to Lynnfield, Sept. 1, 1882. He was dismissed Sept. 27, 1894, and preached his farewell sermon the last day of September, 1894. He commenced his labors in Marion, Mass., Oct. 1, 1894. His people at Lynnfield Centre gave him a very handsome quartered oak sideboard and several pieces of cut glass to take away with him. He was married Aug. 5, 1885, to Miss Amelia Herring, daughter of Dr. Frederick and Mrs. Amelia Herring of Elkhart, Ind. They have one child, Helen Irene, born Feb. 27, 1890. He was installed pastor of the Congregational Church at Marion, Mass., Nov. 28, 1894.

The following is the letter of resignation of Rev. H. L. Brickett to the churches of Lynnfield :—

TO THE ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SOCIETY OF LYNNFIELD CENTRE, AND THE SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF LYNNFIELD.

Dear Brethren,—It is known to you that for some time I have been considering a call to another field of labor. It came to me unsolicited and unsought. I knew nothing whatever of the vacancy until I was invited to preach there on exchange. I went. The Lord inclined the hearts of that people to me, and they have honored you and me alike in the unanimous call that a few days ago I received at their hands. Such an opening to a pastor cannot lightly be set aside. There is in its answer a question of duty. I have sought to be guided in my choice by the Great Head of the church, and my prayer has been, “not my will in this matter, but thine, O Lord, be done.”

Believing it to be God’s will, I do now resign the sacred trust which twelve years ago you unanimously placed in my care as your pastor.

In so doing my love for you is in no degree weakened, nor is my interest in your welfare in any way abated. In the prosperity and growth of these two churches, whose struggles and triumphs have been linked so closely to my own experience and life, because their pastor, I shall ever cherish the deepest interest.

That I love you, my dear people, you know full well. My service with you has been long and varied. I came to you direct from Andover Seminary. You received me gladly, you welcomed me cordially. After three years of service I found, like Jacob of old, in a far country, my bride and brought her to the parsonage. You gave to her a welcome no less cordial and hearty than you had given to me. Here our little Helen Irene was born. You rejoiced with us in such a precious addition to our household.

I have been with you, brethren, at your marriage feasts, I have spoken the last words at the burial of your dead, I have laid my hands in baptism upon the heads of your children, I have welcomed many a disciple to your membership, who, in the presence of this church, has entered into the rich blessings of the Gospel, and covenanted at this sacred altar to walk with God and his people in love. I have rejoiced with you in the erection of a chapel at each church for the furtherance of the Lord’s work in your midst. I have been permitted to see each building transformed *by your generous gifts* into the beautiful edifices in which we meet from Sunday to Sunday, and together worship the Lord in his sanctuaries,

in the beauty of holiness; I have given many an address in Lynnfield to the Grand Army of the Republic, whose heroism and devotion these churches have been prompt to recognize. It was to you, my dear people, that my honored father preached the last Sunday of his earthly ministry. It was in your evening meetings that the dear sister, whose voice less than twelve months ago was hushed forever, gave such faithful witness for her Lord and Master.

These memories crowd upon me as, by this act of resignation, I sever the ties of so long standing. You, on your part, have been kind, considerate, loving, and faithful. No other church or people could be more so. You have held up your pastor's hands; you have cheered him in his hours of depression; you have rejoiced with him in his seasons of prosperity and gladness.

Therefore, it is with a heart full of love and gratitude to you, and of sadness at the thought of separation and leaving my first pastorate, that I voice this resignation to-day.

I ask that these two churches unite with me in calling, in the near future, a council of the neighboring churches and pastors to consider our action, and advise with us in reference to the same.

If judged expedient by them and you, I would name Sunday, Sept. 30, as the date when my pastorate in Lynnfield shall end.

With the earnest prayer that God's blessing may rest upon you in all the days to come, and upon his work everywhere, and wishing you grace, mercy, and peace, I am,

Yours in the bonds of Christian love,

HARRY L. BRICKETT.

LYNNFIELD CENTRE, MASS., Sept. 8, 1894.

The present pastor of the two churches is Rev. George E. Freeman of Boston.

There are in this town perhaps half a dozen Catholic families. Most of them are highly respected. They belong to the parish of Wakefield. John McCarty, son of Charles and Mary, born at this town Dec. 9, 1872, has been fitting for a priest. He was a scholar in the public schools of this town, and has been obliged to leave his college duties and return home on account of ill health, but is gaining at the present and will probably return after a season.

PARSONAGES OF LYNNFIELD.

"Oct 25, 1731. Voted to procure a convenient house and barn as convenient to ye meeting house as may be, with accomodations to keep 3 cows 1 horse and 10 sheep, and 2 acres of land to raise some neccesaries for a family.

"Ye house to be 36 feet long and 19 wide and ye barn 20 feet square, ye house to have a convenient cellar and two stacks of chimnys."

This house was the parsonage, and stood where the late Judge Nash's residence now is. The house had a lean-to afterward added. The place at the time was known as the "Charlestown farm." (See 1678 in the Annals.) At the time it was purchased it belonged to the Bancrofts.

During the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Sparhawk no parsonage had been provided, as he had a wife to the manor born, for she inherited a part of her father's estate, he having died while she was a child and leaving a competency.

At the time of Rev. Mr. Mottey's settlement, the parsonage was given him "in lieu of settlement," and at his death descended to his only child and daughter who lived and died there; and after the death of her husband, Capt. Henry Bancroft, it was sold by his daughter, Mrs. Cyrus Wakefield, to the present occupants. The house now standing was built about 1810.

The parsonage of the Evangelical Society is located almost opposite that of the one built by the old parish.

A ministerial company was formed in 1839. The land formerly belonged to the Bryant farm. It was bought and a house built for Rev. Henry S. Green and successors. The shares were twenty-five dollars apiece, and there were fifty-seven, as follows:—

Andrew Mansfield	10 shares.
Daniel Needham	10 " .
John Mansfield	8 "
Thomas Bancroft	2 "

John Perkins	8 shares.
Oliver Swain	1 “
William Smith	4 “
Joshua Hewes	4 “
Andrew Mansfield, Jr.	5 “
Henry Bancroft, 2d	3 “
Benjamin Shute	1 “
William Smith, Jr.	1 “

Dec. 14 it was agreed to give the income of the parsonage as a standing subscription to the Orthodox Society, in part payment of the salary of the minister of said society. April 25, 1842, the shares were tendered to the society.

The parsonage remains much as when built, except some improvements.

The parsonage has been the birthplace of children of the following ministers: Rev. Henry S. Green, Rev. U. W. Condit, Rev. E. R. Hodgman, Rev. W. C. Whitcomb, Rev. E. O. Bartlett, Rev. D. B. Scott, and Rev. Harry L. Brickett.

The parsonage is now owned entirely by the society. The barn was a gift from Dea. John Herrick, Oct. 9, 1878.

THE LADIES' CIRCLE.

The ladies' circle of this church and society was formed April 5, 1838, and is still in a flourishing condition. Among its objects accomplished have been aid to the poor, frequent assistance in the payment of the minister's salary, various improvements in the church building and parsonage, the erection of a chapel, the practical rebuilding of the parsonage well, and the covering with concrete of a large space in front of the church and chapel. The preamble of their constitution is as follows: —

“Desirous of contributing to the great objects of benevolence which characterize the present day, and considering industry and economy as

prominent virtues, and moral and religious improvement as very desirable, we, the undersigned, associate ourselves for the promotion of those objects under the following constitution."

This circle has been a great benefit to this place in its fifty-seven years of existence. It was the prime mover in buiding the chapel of the Centre Church. It has furnished many entertainments. It has cultivated the sociability of the town. It has rendered substantial aid many times, and it has made the surroundings much more beautiful and agreeable.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The first Sabbath school in Lynnfield was in the old meeting-house in 1823, under the preaching of Rev. Abner Morse. Its first superintendent was John Aborn. Rev. Joseph Searle was settled here the next year and became also superintendent of the school.

Dea. Warren Bancroft was superintendent for many years. William Perkins was superintendent about 1836.

Benjamin Shute was superintendent for two years.

Dea. John Perkins followed him.

Dea. William Smith was chosen superintendent in 1841, and continued sixteen years.

Rev. E. R. Hodgman in 1856.

Levi H. Russell in 1857, and continued for five years, during which time the Sabbath-school concert was introduced.

George E. Herrick was superintendent for six years, commencing in 1862.

Joseph T. Bancroft was superintendent in 1868, and for several years.

The next was Charles H. Haggett.

William E. Norwood, 1877, for three years.

Lyman B. Smith, 1880-85.

George H. S. Driver, 1885, for three years.

J. Winslow Perkins, 1888, for four years.

Charles E. Pearson, 1892, for three years.

METHODIST CHURCH.

The Methodist Society of Lynnfield was formed April 2, 1816. Among its first trustees were the well-known names of Daniel Mansfield, John Upton, Jr., Eben. Parsons, Jr., Oliver Swain, Jeremiah Coney, Enoch Russell, and Willard Wiley. The first and only meeting-house was built north of where the town hall now stands, in 1823. It was in the form of a chapel of those times, but was burned to the ground, the fire catching from a neighboring house on the evening of Sept. 25, 1894. For many years it had not been used as a house of worship, but as a paint shop. The land was given by Ebenezer Parsons, and was to revert to its original owner if not used for the site of a church building.

The preachers were Rev. Ephraim Wiley, 1816, 1821, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829; Rev. Orlando Haynes, 1819; Rev. Warren Emerson, 1825; Rev. Mark Staples, 1830; Rev. Hezekiah Thatcher, 1833; Rev. John Bailey, 1834; Rev. James Washburn, 1846; and many others.

Lynnfield has been the home of many Methodists. An effort was made years ago to establish a church of this faith at the south part of the town, but it has not been permanently successful.

SOUTH CHURCH.

In 1849 Rev. Ariel P. Chute of Harrison, Me., a graduate of Dummer Academy in Newbury, came to Lynnfield, and opened a school at the south part of the town. In 1853 he removed his family thither, and was instrumental in gathering the church there, which is Orthodox Congregational.

A council convened Jan. 18, 1854. The churches present were, Tabernacle, Salem, Rev. S. M. Worcester, D. D., pastor; church in Saugus, Rev. L. Brigham, pastor, and Dea. Joseph Harris, delegate; church in Lynnfield Centre, Rev. U. W. Condit, pastor, Bro. Joseph Rhodes, delegate;

church in North Danvers, Bro. Francis Phelps, delegate. Rev. Reuben Emerson of South Reading, and Rev. Luther Farnum of Boston, were also present on invitation. Rev. Dr. Worcester was chosen moderator; and Rev. U. W. Condit, scribe.

The deacons have been Adam Hawkes, 1857, died 1869; John B. H. Fuller, Byron Richardson, March 7, 1875.

At the organization of the church the introductory services were by Rev. Levi Brigham; reading of the confession of faith and covenant, the assent of the candidates to the same, baptizing of those not previously baptized, and address to the new church by the moderator; consecrating prayer by the Rev. Reuben Emerson; right hand of fellowship by Rev. U. W. Condit; concluding prayer and benediction by Rev. A. P. Chute.

The names of the original members were : —

Adam Hawkes.	Hannah Mansfield.
William C. Mansfield.	Lorena Mansfield.
Rev. Ariel P. Chute.	Sarah M. W. Chute.
Abigail R. Moulton.	Sally Spinney.
Elizabeth C. Moulton.	Mary Burdett.
Sophia Titcomb.	Esther Chandler.
Susan B. Mansfield.	Lydia Hobson.

In 1854 the Edwards Church of Boston presented the church with a communion service and a table. The church held religious services in a building that had been fitted for a chapel till their present house of worship was dedicated, after great effort, Nov. 18, 1857. It was placed on a lot donated by Gen. Josiah Newhall, but a short distance from his residence.

Rev. Allan Gannett began his ministrations to this church Jan. 1, 1858.

Rev. Jacob Hood commenced as acting pastor in 1865.



COMMON, LYNNFIELD CENTRE. (Looking West.)

Rev. Darius B. Scott was installed as pastor of this and the Central Church, Sept. 3, 1874.

Rev. Harry L. Brickett was installed June 15, 1882, as pastor of this church, and also the Central. He was dismissed, after twelve years of faithful service, Sept. 27, 1894, and was installed at Marion, Mass., Nov. 22, 1894. During Rev. H. L. Brickett's ministry a new set of pulpit furniture was given by the ladies' union. A piano was bought, and a new chapel built and dedicated, the latter in 1893.

Dr. Connor B. Swasey, having left by will in 1892 over \$600 for the use of this church, a subscription was started to build a chapel, and the amount was so largely increased that the building was dedicated free from debt, 1894. A piece of land was given by Miss Lucy Brown. A vote of thanks was passed "in appreciation of the generous giver by whose remembrance the church had been so richly blessed," and the memorial said that "this new building will be a reminder of him so pleasantly known in life, now gone to his reward."

The belfry of this church edifice contains a bell, the second church bell in Lynnfield. An excellent picture illustrating this building may be found in this work. It is located on Salem Street, and was nicely frescoed in 1894.

As may be readily conjectured, it is a daughter of the church at Lynnfield Centre, and we think it is destined to do great good in the community where it is located, and in a few years perhaps will be known as the "Old South," an honored title for any church in any place. This church has, of course, its Sabbath school with its library, its missionary society, and other appurtenances needful to such an organization.

CHAPTER IX.

Date of Town, etc.

It is interesting to note the early facts of this or any town. As early as 1678, the distance was so great to the mother church of Lynn that many of them went to the "Redding" church, and the meeting-house became so crowded that there was not room. When the "Old Tunnell" was to be built there was much discussion as to where it should be built. The north and west parts of Lynn wishing it to be built nearer the centre of the town, a spot was selected not far from Birch Pond, in what is now Saugus, an elevation that has always since been called "Choose Hill," but which the people did not *choose* to put the new meeting-house upon, but built it on Lynn Common. The people of "Redding," in their perplexity, petitioned to the General Court, which did not seem to help them. The petition is quite lengthy: —

"The humble petition of the towne of Redding Humbly Showeth — That whereas our case, being as your petissiners humbly conseive, soe circumstanced as we Know not the like in all Respects — and not Knowing which waye to helpe ourselves. But By humbly acquainting yor honners with our state, your honners beeing the Fathers of the Commonwealth to which wee doe belonge; and yor petissiners humbly hoping that yor honners will helpe soe far as may bee to the Relieving of us in our case: It being soe with us that wee are butt a poore place, very few above sixty families Abell to pay the Ministry, and severall of them have more need to Receive than to paye. If wee were a place of ability as many others bee; and to us there is Adjacent farmers, which bee constant hearers of the word, with us, which goes not at all to their owne towne, But Transiently as others doe; Neither came they one the Sabbath days butt bee breakers of the Lawe of God and of this commonwealth as we con-

seive. And to many of them itt would be soe intolerable a burthen, then many of them must necessarily refraine from the public worship of god, established amongst us, for prevention of which they doe heare with us, which seems to be very hard for us to maintayne Ministry and meeting-house conveniently for them, and others to force them to paye their hole Rates to their one townes, as others do; or if some of them bee Better-minded, the bisenes lyeth so at the present, that wee have nothing from them all or next to nothing.

“Another thing that your humble petitioners desire to declare to your honners is thatt wee have now not rounge enough in our Meeting house for ourselves, but the Adjasant farmers being one third or very neare one third as much as wee, wee muste build anew before itt bee Longe for the house will be too littell for them and us, which wee hope your honners will consider how the case is like to bee with us, if nothing be considered. Butt as wee hope itt is the waye, that god would have us to take to leave the case to your honners, we desire humbly soe to doe, and quietly to reste to this honoured Courte’s good pleasure as to what hath been declared.

“And shall ever pray — In the name & by the consent of the Reste of the inhabitants of the town.

“WM. COWDREY.

ROBERT BURNAP.

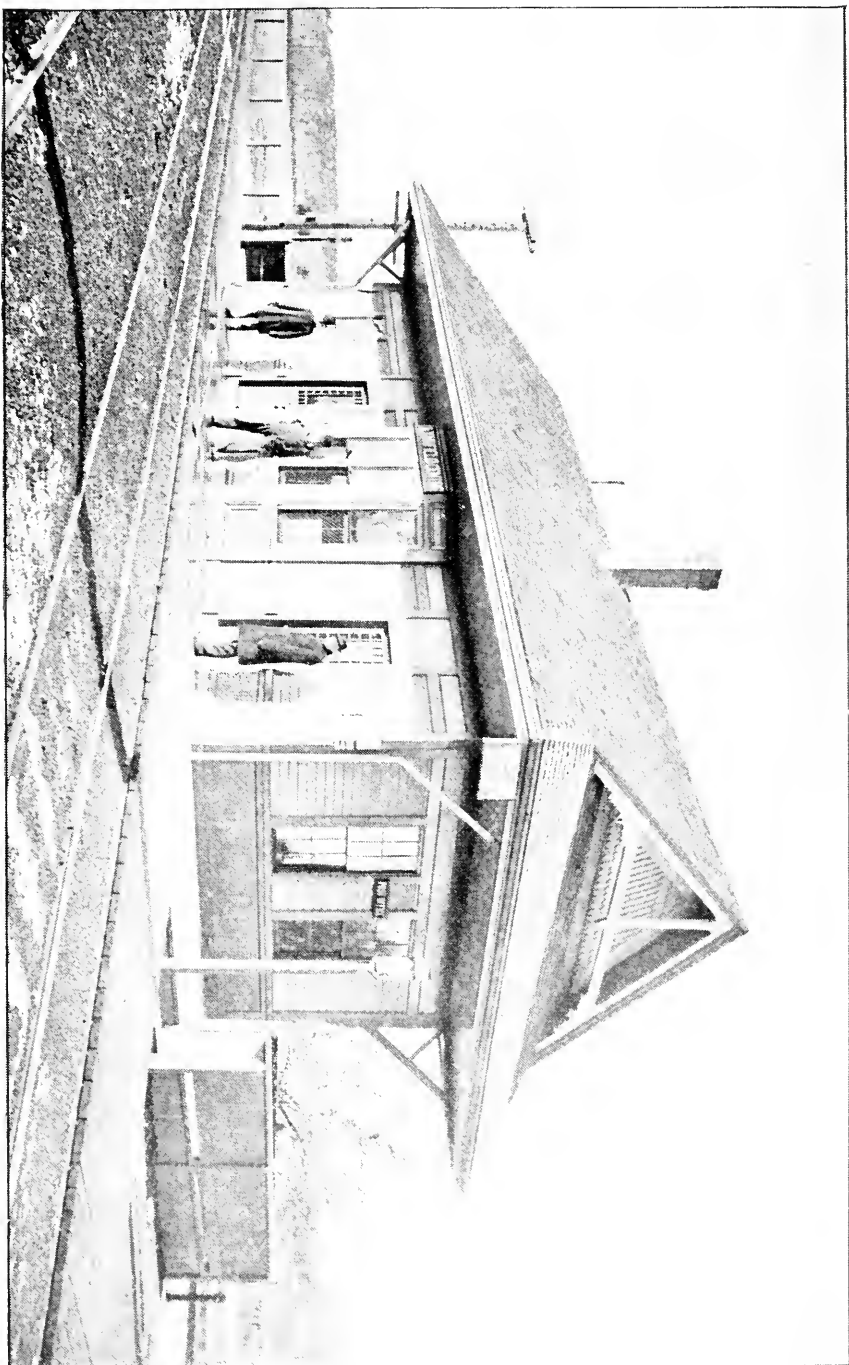
JONA. POOLE.

THOMAS PARKER.

JEREMY SWAINE.”

The town of Reading built a new meeting-house in 1688, and liberal subscriptions were given from Lynn End. We find the paper to contain the names of John Pearson, John Bancroft, Hannaniah and Edward Hutchinson, Isaac Hart, Capt. Thomas Bancroft, John Poole, Timothy Hartshorne, and Jonn Townsend. Nearly all are common names here to this day. Lynnfield became a district in 1782, and has since borne the name of Lynnfield. Previously, in becoming a precinct the line was run upon the highway now Salem Street, but in 1782 the line was as follows: —

“Beginning at Saugus River near a white oak tree in Jonathan Tarbell’s lower field near the cant of the river which is in the line between Jefferd’s and Brinton’s farms and running eastwardly to lands of Benjamin Riddon; thence turning by



CENTRE STATION.

June 14, 1813, a committee, consisting of three, viz., Daniel Needham, Andrew Mansfield, and John Upton, Jr., were chosen by the district of Lynnfield to petition the General Court to be admitted as a town, which was done after remonstrances from those opposed numbering twenty-three, the chief reason being the long distance to travel, nine miles or rather more, to elect representatives, as the district did all their other public business at the meeting-house in Lynnfield.

The following is transcribed from the town records, date of 1814: —

“On the 28th day of February in the present year an act passed the Legislature of this Commonwealth incorporating the district of Lynnfield into a town by the name of Lynnfield.

“A copy of this act was received on the 30th day of March following.

“Attest:

“JOHN UPTON, JR., *Town Clerk.*”

The selectmen for the above year were John Upton, Jr., Andrew Mansfield, Wright Newhall. It seemed to be the “correct thing” to become a new town about this time, for just before, South Reading had become a separate town, and one year later Saugus was set off from Lynn.

Lynnfield has always been among the smallest towns in population and area of noble old Essex County. It is situated on the western border, and the neighboring towns of Reading, Wakefield, and North Reading are in Middlesex County. One of the first streets, but not the first, is now known as Summer Street. It was laid out in 1680 as a king’s highway. The older roads led from one house to another till they passed through the town with innumerable bars and gates at the boundary of each owner’s domain. The following is a description of the town in 1767, by E. Parsons, in a poem written in 1867: —

“One church, no schoolhouse, dwellings few,
Scattered ’mong woods and fields we view,
Few, narrow, poor, the king’s highways,
For still ye land the Briton sways.
Of Lynn End such the brief sketch given
In seventeen hundred sixty-seven.”

A writer of the period in a letter says: "The people there (Lynn End) were once a peaceable, friendly delightful round of acquaintance. None offered to do another wrong or injury. All was harmony. The neighbor towns upon public days delighted to visit Lynn End, and no place in the province was better esteemed or more gratefully respected. They went chiefly to Reading meeting and were contented." This is the testimony of Dr. Perkins, one born in this town previous to 1700, one who sleeps here and who travelled in England, one who spent a part of his life in Boston, who possessed an excellent education, so that he knew whereof he affirmed; and other things show that this locality was one that one might be proud of.

During the first twenty-five years from its settlement probably its growth was more than it has ever been since in the same time, and nearly all were a worthy class of citizens, who made the town more and more a desirable place of residence, and it is really wonderful how much was done in those few years.

From the first the citizens of the territory have been known as farmers, and that is still largely their business. There are in the town eighty-seven farms. A few of them have remained in the same families for centuries, many of them half of that period. Ever since the settlement loads of hay and cords of wood have been seen *en route* for Lynn and Salem, for it must be remembered that the latter used to be the metropolis for Lynnfield, and is but eight miles distant, so that there were pedestrians who actually did pass to it in early morning. A tavern within three miles of Lynnfield Common used to furnish accommodations for ninety head of cattle.

Lynnfield, it will be remembered, is in the midst of a circle of large towns and cities.

Boston is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the church in Lynnfield Centre to the State House, with the addition of 20 rods 5.54 links. Lynn is the same distance as Salem. Peabody, Wakefield,

Stoneham, Malden, Melrose, and several other neighboring towns furnish markets for many things. Great quantities of milk are daily carried from this town, and an incredible amount of eggs, as almost every family keeps from half a dozen to as many hundred fowls. In strawberries Lynnfield is not behind, and bushels of the tempting fruit find their way to market, while years before the "oldest inhabitant" can remember the blackberries, blueberries, cherries, huckleberries, gooseberries, have helped out the income of many a family, and more than one young woman has greatly enriched her wedding outfit from these productions of the soil.

In the winter the hilltops, and the swamps as well, resound with the axe of the woodman, as he fells the trees for timber or for fuel, although Lynnfield cannot boast such huge trees as many years ago. Her meadows produce large crops of hay, cranberries, etc.

The peat meadows were years ago the source of much industry, profit, and comfort, but since the almost universal use of coal, peat is in the category of things that were. A set of tools such as were used to get the article above mentioned fitted for use would now be a great curiosity, and certainly would be a relic of bygone days.

Until within a few years many of the sons followed the sea, and blessings were asked for them on Sabbath mornings in the meeting-house without exception, while Capt. So-and-so and other persons who had been salted were well-known former neighbors.

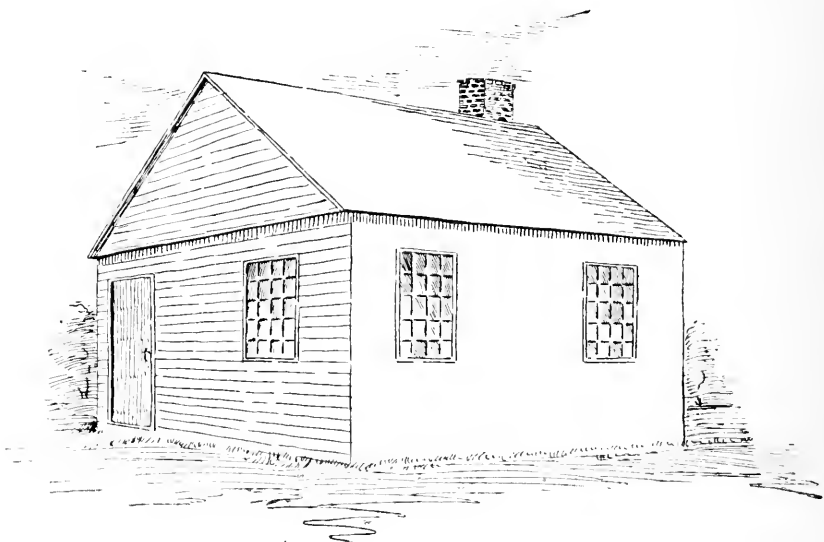
Her quarries have been a source of wealth, and there is perhaps no town around but has samples of Lynnfield granite in its building walls, and perhaps its tombs.

Lynnfield has always, as far as we can learn, abounded in school teachers, and a list of the school teachers from other places who have married members of the school committees here would be a surprise to many, as this has been going on further back than the records can take us.

A sash and blind factory stood on the Saugus River at the southwest part of the town, owned by the Hawkes family, which was burned, and has never been rebuilt.

SHOE SHOPS.

Lynnfield used to be a shoe town, at least it had several manufacturers and a bountiful number of shoemaker shops. The latter, which used to belong to nearly every dwelling, have been changed into all manner of uses, some of them for hen-houses, till but very few are left in their original form.



Let us look upon one of forty or fifty years ago. It is about fifteen feet square, with a window on every side. Many of them were tastily gotten up. The inside walls were papered, sometimes with many kinds of wall paper, and sometimes with pictures from illustrated newspapers, where children could study all kinds of models.

In the summer, green birch limbs were placed against the windows, that their grateful shade might be enjoyed by the inmates within. All day long the music of the hammer might

be heard at intervals, and oftentimes vocal and instrumental music pealed forth from its windows, with ever and anon the merry whistle of the workman, and after the "stint" was done no one was surprised to hear the bugle, clarionet, violin, or even bass-viol.

Many of these shops contained a number of persons, sometimes a grandfather, father, and son, all at work at once, and oftentimes some of the women of the household had a window with their tables having upon them shoe basket and perhaps plants, or a pitcher of flowers; for we can remember the time when it was said there were but two ladies in town who did not bind shoes, and sad were many hearts when their occupation was gone, or they were reduced to such small pay by the introduction of machinery that the work was no longer profitable. Many a fine lady as the town could boast might be seen entering her neighbor's house with her basket in hand, or a roll of shoes to bind safely stowed away in her pocket. The ladies' circle used to earn many a dollar for their benevolent purposes by binding shoes, and "Hannah Binding Shoes" was not confined to Lucy Larcom's poem.

We can point to sons of this town worth their thousands, to those filling fine positions, who earned their first money making shoes in these same shops, and sometimes they would work in the room with the family, but this was not so comfortable, especially after the advent of stoves. We think the people were better off for work than at the present, when the workmen hie to the shoe factories, although there are three of them at the south part of the town that employ more than one hundred hands. Two of these factories, Clarence E. Moulton's and Henry Law's, are shown in this work, and are a great addition to the industries of the town. Now and then one of the old shops lingers, but they are nearly all gone, and a single workman in one of them is a rare sight. One is much more liable to see them used for hen-houses, sheds, or back rooms.

The following lines were written as an advertisement for a shoe manufacturer : —

When barefoot man the earth first trod,
He sighed and sought a softer sod;
For rock and stub to hobble o'er,
Disturbed his sole and vexed him sore.
"But yet," he said, "'tis all in vain,
I cannot carpet hill and plain."
Then to his side his genius flew,
And softly whispered him the clew.
The shadows lift, and all is clear,
The globe he'll carpet, never fear,
And myriad feet shall nail it down
In every street of every town.
For to the shod whate'er the weather
The world is carpeted with leather,
Sabot and sandal, slipper, shoe,
And boots of many a style and hue.
The long procession see it wend
Along the centuries without end,
From clattering clogs for uses base
To forms of beauty, forms of grace,
Where strength and art the prize shall win.
Would you learn where? Inquire within.

E. PARSONS.

For many years the care of horses in this town — pasturing them, and breaking colts — has been carried on. It used to be done on the Wilkes Farm by the Barnjum Bros. A picture of the Bray establishment before us will show one of these latest comfortable "homes for horses." There are others who board horses in the different parts of the town.

Lynn End used to be famous for its cider, and many of its citizens would use a couple of barrels in a year. The cider mills used to be run by horses.

It has now the largest cider mill in this part of the country. A part of it is the old woolen manufactory of other days, with many additions thereto. It is owned by Elbridge F. Gerry,

where business is done on a large scale, and much cider goes through a process of refining, when it is called refined cider. Many buildings and much machinery are used, and large quantities of apples are brought from other States.

At times the mill is run day and night, employing a dozen or more persons at work with much machinery. The apples are brought by the car-load and sand for filtering the cider by the wagon-load from Andover, while the cars come from as far back as New Hampshire and even Maine. The mill is provided with storehouses and apparatus for doing the laborious part of the work with ease, and is perhaps the largest in this section. Just previous to its being used as a cider mill, it was used to grind barberry roots and to make lobster nets in.

AGED PEOPLE.

Mrs. Sarah Wiley, the mother of thirteen children, widow of Willard Wiley, will be eighty-four in March, and her brother, Elbridge G. Russell, will be eighty-two next July.

In 1872 there were eleven deaths in town, and among them were the following ages: 75, 79, 65, 86, 82.

In 1877 there were nine deaths, and the ages were in part 70, 90, 76, 70; and the year before, 1876, ages 70, 92, 78, 78, out of twelve deaths.

The funerals of Mrs. Daniel Mansfield, aged 81 years, and Mr. Joseph Brown, aged 92 years, were held at the same hour, July 19, 1891. They both lived in the same part of the town.

Lynnfield has always had a large number of aged people, and in searching the records it is no strange thing to find the ages of 86, 88, 90, to 98. In 1886 Rev. Jacob Hood and his wife died, aged 94 and 90 years. Not many years ago a man who was born in Lynnfield died aged 102, and a few years before a man and his wife were living together in a neighboring town who were up in the nineties.

In this work is a splendid likeness of Mrs. Clarissa

(Emerson) Cox, taken when she was a hundred years old. Mrs. Cox was born in Wakefield and died there, but she lived in this town about seventy years; most of her children were born here; her husband, father, mother, sister, brother died here, and she has a son still living with his son and grandson on the original place, and they are worthy of their ancestor. Among the old people of the place is Mrs. Catherine Sweetser Perkins, who is 87 years of age (1895).

The oldest man in town is Dea. William Smith, who will be 86 years in May, 1895. His brother-in-law, John Bryant, is 85; and his brother, Jonathan Bryant, has just (1895) celebrated his eightieth birthday.

Among the women of note who have gone forth from this good old town may be specially mentioned Mrs. E. Florence Barker, wife of Col. Thomas E. Barker, formerly of the 12th New Hampshire Regiment, whose beautiful home is in Malden, Mass., where she has reared a son and two daughters. Mrs. Barker was born in Lynnfield, March 29, 1840, and was the second daughter of William A. and Mary J. Whittredge. The old huge garrison house where her father was born is still standing and occupied, and her mother was descended from Revolutionary stock. She was reared where are as noble, true lovers of their country as can be found. In sight of the home where she was born and bred sleep a number of the heroes of 1775, and the pretty church where she was married at a double wedding in war time, June 18, 1863, is not far away. She was first president of the Woman's Relief Corps, and filled the office with great faithfulness and honor, having been unanimously elected. She has been very active for the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea, of which her husband is trustee. Mrs. Barker is also a vice-president of the Ladies' Aid Association, which has a membership of more than a thousand members, and has represented both organizations at Washing-

ton and Minneapolis in a most creditable way. She is also one of the number of the Women's Club-House Association, who are preparing to build a club-house in Boston, beside being ever ready to help in many other good works. She is known by a very large circle of friends and co-laborers, and the Malden Hospital is fortunate to have her as one of their executive committee, as well as one of their trustees. She has a sister younger than herself, Miss Alfrena J. Whittredge, who is a matron of the Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

Another of our former citizens, who has attained world-wide fame, and whom we still claim, is George Thorndike Angell, the dumb beasts' friend and mouthpiece; for eighteen years he made his home at the corner of Main and Summer Streets, nearly opposite the old meeting-house, and came here with his bride from Boston at the time of their marriage.

Mr. Angell was born at Southbridge, Worcester County, in this State, June 25, 1823. His father, of the same name, was pastor of the Baptist Church in Southbridge, where he died, leaving him his only child. His mother was Rebekah Thorndike of Tewksbury, Mass., of whom he says, "No man ever had a better mother." He graduated at Brown University, Providence, R. I., July 30, 1846; was admitted to the bar, Dec. 17, 1851. He has published his autobiography, which is full of interest. Mr. Angell has been a teacher, a lawyer, an editor, a traveller in distant places almost without number, an organizer of Bands of Mercy. He has been for more than twenty-five years elected unanimously president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Humane Association, director of the American Social Science Association. His writings have been translated into many other languages, beside having an immense sale in this country,

and he is also an honorary member of many European societies. He is still very active, contributing much time and money to the cause for which his life and talents are given, and certainly must be reckoned with the reformers of the world.

As Rev. Harry Brickett, father of Rev. H. L. Brickett, took such an interest in the town, was so well known and preached here so often, we append the following sketch of him by his son : —

“Rev. Harry Brickett of Hooksett, N. H., died Thursday evening, Dec. 17, 1891, at eight o'clock, from a severe attack of *la grippe*. Mr. Brickett was born in Newbury, Vt., Feb. 1, 1818. He was a farmer's son, and early developed a fondness for study. He fitted for college at the academies in Bradford, Vt., and Haverhill Corner, N. H. He entered Dartmouth College in 1836, when eighteen years of age. He was one of the ‘Honor’ men of his class, graduating in 1840. After graduation he taught the Melville Academy in Jaffrey, N. H., two years. Here he taught her who afterwards became his wife, Miss Eliza Cutter of Jaffrey. While teaching in Jaffrey, Mr. Brickett studied medicine with Dr. Luke Howe during his leisure hours. In 1842 he attended medical lectures at Hanover and also studied with the faculty two years, teaching during the winters the village school in Fitzwilliam, N. H. In the spring of 1844 Mr. Brickett took charge of the Francestown Academy for one term, to finish the engagement of Rev. Horace Herrick. He was so successful and popular as a teacher that he was retained as principal seven full years. In June, 1851, Mr. Brickett accepted the principalship of the Brown Latin School in Newburyport, Mass., which he held two years. Then he was called again to Hillsborough County, N. H., to take charge of the Merrimack Normal Institute at Reed's Ferry. While in that position he was licensed to preach by the Manchester Association of Congregational and



GEN. JOSIAH NEWHALL.

Presbyterian Ministers. Mr. Brickett remained in the school at Reed's Ferry four years, preaching also a considerable part of the time at Nashua, Merrimack, and Londonderry. He received a call to settle in the ministry, from the Congregational Church in Hillsborough Bridge, N. H., which he accepted in the spring of 1857, and removed there with his family. He continued as pastor for eight years, when he resigned to accept a call to a city parish in Geneseo, Henry County, Ill. Here he continued as pastor seven years, from 1865 to 1872. In 1872 he accepted a call to East Lake George, N. Y., where he remained four years, until 1876, when he received a second call to Hillsborough Bridge, his first parish. He returned to his former charge at Hillsborough Bridge and faithfully labored six years, from 1876 to 1882. In 1882 he was called to the large church in Thetford, Vt., formerly under the charge of the celebrated Dr. Burton; and here Mr. Brickett preached eight years, from 1882 to 1890, when he bought a home and retired to live in it at Hooksett, N. H. Mr. Brickett was employed at intervals of time, ninety-five weeks as lecturer and instructor in teachers' institutes in New Hampshire and Maine. While at Frankestown, Aug. 18, 1846, Mr. Brickett married Miss Eliza Cutter of Jaffrey, N. H., who survives him, with three of their five children,—Mrs. Ellen J. Prescott of Hooksett, N. H., Rev. Harry L. Brickett of Lynnfield Centre, Mass., and Mrs. Mary I. Wilmot of Thetford, Vt. Mr. Brickett was a natural poet, and wrote much for publication. In 1886 he wrote a poem for the semi-centennial of the church at Geneseo, Ill., and went West and delivered it. This was published. Many of his sermons and addresses have been printed. He also wrote a history of Hillsborough, N.H., which was published in 1886. Mr. Brickett was a thorough classical scholar, and an easy, graceful speaker. As an elocutionist he stood at the very head, and his parishioners often spoke of his power of interpretation in reading

hymns and the Bible. Mr. Brickett's personality is well described in the following tribute from a Western acquaintance of his, whose letter I received last night: 'I am very thankful that I ever knew your father, for he has left the sweet impression of his great kind heart upon me. There are very few men I knew so little, I loved so well.' Such is the sweet memory of the man. His last sickness was a painless one; he gradually weakened under disease, until he sweetly fell asleep in death. He retained all his faculties to the very last. Almost the last words that he spoke to his son were, 'Let me arise, with joy, to meet the Lord.' His funeral was held on Sunday P. M., Dec. 20, at two o'clock, in the Congregational church at Hooksett, of which he was a member, Rev. Mr. Coult, pastor of the church, and Rev. Moses Patten of Hooksett, officiating. Tender and fitting tributes were paid to the deceased pastor, and he was quietly laid to rest in the cemetery at Hooksett, with the setting sun.

"REV. HARRY L. BRICKETT.

"LYNNFIELD CENTRE, MASS., Dec. 29, 1891."

CHAPTER X.

The Second War with Great Britain.

LYNNFIELD had, as we have seen, a highly honorable record in the Revolutionary War, and as we shall see, in the war of the Rebellion ; if her sons seem to have won fewer laurels in what is commonly known as "the 1812 War," it was because they so largely shared in the strong disapproval of that war felt throughout this section.

Martin Hart was an enlisted soldier, and served at Fort Warren. In later years he received a pension.

There was also a company of minutemen, ready to go to the defence of their homes at a moment's notice.

One of the oldest inhabitants remembers seeing a company of soldiers march past the house now owned by Mr. Benjamin Bryant, and go down into the adjacent field to drill. A daughter of Bowman Viles, Esq., has heard the older members of her family speak of a time when her and their father came on his big black horse to bid the family good by before joining the company that had received the signal to go to their country's defence.

Besides "Squire Viles," as he was called in his later years, the names of several others are recalled by one of the daughters of a minuteman. They were ordered to march to Salem, an alarm of the enemy's approach having arisen, which, however, proved a false one.

Among those who went were Josiah Newhall, afterwards known as Gen. Newhall, Moses Richardson, John Perkins,

John Nichols, Jacob Wiley, Benjamin Cox, and George Pearson. Samuel Skinner was captain of the company.

Capt. Henry Bancroft went on one cruise as second lieutenant of a privateer.

The Mexican War roused little interest in Lynnfield. George Washington Wellman, son of Bartholomew and Sarah (Derby) Wellman, went as an enlisted soldier to this war, and died in the city of Mexico, Feb. 25, 1848, aged 33.

OLD COMMON LANDS IN OR NEAR LYNNFIELD.

It does not now seem possible to fix the exact limits of what was known as Lynn Common in 1653, nor of the Great Common laid out in 1706. The excerpts which follow seem to show conclusively that they extended to a region near what is now known as Pilling's Pond, which is merely an overflowed meadow and a brook.

The meadow, or at least a part of it, was and is to-day known as Stone's Meadow, and the brook as Bates' Brook. In the old deeds the spelling varied, but the localities are pointed out as unerringly as if Worcester's unabridged were at hand.

The following copies of deeds written in 1653 are in the possession of Mr. George E. Herrick, who lives near the land supposed to be meant.

Extract from a copy of a deed of Nicholas Potter to Thomas Wellman and John Knight, made the seventeenth day of the twelfth month, 1653 : —

“Give, grant, &c unto the said Thomas Wellman and John Knight — two three score acre Lotts joining together, one of them lately in ye Tenour of ye said Nicholas Potter and ye other in ye late Tenour of James Boutwell bounded southerly with ye farme of Goodman Talmage & three acres of marsh lately belonging to ye aforesaid Nicholas Potter & Easterly with ye *common* Westerly with ye River that cometh out of Stones meadow and northerly with the Land of the said Thomas Wellman &

John Knight and also three acres of meadow lately in the Tenour of ye said Nicholas Potter adjoining to ye aforesaid purchased Land on the south," etc.

From the old records of the city of Lynn we excerpt the following, which relates to the dividing of certain unoccupied lands belonging to the then township of Lynn : —

" . . . except the training field and the several highways shall be divided to and among all the proprietors and inhabitants that have land in the town of their own in fee (within fence) . . . "

A committee chosen April 15, 1706, consisted of three men, "which three men are to be all inhabitants of some other town or towns," to do the necessary work of division. They were Capt. Samuel Gardner of Salem, Mr. John Greenland of Malden, Lieut. Joseph Hacey of Rumney Marsh (Chelsea).

We quote again from the record : —

"The first division beginning upon that parcel of land lying on the west side of Saugus River lying betwixt the Hitchinses' farm and Timothy Wiley's farm, called the six hundred acres, the Lots running forty poles in length, each person's lot butting on the Range lines except where they butt upon propriaty, the first Lot beginning on the East side near John Chilson's house."

Abraham Wellman had the first lot; Ebenezer Bancroft had the second lot; Ebenezer Hawks had the third lot. Hitchings's farm was in Saugus, and Timothy Wiley's in Wakefield.

The "range lines," so often found in the old deeds, are to be explained by the fact that the land in this as in many, perhaps most, cases, when left unoccupied for any length of time, was divided into "ranges," or sections, bounded by parallel lines called range lines. In this case they were forty rods wide.

From a deed of Samuel Parker to Ebenezer Bancroft, 1707 : —

"A Peece or Parsel of Land cituate In the towne-ship of Lynn and lyin by a place called Duck pond It being by Estemation four acres Be it so much more or Less: it being my fourth lot that was layd out to me sd Parker in sd Lynn Comon when it was layd out in the year 1706 as on Record in sd Lynn towne Book May more at large apear: as said fourth lot is buted and bounded viz.: Easterly by the land of will'm Eatton westwardly by the land of said Ebenezer Bancroft: Northerly and Sotherly by the Range lines."

From a deed of John Bancroft to Ebenezer Bancroft, 1710:—

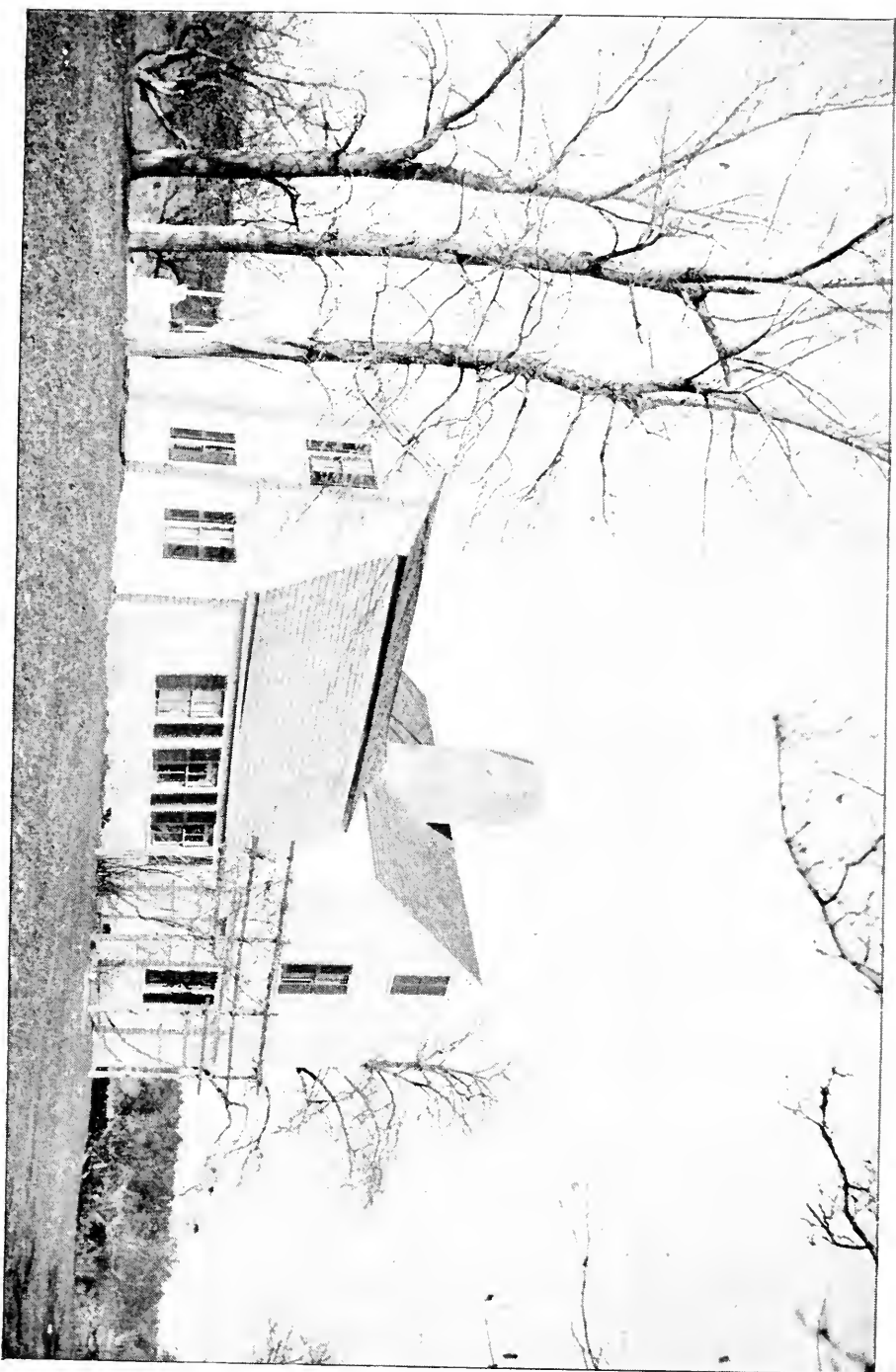
"a peass or parsell of upland and medow cituate in ye township of lyn aboue said and lying near to Robart Beats Brook it being by Estemation one Acres and thirty Eaight pols as it is Buted and bounded northerly by ye rever that runs between Mr. Shapbard medow and this aboue said land and medow Easterly by ye land and medow of the above said Ebenezer Bancroft Southerly by ye hy way that gos from Beatses Brook above said to Lyntown."

Extract from a deed of Samuel Parker to Ebenezer Bancroft, 1711:—

"One small parcell of Land . . . as it is laid out to me and Entered in Lyn Town Book of Records and it is sittuate in ye Township of Lyn in ye Common called the Great Common and it is butted and bounded as followeth (being his first Lott) Westerly upon Abraham Wellman his farme, Southerly upon the Range line, Easterly Abraham Wellman his Lott, Northerly upon the Lott of ye suckcessers of Nathanaell Newhall."

Extract from a deed given by Abraham Wellman, Jr., to Ebenezer Bancroft in 1711:—

"One small piece of land containing by Estimation sixteen pools [poles] be it more or be it less: and it is sittuat in the township of Lyn being the Northwardly Corner of the homested of the sd Abraham Welman and it is bounded Southwardly by the Remaining land of the sd Abraham Welman: and at the Eastwardly Corner by a stake and heap of stones and from thence to an ould black oake stomp and as the fence now stands down to the midle of the brook called Bates his brook, the above mentioned sixteen poles of Land lieth betwin the sd brook and the Land of the sd Ebenezer Bancroft, and is a conveniancy for his catel to go to the brook."



TOWNSEND HOUSE.

LYNNFIELD'S SCHOLARS.

Eager for the fair repute of our little town, believing that this is advanced by the higher education as well as by the distinguished activity in the world's work of its inhabitants, or of those nearly related to them, we have endeavored, so far as we could learn the facts, to make a record of all such as have been born here, also such as have become connected with them by marriage.

The list includes here and there one born elsewhere, but resident among us for a reasonable length of time. Such cases where known will be noted, otherwise the birthplace is Lynnfield.

Dr. John Perkins, b. March 9, 1698; was grad. Harvard; visited England; died Jan. 23, 1781.

Edward Perkins Sparhawk, son of the first minister of the Second Church of Lynn, b. July 10, 1728; was grad. Harvard, 1753; m. Mehitabel Putnam; d. March 8, 1796. It is probable that his brother John, who became an eminent physician in Philadelphia, was also a graduate of Harvard.

A book of rules found in Lynnfield for Harvard students has this entry:—

"*Cantabrigiae* homo Calendae January 1754 Gulielmus Perkins admittatur in Collegium Harvardinum.

Edwardus Holyoke Praeses.

Belcher Hancock }

Josephus Mayhew } Socy

Thos Marsh }

[Name missing] }

Hic Labor Opus Est."

[NOTE. This quotation is from the *Æneid*. When the Sibyl says to Æneas, "The descent to Avernus is easy, but to retrace your step and pass to the upper air, *this is the work, this the task*," the last seven words translate what has come to be a common proverb, *Hoc opus, hic labor est*.]

This William Perkins, admitted in 1754, corresponds with one who was grad. 1758, and d. 1765.

The names of the five given below are supposed to have been collegiates :—

Dr. Benjamin Adams, b. Sept. 7, 1758 ; m. Lois Orne ; d. Jan. 16, 1811. He was son of Rev. Benjamin Adams, third minister of the Second Church.

Dr. John Aborn, m. Rebecca Bancroft ; d. Nov. 8, 1768.

James Johnson ; Rev. Elias Upton, b. 1496 ; Thomas Bancroft.

Rev. James Wellman, D. D., b. in the Wellman house that stood near what is now Pilling's Pond, May 10, 1728. Fitted for college with his pastor, Rev. Stephen Chase ; was grad. Harvard, 1744, when sixteen years old ; was ordained over the Congregational Church at Sutton, Mass., Oct. 7, 1747 ; afterwards became the first pastor at Cornish, Sept. 29, 1769 ; d. Dec. 18, 1808.

Benjamin Perkins, who died Nov. 17, 1809, is said to have been a graduate of Harvard. Mr. Benjamin Perkins, b. 1814, has in his possession certain silver tokens or emblems, indicative of his uncle's membership in the famous Hasty Pudding Club of that university.

Hon. Thomas B. Newhall, b. Nov. 2, 1811 ; fitted for college at Andover and Lynn Academies ; was grad. Brown University.

He had a brother James who was a physician in Lynn. Both were sons of Hon. Asa T. and Judith (Little) Newhall.

Rev. Daniel Mansfield, son of Andrew and Eunice Mansfield, b. Aug. 24, 1807 ; was grad. Amherst, 1833 ; m. Hannah F., dau. Ezra and Hannah A. Holt of Andover ; was settled at Wenham, Mass., July 26, 1837 ; died and was buried there.

Edward Augustus, son of Edward and Betsey (Davis) Upton, was born in Danvers (now Peabody), 1829. Removed to Lynnfield with his parents, 1833, and lived here nearly twenty years. Fitted for college at Gilmanton Academy, Gilmanton, N. H. ; entered Dartmouth College, 1851 ; was

grad. 1854 ; admitted to the bar, and now a lawyer in Boston ; m. Susan Matilda Simpson, of Waterville Me., 1861 ; m. a second time, December, 1873, Clarinda, dau. of Jacob Grigg, M. D., of Pemberton, N. J.

Henry Mottey, son of Rev. Henry S. and Mary E. Green, entered Amherst, class of 1865 ; d. Jan. 9, 1867.

Joshua Gilman Hawkes, son of Joshua and Abigail (Bancroft) Hawkes, b. Aug. 18, 1831 ; prepared for college at Thetford, Vt. ; was grad. Amherst, 1859 ; made principal of Conway Academy ; 1862, he enlisted in the 52d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, and was in the Department of the Gulf under Gen. Banks ; was sergeant in Co. D, and was asked to be captain in a colored regiment ; sailed from Port Hudson up the Mississippi River, July 23, 1863.

We are glad to avail ourselves of a beautiful tribute to him in the "Color-Guard," a book written by a member of his company, Rev. J. K. Hosmer. In this story he is called "Grosvenor" : "Grosvenor, indeed, my good friend, a high-minded patriot, whose great spirit had carried his feeble body through all our exposures, though pale and haggard, went from man to man shaking hands. He lay down at night spreading out his blankets with his old comrades. In the morning his couch lay as he had spread it, but he was gone, and the eyes of no man have rested upon him since.

"His was a brave and knightly soul. No doubt he rose in the night, too exultant perhaps over the brighter prospects of our great cause, and over the thought that hardship honorably borne was soon to be over, to sleep.

"The moon, about full, floated gloriously before him in the heavens, among the summer clouds, as the 'Sangreal with its veils of white samite' floated before Arthur's pure-souled knights. A misstep with his weak limbs, and he fell overboard into the flood. So our good friend must have perished."

Forrest Fayette, son of Dea. Oliver and Eliza (Weston)

Emerson, b. May 16, 1839; fitted for college at Pierce Academy, Middleboro, Mass.; entered Brown University, 1859; was grad. 1863; entered Newton Theological Institution, fall of 1863; entered Rochester Theological Seminary, fall of 1864; pastor of Baptist Church, Wellsville, N. Y., April, 1865; was grad. from Rochester Theological Seminary, 1866; pastor of First Baptist Church, Gloucester, from 1868 to 1873; pastor Asylum Avenue Baptist Church, Hartford, Conn., 1873-79; pastor of First Congregational Church, Amherst, 1879-83; pastor of United Congregational Church, Newport, R. I., 1883-92; acting pastor of Union Church, Worcester, Nov. 1, 1893, to the present time, 1895; received the honorary Phi Beta Kappa while in Hartford from Brown University; m. Sarah Maria Hartwell, June 29, 1864; was sent as delegate at large to the World's Missionary Conference in London, England, 1888; made an address, not as a delegate from any body, but in response to an invitation from the London committee.

Howard Malcolm, brother of the above mentioned, was grad. from Brown University, 1858; was settled over the Baptist Church in Methuen, 1860; m. Annie Parke of South Berwick, Me., 1861; d. South Berwick, May, 1862.

Henry Pendexter, brother of the above named, b. Jan. 11, 1846; fitted for college at Phillips Academy; was grad. 1867; entered Rochester University, N. Y.; received the degree of A. B., 1871; taught three years in State Normal School, Potsdam, N. Y.; was teacher of Latin and Greek in Buffalo High School, N. Y., 1874-83; appointed principal, 1883; 1892, elected superintendent of the public schools in Buffalo. In 1894 there were registered in this city 44,000 pupils. The superintendent has a salary of \$5,000 a year, the office being one of great responsibility. Married Mary A. Esty of Middleton, Aug. 4, 1874.

Rev. Oliver Emerson, son of Dea. Oliver Emerson and a

first wife whose maiden name was Brown, was grad. at Colby University, Waterville, Me.; d. 1883. Left a son Oliver F. (not a native of Lynnfield), who is Professor of English Literature in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. Rev. O. Emerson's work in the West was that of a home missionary, founding churches, and looking after several small congregations at a time.

William Bryant, son of William and Sarah (Bryant) Smith, b. July 29, 1851; fitted for college at Phillips Academy; entered Amherst, 1870; left because of failing health; d. Oct. 4, 1883.

Rosetta Mary, daughter of Luther S. and Emily L. (Wiley) Munroe, b. March 22, 1868; fitted for college at Peabody High School; entered Boston University, 1886; was grad. 1890; m. Rev. George H. Spencer, of the same class, son of a Methodist clergyman. At present (1895) located at Summersworth, N. H.

Lillia Truell, daughter of David and Sarah (Truell) Wilkins, b. Jan. 23, 1869; fitted for college at Wakefield High School; entered Boston University, 1890; left after two years' study there to teach in the Advanced Grammar School, Wakefield.

Starr, son of Ebenezer and Mary Alvina (Dodge) Parsons, b. Sept. 4, 1869; completed the six years' course at the Boston Latin School in five years, winning several prizes, besides a Franklin medal; entered Harvard, 1887, was grad. *magna cum laude*, 1891; won three scholarships and honorable mention in Latin, Greek, and history; elected a member of the Classical Club, and of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; taught a year at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; admitted to the Essex Bar, 1892; and at present (1895) practising law in Lynn; m. June 26, 1894, Minnie Cora, daughter of Charles Bickford, and grand-niece of Hon. Lot M. Morrill, who was governor of Maine, 1858-60, United States senator, 1861-76,

resigned to accept the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury, June 21, 1876.

John Bernard, son of Charles and Mary (Barrett) McCarthy, b. Dec. 9, 1872; entered preparatory department of Boston College, September, 1890; regular collegiate course, 1892; after two years in Boston College, completing the sophomore year, entered Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, Md., to prepare for the Catholic priesthood. At present pursuing the classics, and will make philosophical and theological courses at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

1895, Mr. Charles Torrey, son of Mr. Charles Torrey, is a pupil in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

MISSIONARIES.

Rev. Henry F. Bond, b. Boston; entered Harvard, 1836; was grad. 1840; entered Divinity School, 1842; was grad. 1845; ordained in Barre, Mass., 1846; m. Pamela Orne, daughter of Hubbard and Harriet (Orne) Emerson of Lynnfield, Jan. 30, 1872. Mr. Bond was United States agent of the Ute Indians in Colorado, 1874-76, Mrs. Bond being teacher of the government day school at that agency. He was selected in 1886 by the American Unitarian Association to erect buildings and organize what is now known as the "Montana Industrial School," of which he was superintendent four and one half years. This was a boarding school for the Crow Indians, and Mrs. Bond was matron. She was very heartily interested in the Indian cause, and only left her post on account of invalidism.

Helen Diann, daughter of Samuel N. and Diann (Nichols) Newcomb, b. in Reading; her mother was a native of Lynnfield, and Miss Newcomb spent most of her early life here. When very young she united with the Orthodox Congregational Church in Lynnfield, and was one of its most earnest



EX-JUDGE STEPHEN GILMAN.

and active members until she removed to Boston. There she joined the Baptist communion, and went, under the auspices of the Baptist Mission Board, to India as a missionary to the natives of that country. She has been at work there about four years. 1895 she is stationed at Nursaravapetta, Kistna District, India.

Mary A. Parsons, born in Lynnfield, March, 1838; married April, 1861, W. I. Bishop (who, enlisting in the 10th Massachusetts Regiment as a private, was made captain in 1862). She was for two years, 1891 and 1892, matron of the Ballard Normal School, Macon, Ga., established by the American Missionary Association to assist the better class of colored people to become teachers and helpers of their own race.

Carl Sidney Bishop, born in Lynnfield, April, 1865, was graduated at Mt. Hermon School in 1890, since which time he has been secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for the city of Fitchburg.

Annie L. Bishop, educated at Northfield Seminary, went South as music teacher under the auspices of the American Missionary Association in 1889, serving one year at Macon and two years at Savannah, Ga. Her younger sister, Emily R. Bishop, is now teaching (under the A. M. A.) in Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., instituted for the higher education of the colored race.

GRADUATES FROM NORMAL SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

Owing to lack of space, we can give only the names of graduates, although many who have taken partial courses in these and in the commercial schools have done, or are doing, excellent work in the world.

State Normal Schools of Massachusetts.

Lexington : Rebecca S. Richardson.

West Newton : Eunice E. Richardson. E. Augusta Richardson.

Salem :

Emily C. Jackson.
Elizabeth C. Moulton.
Lizzie B. Newhall.
Abby J. Richardson.
Mary E. Bancroft.
Mary A. Mansfield.
Eunice M. Bancroft.
Hannah V. Newhall.
Sarah F. Bryant.
Mary T. Danforth.

Esther R. Perkins.
Alfrena J. Whittredge.
Harriet F. Wiley.
Ella L. Munroe.
Hannah B. Danforth.
S. Isabelle Hewes.
Sarah E. Wilkins.
Sarah E. Whipple.
Mary J. Copeland.
Kate E. Coney.

Annie B. Stevens.

Thetford Academy, Thetford, Vt. : George E. Herrick.

Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y. : Rufus H. Emerson.

Phillips Academy, Andover, Classical Department : Lyman B. Smith. English Department : Warren Newhall.

Notre Dame Academy, Putnam, Conn. : Theresa L. McCarthy.

Mrs. Mary A. Parsons has contributed the following : —

THE OLD PARSONS HOUSE.

While it seems impossible to fix the exact age of the building known as "The Old Parsons House," there is evidence favoring a date which carries us a good way back into the past.

The present proprietor's family have had it in their possession more than one hundred and thirty years, as their records show. This fact would be readily inferred, were there no other proof, by an accumulation of ancient relics scarcely possible except by a race long rooted in one spot and given to cherishing its household gods.

Thomas Bancroft is believed to have come from England into what was then a part of Lynn, but is now Lynnfield, about

the year 1640; he died Aug. 19, 1691. In a sort of family agreement drawn up soon after his death, and still in existence, the youngest son, Ebenezer, is to take charge of his widowed mother, and is to have, if we understand the document, the houses and a portion of the farm therefor. The word we take to mean the farmhouse, barn, etc., is "housing," probably the old plural "housen" is here indicated.

It is natural to suppose that he lived in the Thomas Bancroft house for some years at least, and this house is believed to have stood near Beaver Dam.

Besides the agreement above mentioned, many important papers were safely sheltered in the old house till 1878, when they were removed to a more modern dwelling, erected, however, on the ancestral acres. Among these papers are several deeds conveying land to Thomas Bancroft, — deeds dated 1657, 1678, 1682, 1687, and 1690.

Nineteen deeds bearing dates ranging from 1693 to 1714, inclusive, have the name of Ebenezer, sometimes styled Capt. Ebenezer Bancroft, upon them; twice it is associated with his brother John as joint purchaser. In none of these have I been able to find mention of a house; a barn, however, is named in one, dated 1704.

I will quote a line or two, which seems to make plain the land given in exchange: —

This land lies "ajoyning to a farm in said Lynn that belongs to Charlestown at a Place called Beaver Dam."

For this acre a committee chosen by the town of Charlestown give another "that lies near to said Bancroft's Barne, and is the Easterly or South Easterly corner of the said farme that belongs to said Charlestowne towne."

It appears to have been bounded less explicitly than is usual in the old deeds, the only boundaries mentioned being those of the Charlestown farm and the land of Ebenezer Bancroft. If we knew the exact limits of "Charlestown

farm" we could tell with some degree of assurance whether or not this barn was one long since torn down, but built on the Parsons land not far from the site of the present barn.

Capt. Ebenezer, the son of Thomas Bancroft, died in 1717, leaving children, among them a son who bore his father's name. On the outside of documents found he is sometimes styled "Capt.," as was his father, though in the church records he appears usually as "Lieut. Ebenr. Bancroft."

The first deed in which we find his name is dated 1728, and is concerned with a purchase in Marblehead, but most of the land conveyed was in what was then Lynn, but is now Lynnfild. There are several such conveyances dated 1741 to 1763, inclusive. One in 1747 alludes to "all the buildings thereon," but from the names of the owners abutting on this piece of land we cannot feel sure that the Parsons buildings can be meant.

The first direct mention of the house in a deed is in 1763, but the connection there suggests its previous existence.

The church of Lynnfild records, which begin early in the last century, show that the Bancrofts were men of substance. In early Puritan days the congregation were placed, by officials chosen for the purpose, in pews according to their position in society. It was called "seating the church." Judged by this standard, a highly honorable place seems to have been given the "successors of Thomas Bancroft"; doubtless his widow and children are here indicated.

Again the early settlers, before church and state were separated, were assessed, on a strictly property valuation, for parish expenses. It appears from these assessments that Lieut. Ebenezer Bancroft was among the largest ratepayers, and he was treasurer of the society for years. It seems likely, therefore, that on his marriage he would build a house for himself, since he had at least a brother and sister. Indeed we have no evidence that his father did not build it before his

death in 1717, since it seems to us the land, and possibly the barn, once standing near the house, were his.

At all events, when the house is mentioned as the "said Ebenr. Bancroft's dwelling-house," it is in a deed given by "John Aborn, physician." In this deed, which conveys land, he alludes to "the Deed I had of him the said Bancroft." Afterwards, the heirs of Dr. Aborn, who died Nov. 8, 1768, sold to Ebenezer Parsons, Sr., "half the house, and half the barn," which he may have inherited through his wife, who was Rebecca, the daughter of Ebenezer Bancroft, 2d, and who was baptized 1732.

Lois Bancroft, eldest daughter of Capt. Ebenezer Bancroft, 2d, was born in 1724, and was married twice; her second husband being Israel Parsons, the father of Ebenezer Parsons, who was born in Leicester in 1762, but who returned to his grandfather's house when a small boy, before the death of Capt. Ebenezer Bancroft, which occurred in 1770.

That his twice-widowed mother soon followed the child is seen from a paper, dated 1773, which the widow of Ebenezer Bancroft caused to be drawn up in favor of her daughter, Lois Parsons. In this, Ruth Bancroft makes over her clothing, "Indoor moveables," etc., to her "daughter, Lois Parsons," and we thus account for much of the old-time furniture still in use by her descendants.

We find the following in the church record: "Feb. 5, 1773, died suddenly, Ruth, relict of the late Capt. Ebenezer Bancroft, in the 76th year of her age. She had scarcely time to say any more than that she was not the least afraid to die. Thus died that godly woman."

Dated 1786 is a receipted bill for work on a house for Ebenezer Parsons. This being the year before his marriage to Nabby Smith, he would seem to be making preparations for that event, also that he had some rights in it. In 1791 he bought out the heirs of Ebenezer Bancroft, two of whom were his own

half-sisters, and in 1798 he bought out the heirs of Dr. Aborn.

For some years during his ownership of it the house was used as an inn, and was called "The Sun Tavern"; also, at one time, a room in the northeast corner was used for the sale of West India goods and groceries.

The first Ebenezer Parsons and his son Ebenezer were ardent Methodists, and rooms in the house were rented to more than one of the pioneer Methodist ministers with their families; so those who talk of the old Sun Tavern must not forget it has also been a Methodist parsonage! Indeed it preserved the manuscript records of the Methodist Society from the inception of the movement, the *call* for the separate society being in 1816.

We have seen that Ebenezer Bancroft, Sr., may have lived in the house, and that his son surely lived there. His daughter Lois was there a widow in 1773, if she was not born there; her son, Ebenezer Parsons, lived there; his son, Ebenezer Parsons, Jr., was born there in 1794. Ebenezer Parsons, 3d, was born there in 1832, and his son, Starr Parsons, was born there in 1869.

For one line to hold possession of a homestead for so long a time is not only an honorable, but it is a very unusual record for an American dwelling-house.

Abigail Smith was the mother of Nabby, wife of Ebenezer Parsons, Sr., and in her old age she came to live with her daughter, endowing her with all her worldly goods. Doubtless through her came the "governor's chair" and the cabinet. (See illustration.)

It is known that Sarah Endicott, niece of Gov. Endicott, married a Hart, and the chair may have been derived through her to the family. The name of Endicott is found as a Christian name in the Hart and Smith families, probably in deference to the family connection. On the door of the cabinet are carved



JOSEPH GOWING'S TAVERN, 1775.

the date "1679" and the letters "T. H.," supposed to stand for Thomas Hart, one of the ancestors whose name appears often in the parish records. An old chair with the letters "W. S." (Walter Smith) on it, and one that one of our oldest inhabitants feels sure is at least one hundred and fifty years old, are among the heirlooms, as well as tables, etc., and many other articles exceedingly old and yet in good condition.

The old libraries, "Social" and "Lyceum," were kept in this house many years, and the family took charge of the books.

We do not say that the old is better than the new; "treasures new and old" are best, as the old writer implied, but some of us it may be are not sufficiently alive to the value of the conservatism in the mental outfit of the stayers at home.

THE OLD TARBELL PLACE.

From "Semi-Historical Rambles among the Eighteenth-Century Places," by Hon. N. M. Hawkes of Lynn, we quote a few paragraphs relating to this historic house, which stands close to the Saugus River, near the boundary lines of Saugus and Wakefield, being itself in Lynnfield:—

"The big homely old house is in a secluded yet sunny spot, far from the road. Back of it towers a great boulder that timid strangers were afraid to drive by. Wooded hills on the north and east keep off the chill east winds of our rugged climate. From its southern windows the eye looks upon as pretty an interval, bordered by as sparkling a river and framed by as verdant hills, as old Essex can show.

"This for a century has been known as the Tarbell place. Here, after the Revolutionary War, came Jonathan Tarbell, from the South Parish of Danvers, now Peabody; with him came his wife Elizabeth (Cook) Tarbell. His father, Jonathan Tarbell, came here and died in this house. After these two

there likewise lived and died in this house, and was buried in the family tomb upon the estate, a third Jonathan Tarbell.

“Of what interest is it at this time, when the name is extinct in this locality?

“Let me briefly relate the story. On the 19th of April, 1775, some two hundred brave young men marched from the village green in the South Parish of Danvers to Lexington, twenty miles away. A tragedy there took place. Every schoolboy the world over feels his pulse beat more quickly as he reads the tale of the first blood shed in the war of American independence. Seven Danvers men gave their lives, that liberty might live.

“The Lexington monument in Peabody, fittingly standing on the spot whence the start was made on the fatal morning, commemorates the names of the heroes who fell. The first on the list is ‘Samuel Cook, æt. 33.’ By his side, when the British bullet struck his heart, stood his brother-in law, Jonathan Tarbell.”

CHAPTER XI.

War of Rebellion, 1861.

EIGHTY-SIX years after the battle of Lexington, and again we are in the midst of war, civil war. Sumter has been fired upon, and war is everywhere the chief topic of conversation, and of the newspaper also. Companies are organizing, flags are being thrown to the breeze, and before night after Sumter had been taken some of her sons might be seen *en route* for the capital. We remember to have seen Benjamin W. Parsons, a young man of twenty-three years, first, who was afterward a lieutenant; after three years of service he came home and died, and was buried with martial honors.

The next Sabbath two patriotic sermons were preached at the Central Church by the pastor, Rev. William Chalmers Whitcomb, who afterward was a chaplain in the United States Army, and died at Morehead City, N. C.

The old town hall, beneath whose roof had gathered the patriots of 1776, and where the soldiers of that date had heard the stirring words of independence, was opened to raise funds and procure enlistments of soldiers, and to provide for their families who were left behind. Old men felt sad that age should keep them from the field, and one said that his blood was none too good to be spilt for his country; and here we give a copy of resolutions passed in town meeting when the three hundred thousand more men were called for, and recorded on the town records:—

“As the President has called for three hundred thousand men additional to those already in the field,

"Resolved, That to lose the freedom and independence our fathers went through a seven years' war to gain would be to the everlasting shame of the nation, and that this fiendish rebellion should be met by the sharpest practice by the sword.

"Resolved, That such are the interests at stake, not of our time and nation only, but the nations of the earth in all time to come, they should be preserved, whatever it may cost.

"Resolved, That the young men of no time nor nation have had such an opportunity to do great things for their country and the world as the loyal ones of our own, and that ours of Lynnfield are expected to do their part in the great work.

"Resolved, That while we regard it the first duty of the nation to use all its energies to strike this infamous rebellion dead, and cannot reasonably expect success unless it does, our trust is in the living God, by whose power nations rise or fall.

"LYNNFIELD, July 28, 1862."

At this time more than one bridegroom wore the uniform of his country at his wedding.

A number of the sons of this place who were loyal to the North, but who had been living for some time at the South, were seen at their homes here, having been told that they were not wanted there. One had just passed through Montgomery, Ala., then the capital of "Secessia," and was interviewed repeatedly concerning the would-be government.

The natives of the town, residents of other places, were not slow or backward in joining the army, and one living at the present time can have but a faint idea of the bustle and excitement exhibited here during the war. Previous to the war no liberty pole was ever seen on Lynnfield Common. On the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, was brought a flagstaff, given by Hubbard Emerson, Esq., to the Common. This was finished and raised by men of the Centre, while the ladies were busy within the town hall making the flag which was to float from its top so often in the days to come. The liberty pole stood where the town pump now is, or perhaps a little more to the east. There was a celebra-

tion on the 4th of July, when the flag was unfurled for the first time. This is described under date of 1861.

Everything possible was made of "red, white, and blue." Rosettes, ladies' dresses, window shades, children's hats and clothes were striped with the trio of colors. Envelopes were also in the same hues.

The defeat at the battle of Bull Run soon after it occurred was known all over the country, and the flags run up at half mast. John P. Mead, one of our soldiers, was mortally wounded in the battle, and died soon after at Richmond, Va. A wife and two children survived him. A finger ring of his was sent home to his family.

Religious services were held at the camp on Sabbath days, generally towards sunset, and the pastors and choirs of churches in the neighborhood vied with each other in rendering assistance. Sometimes an audience of ten thousand persons would be gathered. Rev. Allan Gannett, who lived near the camp ground, was very active and loyal. The camp was located on both sides of the Newburyport Turnpike, or in common parlance now Broadway, a short distance from the old Lynnfield Hotel, on the border of the beautiful Suntaug Lake, where is now the fine summer residence of David C. Ives, Esq. It increased the travel more than a hundred-fold. Notices were posted at the corners of the streets, and we remember one which said Camp Stanton, placed on the northeast corner of the old town hall. Every possible kind of a conveyance was used to transport visitors to the camp, while thousands went on foot. The encampment was divided into streets, with the tents and cook houses ranged on either side, running from the highway to the pond. Some of the streets were named as follows: Merrimac Street, Peanut Row, Rue De Vichi, and Dolan Avenue; and the buildings, Surf Ranche, Whittier House, Harris Hotel, Owl House, etc.

At the same time might be seen, near the Centre depot,

two tents of original pattern, and on inquiry you might find here were the Lincoln guards of Camp Ellsworth, boys who were introducing themselves to the soldier life.

On the 6th of October an American eagle was seen perched upon one of the little spires on the Central Church steeple. From this he flew to the liberty pole, rested about five minutes, and then flew in a southerly direction.

At Thanksgiving the soldiers were all remembered with boxes from home containing turkeys, chickens, puddings, pies, etc., thus transplanting a Massachusetts custom to the South, and the first recommendation of that day in North Carolina by Chaplain Whitcomb is still preserved in Lynnfield Centre.

From the camp ground could be heard in the morning and at sunset the roar of artillery and the deafening cannon; uniforms and drums were plenty on the streets. The mails were heavy, as never before or since, with letters, papers, and packages for and from the soldiers. Newspapers were read with a keen relish and brightened countenance when the North won the victory, although on some copperhead would beam a smiling face when it was rumored that the South had beaten, or reported that Jeff Davis was secreted in this town.

But at last, 'tis declared that slavery is dead, that the noble President has freed a million of slaves. But soon we hear the bell tolling, and learn that the great Lincoln is no more, that a traitor's hand has shot him. Every token of mourning is employed, in public and in private. The Central Church was draped, and services held on the occasion, as in other places.

We wish we could, in this connection, record the dedication of a monument to the fallen heroes, or even that steps were taken toward it, but we are glad to know their names on our roll of honor are read, their deeds recollected, whenever Decoration day brings us its sad memories. Some of the patriotic people called a town meeting to see if the town would provide a soldiers' monument, but it was defeated; still the writer



CAPT. JOHN PERKINS.

has faith to believe that Lynnfield will yet do her duty in this memorial act. To him it is a very sad day, for on May 30, 1863, Henry B. Wellman, his brother, breathed his last on Southern soil, and was laid to sleep beneath the magnolia-tree in a far-off clime.

How many sad heartaches have been caused by this war, and how many homes have been changed by it! Let us cherish its memories. Let us not forget its lessons, and above all let us never forget its heroes; and when we live over the yesterdays, may we have them in our hearts, and, like those who fought for their country more than a century ago, may they be embalmed in the future, and being dead may they yet speak to us.

At the time the war broke out there were one hundred and thirty-eight enrolled militia in town; and we think Lynnfield may well be proud of the great proportion of these who became soldiers at their country's call.

We give a list of our noble soldiers who went from this town. But first, we quote a poem written on the death of Lieut. Benjamin W. Parsons, by Miss Charlotte Kingsbury; and after the list of soldiers we subjoin the "roll of honor" as it is read on Memorial day each year, and which each year grows longer as the ranks are thinned.

"Peace, life's day of battles over,
Now we lay thee down to rest,
With thy soldier's garments on thee,
Folded close across thy breast.
All our kind good-nights are spoken,
Hushed our last soft evening's song,
Closely we will lay the covering,
For thy night's repose is long.
Love and life to country given,
We no wreaths have need to twine,
For the laurel decks thy pillow,
And a patriot's bed is thine.
Sweetly sleeping, Jesus guarding
With his ever-watchful eye,

Till the great reveille is sounded,
In thy land's loved bosom lie.
With our grateful hearts o'erflowing
For thy deeds of valor done,
And in cause of right and freedom
For all glorious victories won,
Hoping, trusting, we will leave thee,
Though we part with tears and pain,
For when dawns the long to-morrow,
We in joy may meet again."

George B. Otis, farmer, Lynnfield, 18 yrs. ; enlisted July 26, 1861, for 3 years, 19th Reg., Co. C ; single ; son of John and Hannah.

George W. Palmer, Lynnfield, 23 yrs. ; enlisted Aug. 28, 1861, 19th Reg., Co. A ; married ; died in hospital ; son of Asa and Mary Ann.

Arthur C. Richardson, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 24 yrs. ; enlisted Oct. 5, 1861, for 3 yrs., 22d Reg. ; re-enlisted, and made lieutenant ; single ; son of Osborne and Mary.

Daniel N. McDuffee, farmer, Lynnfield, 35 yrs. ; private ; enlisted Oct. 5, 1861 ; Sharpshooters, 2d Co. ; single ; discharged July 28, 1862, for disability ; son of Daniel and Eliza.

Benjamin W. Parsons, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 25 yrs. ; enlisted May 1, 1861 ; private ; became lieutenant ; enlisted July 6, 1862, Rifle Rangers ; single ; son of Israel and Emily.

Amos Howard of Burlington, shoemaker, 23 yrs. ; enlisted Aug. 11, 1862, for 3 yrs., 33d Reg., Co. D ; single.

Charles W. H. Coney, a native of Lynnfield, went from North Reading, 19 yrs. ; enlisted for 3 yrs., July 18, 1862, 33d Reg., Co. A ; lost an arm ; son of Jeremiah and Sophia.

Charles Carroll Meader, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 31 yrs. ; private ; enlisted June 13, 1861 ; married ; 3 years.

James Green, Lynnfield, shoemaker ; private ; enlisted Feb. 21, 1862, for 3 yrs., Heavy Artillery, Co. 1 ; married.

Samuel W. Phillipps, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 30 yrs. ; private ; Oct. 21, 1862, Heavy Artillery, Co. 2 ; married.

Herbert A. Skinner, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 26 yrs. ; private ; enlisted Oct. 21, 1862, Heavy Artillery, Co. 2 ; married.

George N. Whiting, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 33 yrs. ; private ; enlisted Oct. 21, 1862, Heavy Artillery, Co. 2 ; married.

A. Noble, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 21 yrs. ; private ; enlisted Jan. 6, 1862, for 3 yrs., Unattached Cavalry ; single.

William C. Whitcomb, Lynnfield, clergyman, 43 yrs. ; chaplain ; married ; died at Newbern, N. C.

Joseph E. Newhall, Cambridge, farmer, 18 yrs. ; enlisted Sept. 19, 1862, for 9 mos., 47th Reg., Co. A ; single ; son of Joseph.

Jonas P. Barden, Lynnfield, farmer, 18 yrs. ; enlisted July 30, 1862, for 3 yrs., 39th Reg., Co. A ; single ; private.

Anthony P. Hegner, Lynnfield, locksmith, 18 yrs. ; private ; enlisted July 31, 1862, 39th Reg., Co. A ; 2d corporal.

Samuel H. Mitchell, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 18 yrs. ; enlisted July 31, 1862, 39th Reg., Co. A ; single.

Jesse Crosby, Lynnfield, 34 yrs. ; enlisted June 13, 1861, for 3 yrs., 11th Reg., Co. I ; private ; discharged ; married.

Benjamin Crowell, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 38 yrs. ; June 13, 1861, for 3 yrs., 11th Reg., Co. I ; single ; discharged ; re-enlisted, and killed near Port Hudson, Louisiana, May 21, 1863 ; he was a private.

Charles H. Forrester, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 21 yrs. ; enlisted June 13, 1861, 11th Reg., Co. I ; single ; private ; son of Peter and Eunice.

Ira M. Ramsdell, Lynnfield, 23 yrs. ; private ; enlisted June 13, 1861, 11th Reg., Co. I ; single ; son of Joseph and Sophia.

Joseph H. Richardson, Lynnfield, 22 yrs. ; enlisted June 13, 1861, 11th Reg., Co. I ; single ; son of Aaron and Mary.

Joseph L. Wiley, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 26 yrs. ; private ; June 13, 1861, 11th Reg., Co. I ; wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863 ; single ; son of Robert and Rosetta.

George M. Somers, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 34 yrs. ; private ; enlisted July 31, 1862, for 3 yrs., 39th Reg., Co. A ; married.

Francis S. Richardson, farmer, Lynnfield, 24 yrs. ; private ; enlisted July 30, 1862, for 3 yrs., 39th Reg., Co. A ; single ; son of John and Lucinda.

George Cox, Lynnfield, 24 yrs. ; private ; Sept. 19, 1862, 9 mos., 50th Reg., Co. E ; married ; farmer ; son of Benjamin and Clarissa.

Benjamin T. Brown, Lynnfield, painter, 25 yrs. ; private ; Sept. 19, 1862, 9 mos., 50th Reg., Co. E ; single ; son of William H. and Sarah.

Irving Richardson, Lynnfield, shoemaker, 21 yrs. ; private ; Sept. 19, 1862, 9 mos., 50th Reg., Co. E ; single ; son of Osborne and Mary.

William C. McIntire, Lynnfield, 30 yrs. ; Sept. 3, 1862–June 16, 1865 ; ex-privateer of service, 40th Reg., Co. F.

George A. Norwood, Lynnfield, 18 yrs. ; single ; Sept. 3, 1862–June 10, 1865 ; time out ; 40th Reg., Co. F ; son of James and Elmira ; died at 80 yrs.

Reuben Purdy, Lynnfield, 28 yrs. ; Sept. 3, 1862–June 16, 1865 ; time out ; 40th Reg., Co. F.

Capt. Thomas R. Keenan, Lynnfield, 25 yrs. ; Feb. 26, 1864–September, 1864 ; discharged for disability ; single.

Edwin T. Hills, Lynnfield, 18 yrs. ; single ; Sept. 2, 1861 ; discharged Oct. 31, 1862 ; disability ; First Company Sharpshooters, M. V., three years.

George A. Richardson, Lynnfield, 35 years ; enlisted Dec. 16, 1863, for three years, First Reg. Heavy Artillery, M. V.

Henry A. Hewes, Lynnfield, 29 years ; enlisted Aug. 26, 1863 ; died at Newbern, N. C., Oct. 2, 1863 ; married ; son of Joel and Sarah.

Joseph H. Forrester, Lynnfield, 21 yrs. ; single ; quartermaster sergeant ; enlisted Aug. 14, 1863, 3d Reg. Heavy Artillery, M. V., three years ; son of Peter and Eunice.

Isaac H. Mitchell, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 25 yrs.; enlisted Aug. 7, 1862, 39th Reg., Co. H; married; wounded.

Jonathan H. Mitchell, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 33 yrs.; private; enlisted Aug. 12, 1862, 39th Reg., Co. A; married; was in Libby Prison.

William Oliver Mansfield, farmer, Lynnfield, 21 yrs.; enlisted July 31, 1862, for three years, 39th Reg., Co. A; single; son of Oliver and Elizabeth.

Wendell G. Nichols, farmer, Lynnfield, 24; private; enlisted July 31, 1862, for three years, 39th Reg., Co. A; single.

Levi S. Russell, shoemaker, first lieutenant, Lynnfield, 31 yrs.; May 4, 1863, 11th Reg. Infantry, three years; was second lieutenant, Aug. 28, 1862, and first sergeant, June 13, 1861; son of Orin and Esther.

Joseph L. Wiley, corporal, Lynnfield, 26 yrs.; June 13, 1861, 11th Reg. Infantry, M. V., three years.

John P. Mead, Lynnfield, 27 yrs.; killed July 21, 1861, at the battle of Bull Run, Va.

Daniel B. Wiley, Lynnfield, 18 yrs.; single; June 13, 1861, three years, 11th Reg. Infantry, M. V.; son of Robert and Rosetta.

Joseph Martin, Lynnfield; mustered Aug. 17, 1863, for three years; deserted March 27, 1864; belonged to 16th Reg. Inf., Co. K, M. V.

George O'Neil, Lynnfield, 32 yrs.; mustered July 14, 1861; discharged Oct. 10, 1861, for disability; hospital steward; 17th Reg. Inf., M. V.

James Conner, Lynnfield, 35 yrs.; mustered July 30, 1861; discharged Feb. 2, for disability; 17th Reg., Co. A, M. V., three years.

Charles P. Skinner, Lynnfield, 18 yrs.; mustered Aug. 6, 1862; transferred Sept. 26, 1863, to R. C., Co. C, 33d Reg., M. V., three years; lost an eye; son of Caleb and Mary.

George O. Ramsdell, sergeant, Lynnfield, 32 yrs. ; mustered Aug. 14, 1863, Co. D, 3d Reg. H. A., M. V., 3 yrs.

James H. Newhall, Lynnfield, 39 yrs. ; mustered Dec. 29, 1863, Co. D, 3d Reg. H. A., M. V., 3 yrs.

Henry E. Wiley, Lynnfield, 18 yrs. ; mustered Jan. 5, 1864, Co. D, 3d Reg. H. A., M. V., 3 yrs.

George Reed, Lynnfield, 18 yrs. ; mustered Jan. 5, 1864, Co. D, 3d Reg., M. V., 3 yrs.

J. Atwell Noble, first sergeant, Lynnfield, 21 yrs. ; mustered Dec. 27, 1861, Co. L, 3d Reg. of Cavalry, M. V., 3 years.

Edward Moulton, Lynnfield, 21 yrs. ; mustered Dec. 31, 1864, 3d Reg. of Cavalry, M. V., 3 yrs.

Zachary Wiley, Lynnfield, 21 yrs. ; Dec. 31, 1864, Co. N, 3d Reg. of Cavalry.

Charles E. Wiley, Lynnfield, 26 yrs. ; mustered Dec. 31, 1864, Co. C, 4th Reg. of Cavalry, M. V., 3 yrs.

James Gray, Lynnfield ; mustered Aug. 9, 1862 ; died July 17, 1863, at New Orleans, La. ; Co. I, 3d Regiment Cavalry, M. V., 3 years.

Herbert A. Skinner, Lynnfield, 26 yrs. ; corporal ; mustered Oct. 20, 1865, Co. B, First Battalion H. A., M. V., 3 years ; married.

James G. Robinson, Lynnfield, 34 yrs. ; mustered Jan. 5, 1864 ; First Battalion H. A., M. V., 3 years.

Daniel P. Cook, Lynnfield, 33 yrs. ; mustered Aug. 31, 1864, Co. G, First Reg. of Cavalry, M. V., 3 years ; died.

Justus W. Emerson, shoemaker, Lynnfield, 21 yrs. ; Sept. 19, 1862 ; private, 9 mos., 50th Reg., Co. E ; single ; son of Oliver and Eliza ; re-enlisted Sept. 1, 1864 ; First Reg. Cavalry, M. V., 3 years.

Osborne Richardson, Jr., shoemaker, Lynnfield, 19 yrs. ; private ; Sept. 19, 1862 ; 9 mos., 50th Reg., Co. E ; single ; son of Osborne and Mary.



BRYANT HOUSE, 1809.

Henry B. Wellman, cabinet maker, Lynnfield, 22 yrs.; private; Sept. 19, 1862, 9 mos., 50th Reg., Co. E; single; died in hospital at Baton Rouge, La., May 30, 1863; son of Thomas and Sophia.

Myron H. Whittredge, shoe cutter, Lynnfield, 20 yrs.; private; Sept. 19, 1862; 9 mos., 50th Reg., Co. E; single; son of William A. and Mary J.

Joshua Gilman Hawkes, teacher, Lynnfield, 31 yrs.; Oct. 11, 1862; 9 mos., 52d Reg.; single; son of Joshua and Abigail; died, drowned July 24, 1863.

ROLL OF HONOR, LYNNFIELD'S FALLEN HEROES.

Henry B. Wellman.	Jonathan Pilling.
Asa R. Reed.	Henry E. Hewes.
Benj. W. Parsons.	Daniel Townsend.
George W. Wiley.	Wendell Nichols.
Edward S. Coney.	Charles Forrester.
Henry A. Gates.	John P. Mead.
Richard H. Hewes.	Joseph Wiley.
James M. Roberts.	Thomas Keenan.
Henry E. Wiley.	Joshua G. Hawkes.
Manfred C. Cook.	William H. Gray.
James Norwood.	Daniel Needham.
William C. Whitcomb.	Thomas W. Harris.
Benjamin Crowell.	Daniel P. Cook.
Jonas P. Barden.	Ebenezer Parsons.
George W. Young.	Ebenezer Hart.
Charles E. Goss.	George W. Wellman.
Joseph L. Hart.	George A. Norwood.

George Norwood.

Memorial day was first publicly observed in 1880. The address was given by Mr. Eben. Parsons, of this town, who also gave one in 1892, and we are pleased to select a few sentences from this first address, especially as they were the

words of a man who can boast that both of his grandfathers were soldiers of the Revolution : —

“And we who saw them leave the plough afield, the shoe unmated in the shop, their homes and all they held dear, to rush to the defence of Washington, and parry the expected thrust at the nation’s heart, and as the contest deepened, and it became evident that we had engaged in no sham fight, or sixty days’ affair, but in a death grapple with the Titans of discord and misrule, when we saw them quietly buckle on their armor for the struggle of years, and resolutely march forward with hardship, disease, and death, disputing the way at every step, did we then doubt that the blood of the heroes of the Revolution was circulating still, that we again had defined for us the word *patriotism*, and saw it illustrated in brilliant colors?

“Few grudged then the soldier his meed of praise, and ‘hurrah for the boys in blue’ was no mere holiday burst of eclat, but the expression of a deep sentiment of gratitude and well wishing, mingled with reverence for their courage, and energy, and sacrifice.”

“Many a one who, till then, had seemed a mere waif of society, who had never found his niche of usefulness, and had been looked upon by his neighbors as an eccentric and ne’er do well, suddenly found his place and fell into line, showing that manliness and heroism were there, needing only that the exigency should tear away the mask.

“On this beautiful Memorial day that stands at the wide-open gates of summer, her hands filled with Nature’s floral bounty, we will take these elements of her transfiguration and fitting emblems of ours, and lay them above the sacred dust of those who fought and fell, that we might live and enjoy the blessing of the noblest and freest country earth bears upon her bosom.

“And may it never become a mere perfunctory service, tediously and ceremoniously performed, but an enthusiastic

tribute of gratitude, a sacred souvenir of the sadness we felt in our country's darkest hour, mingled with the joy that filled our hearts when victory perched upon the standard their hands upheld and defended.

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“They see the tribute fond their comrades lay
On the green turf that hides their dust away,
And say, albeit unheard by mortal ear,
‘Loved and remembered yet another year.’”

And we add the following stanza from the same pen : —

“Glory Hallelujah !
There's light in the sky;
Glory Hallelujah !
At length the bondman's cry
Has pierced the thick o'erhanging clouds
And reached the throne on high.
The stripes and stars hurrah !
Our joy shall echo far.
The stripes for our oppressors now,
For us each shining star.”

Lynnfield at the present time has two observances on Memorial day, one at the Centre and one at the south part of the town, and generally there are two orations and two collations. Rev. Harry L. Brickett has many times addressed them, and Mr. Eben. Parsons twice, as previously stated. He has also given a poem.

CAMP OF THE LYNNFIELD VETERANS.

In response to a call signed by Geo. H. S. Driver and I. H. Mitchell, addressed to the veterans of Lynnfield and issued in June, 1893, a goodly number of them gathered at the house of A. E. Copeland, and committees were appointed to perfect a permanent organization, draw up a constitution, etc. The meeting was then adjourned to be held at the town hall a month later. Among the first to become members were the following : —

A. E. Copeland.	Benj. T. Brown.
Geo. H. S. Driver.	P. McArthur.
I. H. Mitchell.	C. F. Pearson.
A. O. Ramsdell.	J. H. Newhall.
G. Williams.	D. D. Hewes.
J. W. Emerson.	O. Richardson.
Geo. O. Ramsdell.	

Afterward the following comrades became members : —

T. E. Brown.	Thomas West.
F. J. Coggin.	Jerome N. Day.
E. Q. Moulton.	Geo. Reed.
Daniel F. Brown.	Reuben Coates.

The following sons of veterans also became associate members : Harold B. Driver, Geo. H. Driver, Charles E. Pearson. Many of the townspeople became contributing members.

The first camp fire was held Nov. 14, 1893, and was a complete success. Comrade Dickey delivered an address in the town hall to a very appreciative audience. By these means the camp has now a fund of \$68.15, of which amount \$5 was donated as a nucleus by Mr. E. Parsons for the special object of obtaining tablets to be placed in the town hall, or else to provide some other memorial of the veterans deceased.

The officers of the camp are as follows : —

- A. E. Copeland, Commander.
- Benj. T. Brown, Vice-Commander.
- Geo. H. S. Driver, Chaplain.
- Geo. H. S. Driver, Quartermaster.
- I. H. Mitchell, Adjutant.
- A. O. Ramsdell, Guard.
- C. F. Pearson, Past Commander.

One member has been mustered out, viz., Geo. O. Ramsdell.

Extract from a letter written by Benjamin W. Parsons to his cousin, E. Parsons : —

SHIP ISLAND, MISS., March 5, 1862.

Dear Coz,—It is now more than two months since I have seen the face of a friend, and it may be years, or even eternity, before we shall meet again. I sometimes think, shall I always be well? Will the climate always agree with me as well as now, or shall I, like some others, be taken with the Southern complaints and be carried away? We have but little sickness now in our camp, but we know not how soon we may be attacked by disease, and then what shall we do? Here are three companies of cavalry without medicines or surgeon, with no one directly to look out for us, depending on the charities of the "Dough Boys'" surgeon for all we have. This is not as it should be with such a corps of men as we are supposed to be. Supper is the order, and I must stop. After tattoo, and I will finish this letter that it may go by the morning mail.

Our life in camp is very pleasant, interspersed with incidents exciting in themselves, as the participators will testify. Once or twice a week I take a journey up the island for wood; the distance to the woods is seven miles. The way we bring down the wood is to make a raft and tow it down, wading in the water all the way; most of the time it is about three feet deep, but in some of the places it is over your head.

One day last week I went for logs to build a cook house, and at about four in the afternoon two of us started to bring down the raft; it was large, and we moved slowly, and when we reached the pickets it was after dark; the countersign had been given, and there I was, a sergeant, arrested by the grand guard and taken to the guard-house, and you may guess I felt well, wet to the skin from head to foot, my boots and socks sent into camp by one of the men who had gone before. I had to wait quite awhile before the officer of the day came, and when he did come I had two miles to walk before I could get dry clothes.

But my experience is nothing compared to some of the men's. Only yesterday a boat's crew left the upper end of the island to come to camp. The wind was out, and they came near being blown on to the rebel's territory, but by dint of hard work they succeeded in reaching the island, after being blown some ten miles from it. I tell you the men were glad to get back to camp, and some of them say they will never venture in a boat again while on the island. Still another boat's crew came near being lost through the inexperience of the officers. They went away on Sunday to another island near this, and were unable to leave until Monday on account of the weather, then the men were exhausted from the want of proper food. The boat drifted to the leeward, despite all their exertions to the contrary, and had it not been for one of the gun-boats

going to their aid, they would have been rebel prisoners long before this, as there was a gun-boat after them sent from the rebels.

But the saucy appearance of the "New London" strikes terror into the hearts of all the rebel officers. Why, the other morning she came in with eleven vessels in tow that she had taken in one cruise of some forty hours, and she often brings in three, four, and five at a time.

We came near being captured when we came out, as we have since learned there was a vessel lying watching for us to come, but missed us, and the next day the steam frigate "Niagara" came along. The rebels made a fatal mistake and fired into her, one of our largest men-of-war. The result was the frigate opened a broadside on her, and she lay helpless on the water, everything swept smooth to the deck. The hulk now lies almost on the beach in front of our quarters, and we are thus daily reminded of our narrow escape. Will write more soon.

B. W. PARSONS.

Address Sergt. B. W. Parsons, care of Capt. Magee, 2d Div. Light Cavalry, Ship Island, Miss.

CHAPTER XII.

Families of Lynnfield.

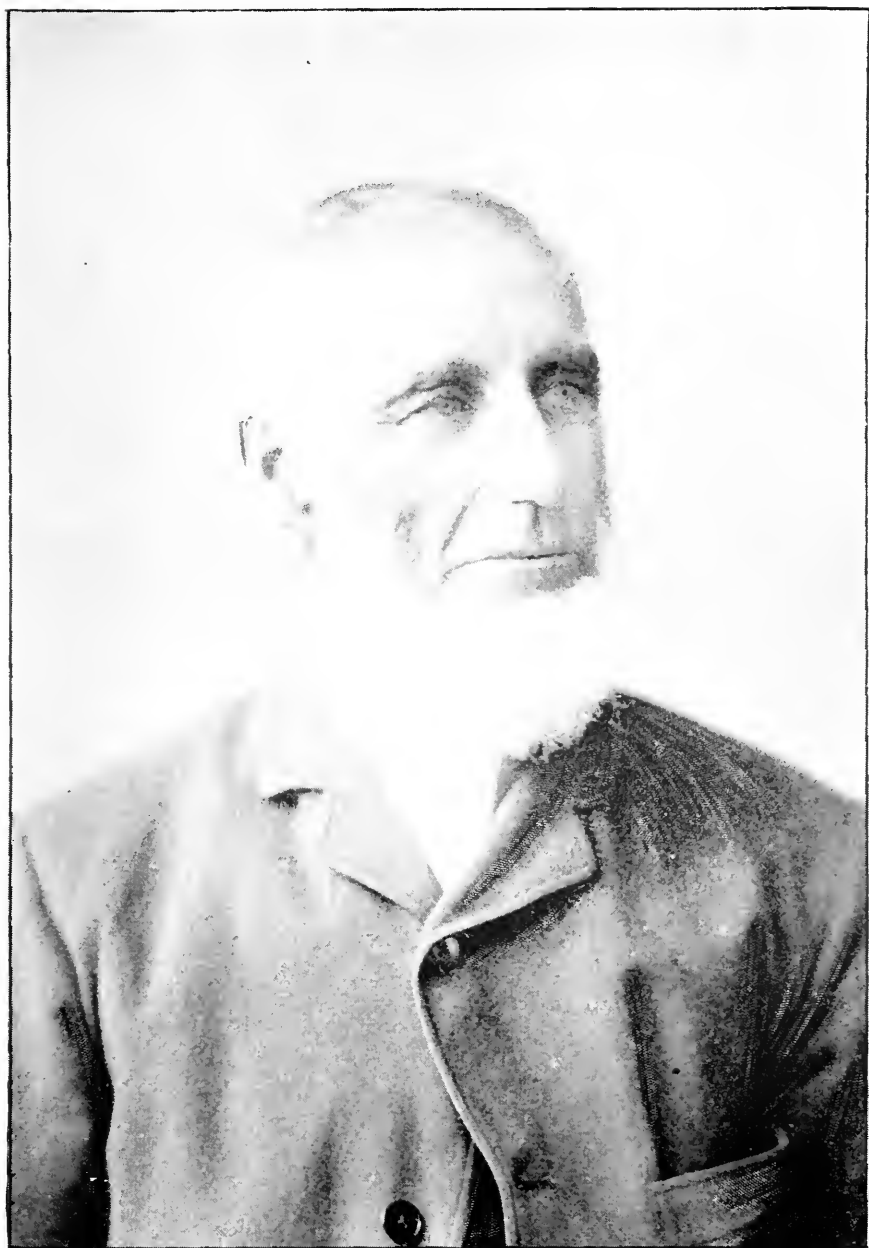
THE Aborns came to Lynn more than two hundred years ago, and it is said the first of that name was Samuel. Samuel came to Lynn End, now Lynnfield, and purchased eleven acres of land in the eastern part of the town for forty pounds of bills of credit, Dec. 19, 1738, and at that time probably built the large house, torn away a few years ago. One prominent member of the Aborns was Dr. John Aborn, who died in the forty-first year of his age, Nov. 8, 1768. His wife was Rebecca Bancroft. Another was Dea. Aborn, who lived at the west part of the town, in the Miles Thurston house. Dea. John Aborn and his brothers and sisters were born in this house, and lived there till their removal to Wakefield. Dea. John, when the chapel was built for the Central Church a few years ago, gave \$50 as a memorial of his grandfather Aborn, who was an officer in the church. In the Peabody Academy of Science, at Salem, is a large wild-cat stuffed, killed in Lynnfield by Eben. Aborn, 1832, which looks as fresh as if just taken from the woods.

Thomas Bancroft, who first came over, was born in England. He died Aug. 19, 1691. He is recorded in the county records as Lieut. Thomas Bancroft. He owned a large tract of land and built a house near Beaver Dam, at Lynnfield. He was married, before leaving England, to Miss Elizabeth Metcalf, of Dover. He was buried at Wakefield, where his ancient tombstone may still be seen. His brother, who left

England with him, settled in Brimfield, Conn., and another died on the passage here or soon after. He had three sons : Thomas, who settled in Reading, and it is said built the fourth house in that place, about 1669, where he died June 12, 1718 ; another son, Ebenezer, has posterity still residing in Lynnfield Centre ; John Bancroft, his second son, born March 3, 1650, died Jan. 25, 1739, aged 89 years, at Lynnfield, leaving three sons and five daughters : Mary, married David Wellman ; Eliza, a Mr. Carter ; Susan, a Mr. Waite ; Eunice, Mr. Bancroft ; Jane, Mr. Whitney. He also had by his second wife, Nathaniel, born Oct. 28, 1715. Timothy, his second son, settled in Lunenburg. Nathaniel married May 18, 1749, Mary Taylor, of Sudbury, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. The three eldest sons and one daughter died in infancy. Hannah married John Danforth, left a son who also resided in Lynnfield, being the father of the late John Danforth, and grandfather of the present John M. Danforth, of this place.

Nathaniel Bancroft was deacon of the First Church in this town, as was his father before him, and the house he built one hundred and fifty years ago is still standing. He had a son, Thomas, born Nov. 4, 1765, married Elizabeth Ives of Salem, and he died at Canton, China, Nov. 15, 1807, leaving a son, Thomas Boyington Bancroft. James, son of John, married Esther Smith, of Reading, and died Aug. 22, 1814, aged 82 years. His wife died March 25 of the same year. He was, by trade, a house joiner, and cultivated a small farm in Lynnfield, inherited from his father. He left one son, James, who fought in the Revolutionary War, and who was the father of four sons and three daughters. James, Henry, Charles, Sarah Parsons, and Harriet lived to mature age ; the latter became the wife of Rev. Benjamin C. Cutler, of Brooklyn, New York, an Episcopal clergyman.

Henry Bancroft, born Aug. 9, 1786, was the only one who spent his life and died in this town. He married Eliza,



WILLIAM R. ROUNDY.

daughter of Rev. Joseph Mottey, of Lynnfield, Oct. 16, 1821 ; was by profession a mariner ; began his career the 5th of November, 1800 ; April, 1804, was chosen mate of a ship ; in June was first officer, aged seventeen years and ten months ; Dec. 7, 1806, took command of a brig when but nineteen years and four months, and from that continued as master (with the exception of two years as first officer, and one cruise as second lieutenant of a privateer, during the war of 1812-15) till the last of December, 1835, when he quit the sea and resided in Lynnfield Centre till his death, Feb. 10, 1869. He had two sons and one daughter : George Mottey, lost at sea, February, 1851 ; Henry Alexander, returned from Canton, China, August, 1856, after an absence of seven years ; the daughter, Eliza Ann Moody, married Cyrus Wakefield, Esq., of Wakefield, Mass., October, 1841.

The Bancroft family is quite widely diffused. It is said that Samuel Bancroft, who was the father of Rev. Aaron Bancroft, had four sons and seven daughters. His wife died November, 1813, leaving a posterity of three hundred and thirty-three. The Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, before mentioned, was the father of George Bancroft, the eminent historian of this country, thus we show that he sprang from a Lynnfield family.

Lieut. Thomas Bancroft, who is buried at Wakefield, has the oldest tombstone in that town. He was interred in the first burial ground in the Common not far from the Pagoda. When the ground was merged into the Common, his stone, with the others, was moved to the more recent ground. As he belonged to Lynnfield, and died here, it would be a good plan to bring back his monument where he lived and died.

One branch of this family is that of Thomas Bancroft, who came from Reading, married Lydia Brown, and reared a large family of children. Henry succeeded his father on his farm, which was very valuable and was once the Wellman

estate. Mr. Thomas Bancroft married Ruth Wellman for a second wife. Warren, a son of Thomas, was deacon of the church here, and left a large family. Joseph T., his son, was elected to the same office as his father. Thomas Bancroft, son of Thomas aforesaid, was known, till his death in 1861, as an extensive hardware merchant in Salem, and was the father of Dea. Thomas Frederick Bancroft (all natives of Lynnfield), of Lynn, who was killed at the Revere disaster a few years ago.

Miss Mary Mansfield Bancroft, who died Nov. 21, 1886, was a daughter of Thomas Bancroft. She was an earnest, helpful, Christian woman. At her death she left the Evangelical Congregational Church, of which she was a member, a fund of one thousand dollars, beside other gifts.

Henry Bancroft, son of Thomas and Lydia (Brown) Bancroft, was born Dec. 8, 1806, and died Feb. 23, 1870. Henry Bancroft was a farmer by occupation, and lived in Lynnfield all his life, except for a brief period which he spent in Andover, Mass. He married Eunice Mansfield, Jan. 12, 1837. Their children were Abby A. and Eunice M. He was a member of the Orthodox Congregational Society from its beginning. He never courted publicity, but lived a quiet, unobtrusive, kindly life. His only surviving child, herself an honored member of the community, holds his memory dear and precious. He had two daughters, both of whom have been wives of George E. Herrick, who was born at Salem, March 22, 1835; moved to Danvers, 1844, now Peabody; studied at Thetford, Vt.; taught school in Massachusetts and Vermont; came to Lynnfield, April 24, 1861, when he was married to Miss Abby A. Bancroft; was married April 5, 1877, to her sister, Eunice M. Bancroft; was chosen deacon of Central Church, Feb. 17, 1879; was on the school committee sixteen years; has two sons and two daughters; resides at Cedar Hill farm.

George E. Batchelder was born in Salem, Mass., Sept 7,

1832; attended the Phillips Grammar and English High Schools; married Miss Rebecca P. Southward, of Salem, Nov. 23, 1858. Their only child, Mary Chesler, now Mrs. Frank M. Soule, with their three children, George B., Lewis, and Gladys, make their home in Montclair, N. J. His daughter was married Oct. 8, 1884, and his eldest grandson, George B., was born July 26, 1885, in Lynnfield Centre. Mr. Batchelder resided in Somerville fifteen years, from March 10, 1869, removing to Lynnfield Centre, June 19, 1884, where he still resides. Has been connected with the Baptist denomination forty-two years. His connection with the Boston and Maine Railroad extended over a period of more than thirty-two years, holding the offices of clerk and freight auditor under Supt. William Merritt and General Manager James T. Furber. Since resigning his position on the Boston and Maine, he has given his attention somewhat to real estate, building several dwelling-houses in Reading and Lynnfield Centre.

The name of Brown has been scattered through the history of Lynnfield at periods of short intervals. It has also abounded just over the line in Wakefield ever since the settlement of that place. On the records of Lynnfield we find the Browns in quite large numbers a century and a half ago. We remember in our boyhood stones of memorial in the old burying ground almost sunken out of sight, bearing this worthy name, that now can't be read. On the records we find in 1750 the names of Jacob Brown, Jonathan Brown, and ten years later the name of Joseph. In the year 1800 two families removed to Charlestown who had years before come here. Besides these there were several migratory families.

James Brown settled at the south part of the town. His father lived in Charlestown, and gave each of his children farms in a more central part of the State. His son James said he did not like to live where there were so many bears and wild beasts, so the father bought a farm in what is now

this town. His wife was Lydia Nichols, of Reading. She died Oct. 2, 1786. He then married, for his second wife, Susan Wellman, of Lynnfield, who died Nov. 8, 1802.

Their children were Lydia, James, Mehitable, Timothy, Sally, John, Rebecca, Susanna, Stephen, Jonathan, and others. Rebecca married Elijah Hewes of this town. Susanna married John Seaver, and had two children, John and Mary A. Lydia was the first wife of Thomas Bancroft of Lynnfield, to whom she was married Nov. 25, 1790. She died Dec. 11, 1813. James Brown, born Oct. 3, 1771, married Elizabeth Perkins of this place, Aug. 30, 1802. They afterward moved to Danvers, afterward South Danvers, since Peabody, and died there of good old age, and were laid in Harmony Grove Cemetery. He was deacon of the South Church, and was an excellent man. His father died at the home of this son, aged seventy years. John, son of James and brother of the deacon, married Abigail West, of Salem. and Timothy married Mary Mansfield, of the same place.

Joseph Brown, at the time the oldest person in town, died of old age, July 17, 1891, aged ninety-two years three months and nineteen days, leaving quite a posterity. His father was Joseph Brown, and his mother, Mercy Southwick, and he was born in Danvers.

Mr. William Brown, who was killed at Wakefield in December, 1860, came from that place. His wife lived to a good old age. They had three sons who enlisted for their country during the last war: Benjamin T., Augustus B., and Thomas E.; the second one died, and is buried in Forest Hill Cemetery.

John Bryant was born 1722, and died 1795. He had two wives; the first was Margaret Smith, the second Anna Larcom, both natives of Beverly. His children were: Benjamin, Jonathan, Mary, Lydia, Elizabeth, Sarah, and John. Jonathan, second son, married Sarah Norwood, and they were the

parents of John, Anna, and Sarah Bryant. Mr. John Bryant died, and his widow married John Derby, of Harvard, Mass. She died June 30, 1829, having been the mother of eleven children. Of the three children of John and Sarah Bryant, Sarah died while young, and Anna, who was blind, died at the age of twenty-four, while John, who was born 1772, married Sarah Brown, April 28, 1807, and they had eight children: John, born May 3, 1810; Sarah, Jonathan, Anna, Brown, Lydia Nichols, Maria, Benjamin. Mr. John Bryant is still living at fourscore and five years of age, and Jonathan at eighty. Anna, Maria, and Benjamin still live at the old homestead. Lydia N. married Edwin Mudge, a prominent citizen of Danvers; is a widow, and still resides there with her daughter. Sarah Frances Bryant married Warren Harris of Millbury, a highly esteemed citizen of that place, where is still her residence. The house has been built in which this family reside nearly ninety years, but it attests the care of its owner, as the engraving in this book will show.

Jonathan Bryant, son of Jonathan and Sarah (Brown) Bryant, was born Jan. 11, 1815. He married Sarah P. Spokesfield, of Reading, 1839. She was the mother of his children, of whom three are living. She died 1873. He married Mrs. Hannah P. Pringle, 1874, who died February, 1884. Nov. 1, 1885, he married Mrs. Susan E. Green, of Reading. He is a farmer; was postmaster several years, and was town treasurer nine years. He is a public-spirited citizen and a representative man of Lynnfield.

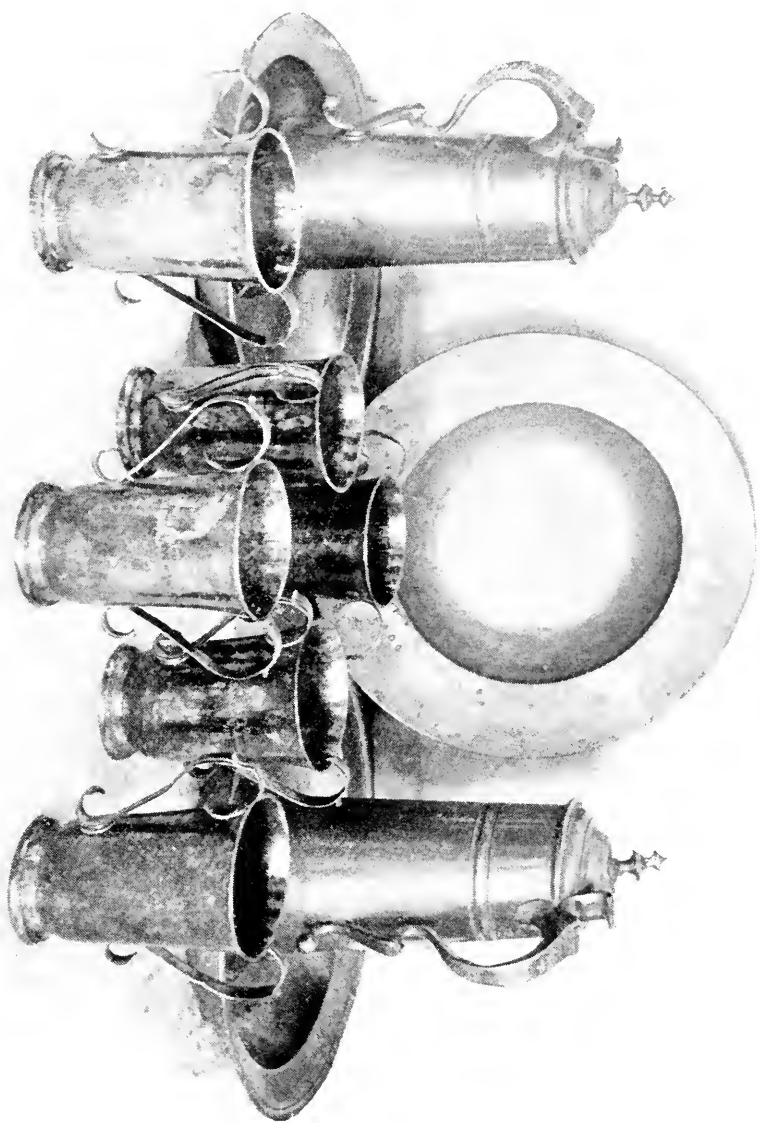
The Chasson families are residents of the eastern part of the town, and the history of them, if written out, would be one of the most interesting in town. The marriage on the town records reads as follows, date of 1828:—

“Thomas Chasson, steward of the ship ‘Hyde Bachelor,’ and Anne Henry, spinster, both at Calcutta, Fort William, in Bengal, were married at Calcutta aforesaid this thirteenth day of May, A. D. 1816, by me, Henry Shepherd, Senior, chaplain at the Presidency of Fort William.”

The above couple, natives of India, were the parents of Martha W., Lucy Ann Phillips, George W., Thomas J., Mary J., Caroline E. The father, Thomas Chasson, died, and the mother married John Stone. They had a daughter, Sarah, who, with her husband and one son, still lives on the homestead. Mrs. Stone died 1886, and is buried in Forest Hill, leaving descendants of the fourth generation, having been married sixty years before.

Rev. Ariel Parish Chute was born at Byfield, Mass., May 10, 1809, and studied at Dummer Academy in that place; was also principal of Dummer Academy, Byfield, as well as Warren Academy and Milton Academy, Woburn. He was settled over Congregational churches in Oxford, Me., Pownal, Me., Ware, Mass.; and supplied the pulpit at South Lynnfield, Mass., for six years. He died at Sharon, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 18, 1887, of pneumonia, aged seventy-eight years. Mr. Chute was a descendant of James, who settled in Byfield at its commencement in 1681, who was a grandson of Lionel, who came from England in 1635, and whose ancestry is traced back to Alexander, born in 1268. These were written on a timeworn parchment once owned by the Rev. A. P. Chute. While at Lynnfield in 1850 he kept a select school, which was greatly appreciated. He was a great collector of curiosities, and about the time he was here sold a collection for \$400. He was very much interested in the formation of the South Church in this town.

John Danforth, Esq., was born in Lynnfield, November, 1814. Married Miss Sarah H. Perkins, daughter of Dea. John Perkins, and died in the house in which he was born. He passed away suddenly after a few hours' illness at the age of sixty-six years. He had been station agent for Lynnfield Centre ever since the railroad was built, a period of twenty-five years, a position for which he was admirably adapted. He was for more than a quarter of a century selectman,



COMMUNION SET, 1737.

assessor, and overseer of the poor for this town, and discharged his duties with great fidelity. He also represented the town in the Legislature. He was one of the trustees of the Essex Agricultural Society. He owned one of the best farms in town, an heirloom from his father, grandfather, and generations back. He was laid to sleep in Forest Hill Cemetery in a lot purchased by him at its consecration, and he was the first to occupy it. The town lost a valuable citizen, his family a kind husband and father, and the community a genial friend. In religion he was a Universalist, in politics a Republican. He leaves a wife and six children, three sons and three daughters. The oldest, John M., is selectman, etc., at the present time, has twice represented the town in the Legislature, is county commissioner, has been secretary of the Essex Agricultural Society for the past two years, and ably fills other important offices. He was born Jan. 1, 1840.

Dr. Nathaniel Bancroft Danforth, who was a brother of the first-mentioned John Danforth, was born at Lynnfield, Sept. 24, 1821; and died at Wrentham, Mass., Jan. 30, 1864, aged forty-two. He was buried in the West burying ground, beside his father and mother. He practised at his profession for many years in the town of Chatham, Mass., the home of his wife. He left one son, Galen B., who went as a missionary to Syria, and married a daughter of the late Simeon Calhoun (also a missionary), but both died ere the noon of life had come, and sleep on Oriental soil.

Hubbard Emerson was born in South Reading, April 30, 1799. He was a resident of this town, and one of its most influential citizens for many years. He died Oct. 4, 1878. Cherishing his memory as one of our dearest possessions, we would quote as the fittest close to this brief notice his epitaph: "He was loved for his merry heart, his open hand, his wise counsels, his soul of honor."

George H. S. Driver was born in Salem, Feb. 4, 1842;

removed to Danvers, 1854. Went on a voyage to Zanzibar, 1860, in quest of health, which he obtained. Enlisted Oct. 4, 1861, Co. E, 23d Regiment Infantry, which was in the Burnside expedition to Hatteras. Was sick with typhoid fever, and discharged Sept. 28, 1862. Was married to Lucretia G. Larkin of Boston, Nov. 19, 1868; and has subsequently resided in Boston, Salem, Lynn, and Lynnfield, the latter place for more than ten years. He is at present in the real-estate business. Has been twice burned out in business. Is a member of the Episcopal Church, and an ardent Christian worker. He has two daughters and two sons, and owns a fine residence near the depot, Lynnfield Centre. He is one of the school committee of the town at the present time (1895).

The following tribute to Rev. Allan Gannett is copied from an article in a newspaper: "He was born in Tamworth, N. H., Jan. 5, 1804, and was the son of Dea. Matthew and Priscilla (Hayward) Gannett. His Puritan ancestors first settled in Scituate. He graduated at Dartmouth College in the same class with Hon. Salmon Chase, Prof. John Kendrick, and Rev. George Punchard. He spent two years at Andover Theological Seminary, and left in 1832. The year following he began to preach at North Conway, and was ordained as pastor of the Trinitarian Congregational Church in that place, Jan. 20, 1836. He left North Conway in 1838. From 1841 to 1843 he was acting pastor at Edgartown. In 1847 he was installed at North Beverly, where he remained until 1853. In the interval between his labors at Edgartown and his settlement at North Beverly, he resided two years or more at Georgetown, where he was engaged in editing the *Watch Tower*, a weekly religious paper, and in preparing a few young men for college. During 1853-58 he resided at Nahant, and supplied the pulpit of the Independent Church there. *During 1858-65 he was acting pastor of the Second Church of Lynnfield.* In 1871 he was married to Mrs. Ann Eliza

Osborn, of Edgartown. Mr. Gannett was an earnest and faithful preacher. . . . He died at his residence in Edgartown, Oct. 16, 1881, after an illness of about four months, at the age of seventy-seven years."

Among the older families of this town was the Geary, or, as now spelt, the Gerry family. The ancestor was Dennis Geary, of Irish blood. Lieut. John Geary was one of his descendants; Elbridge Gerry, governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States, belonged to this stock, as also did afterward Gov. Gerry of Pennsylvania. Mr. Elbridge Gerry died in this town, Aug. 17, 1882, aged seventy-three years. He was born in Hillsboro, N. H. His son, Elbridge F. Gerry, owns the mill at the Centre, and has a son who wears the honored name of Elbridge. The Stoneham families of this name sprung from Lynnfield. A picture of Gerry's mills forms one of the illustrations of this book.

Rev. Henry Solomon, son of John W. and Sophia (Bond) Green, was born at Boston, Mass., Feb. 9, 1807; studied at Amherst Academy; graduated at Amherst College, 1834, and Andover Theological Seminary, 1837; ordained at Lynnfield, Dec. 27, 1837; dismissed April 29, 1850; acted as pastor in Ballardvale, in Andover, till he was installed pastor, April 1, 1855, and died in office. He represented Andover in the Legislature. He married Mary E., daughter of Stephen and Hannah (Russell) Abbott, of Andover, where she died Jan. 27, 1878. They had five children. All died young, except Henry Mottey, who died Jan. 19, 1867. Rev. Mr. Green died at Ballardvale of apoplexy, June 11, 1880, aged seventy-eight years four months. He left in his will his home at Ballardvale at Andover as a parsonage for the Union Society, to be occupied only by the regularly settled minister of the society, and \$1,000 to endow the Green scholarship at Amherst College as a memorial gift from H. S. Green, of the class of 1834, and from H. M. Green, of the class of 1865, for the

benefit of some worthy graduate of the High or Punchard School of Andover, and \$100 each to the American Board and State Missionary Society. He sleeps in Andover, and his children who died here have been removed from this town to that. Mr. Green had many friends here, and he very often came back here, where he had hoped to spend his days, to say the last words over their sleeping forms. He named his son Henry Mottey for a former pastor here, whom he often used to speak of as Father Mottey. He was a great lover of children and young people; in turn he was much beloved by them. He was presented with a silver pitcher on leaving this place, and his wife with a gold pencil.

Stephen Gilman, son of Samuel and Sarah (Goodhue) Gilman, was born in Meredith Village, N. H., Sept. 28, 1819, and graduated at Harvard College in 1848.

For a period of about twenty years he was engaged in teaching in Massachusetts and New York. He studied law in New York City with Mann & Parsons of Wall Street, and was admitted to the New York Bar, Nov. 24, 1871, and to the Suffolk Bar in April, 1879.

In 1882 he was appointed by Gov. Long one of the trial justices of Essex County, which position he retained until November, 1894, when he resigned.

On Aug. 7, 1881, Mr. Gilman married the eldest daughter of Daniel and Sally S. (Taylor) Mansfield, of Lynnfield, Mass., namely, Esther W. Mansfield, who served as a teacher of much distinction in the public schools of the city of Boston for the period of more than thirty-three years, and received many public testimonials of the appreciation of superintendent, supervisors, school committee, and parents of the pupils under her care and instruction.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman make Lynnfield their residence.

Gowing is a name that was one of the first in Lynnfield, and till of late has always been here; and although the name

is gone, still the descendants remain. It was one of the prominent families for generations. Daniel Gowing used to be a favorite name for generation after generation, but John, Gideon, Joseph, and Nathaniel are readily to be found as having lived here.

More than one hundred years ago what is now known as the Cox farm used to be the Joseph Gowing Tavern, and the old house is still standing and occupied. Beside this, Willow Castle was built more than two centuries ago. An ancient Gowing house stood on land now of John S. Flannigan, another where the Bryant house now is or near it, another where F. P. Russell's store is, and one in the east part of the town.

The only remaining representatives of this once numerous family in Lynnfield are Mrs. Elizabeth Gowing Skinner, who has deservedly many warm friends, and her two sons, Fred and Edwin O. She is the wife of Mr. Otis W. Skinner, a thrifty farmer and worthy citizen.

The Harts were among the very first families who settled in this place, and the crossing of the road near their early home is still known as "Hart's Corner." They were noted for their firmness, etc., a trait their descendants still possess. The name of Endicott was early brought into this family, and is still worn by their descendants. The grant of land that they occupied was miles in extent.

The old Hart house stood near the one now occupied by John Bryant, and was torn down in the early part of this century, after having been inhabited by colored people and used to put hay in. The orchard, the cow yard and pig-sty were at least a quarter of a mile from the house. Several Hart houses have been built on the original grant.

The people of this name have been always ready to go at their country's call, and have had the reputation of being valiant soldiers.

Ex-Mayor Thomas N. Hart is a descendant of one of these

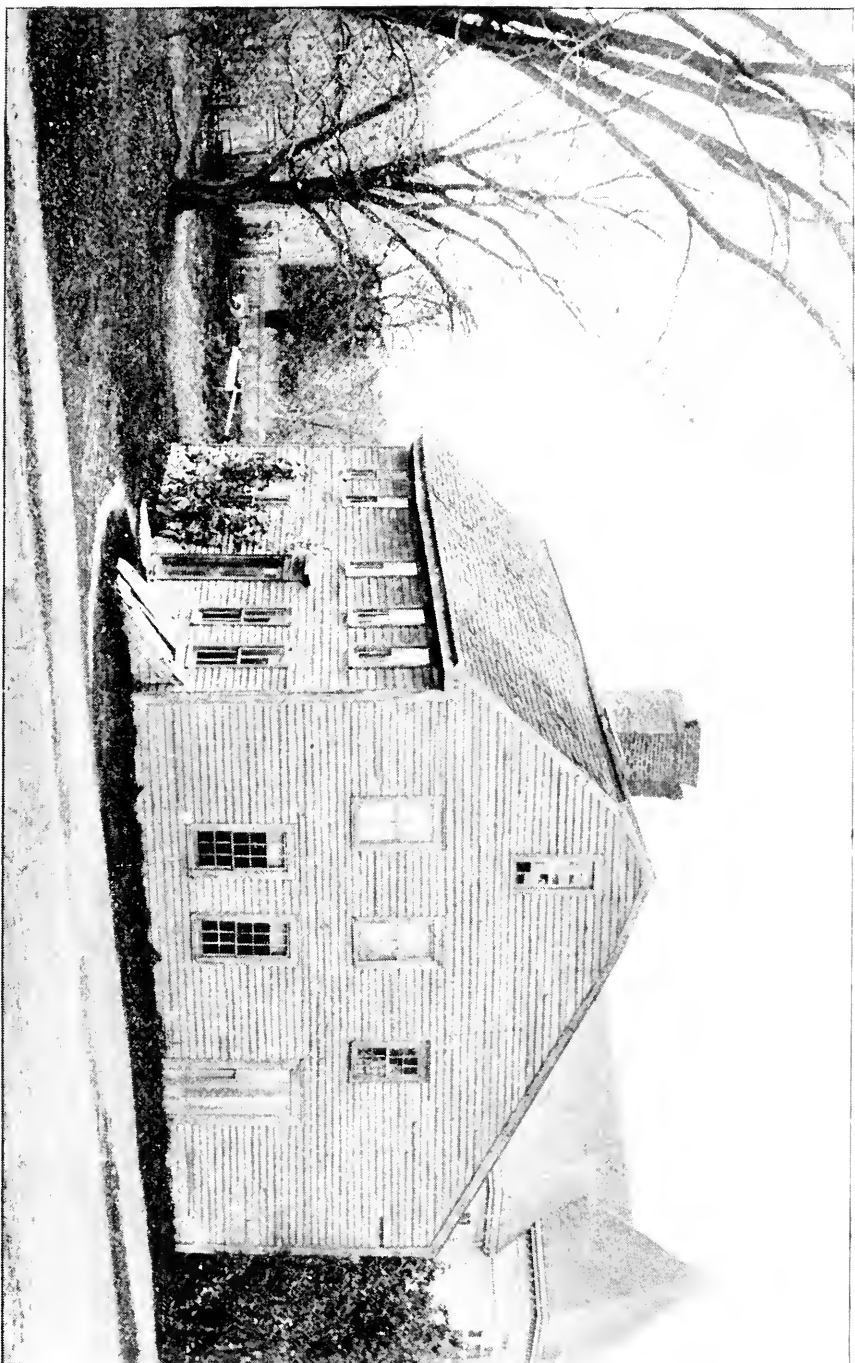
families, having been born in Lynnfield. The Hart and Tapley families and the Smiths intermarried with each other. We find among them the solid old names of John, Zerubbabel, Ebenezer, in great plenty.

The Harts still remain in town. Frank Hart, our town treasurer and collector of taxes, is a descendant of this family, others are Eben. Parsons and Henry E. Smith. It is thought that the first settler here was named Isaac. The ancient cabinet taken with the governor's chair is marked "T. H.," and is supposed to mean Thomas Hart, and it is dated.

The well-known name of Hawkes has belonged to Lynnfield ever since the settlement of the town, and the southwest part has always been their home. About a year ago George L. Hawkes sold the ancestral acres and removed to Wakefield. They were not far from the first Hawkes house built at North Saugus in 1629, where the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary was celebrated in 1879. At that time the writer could reckon more than one hundred persons who were descended from Adam and Eve Hawkes. The families have at one time and another held many important offices in precinct, district, and town. Hon. Nathan M. Hawkes, a noted lawyer of Lynn, and who is well known in other places, was born here

George L. Hawkes, above mentioned, was a selectman, and represented the town in the Legislature. Sarah P. Hawkes, also lived here, but a few years ago moved to New Hampshire, where she died.

Hon. Nathan Mortimer Hawkes was born in the house on the historic Tarbell place in Lynnfield, Nov. 1, 1843. He happened to be born there because his father inherited the farm from his Tarbell ancestors. His parents were Nathan D. and Tacy Pratt Hawkes, who were both natives of that part of Lynn which a few years after their birth became Saugus. The Tarbell place was part of the land which Adam



THE OLD PARSONS HOUSE.

Hawkes, the immigrant Englishman, left to his American-born descendants.

Mr. Hawkes attended the public schools of Lynn, and graduated at the Friends' School in Providence, R. I., in 1861. He immediately began to read law in the office of Perry & Endicott in Salem, and on his twenty-first birthday, the first day of November, 1864, on motion of Judge Endicott, he was admitted to the bar of Essex County. He has since pursued the practice of his profession. From 1867 to 1879 he was special justice of the Lynn police court. In 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872 he was a member of the common council of Lynn, during three of which years he was president of that body; also a member of the school committee, and a trustee of the public library.

He was a member of the General Court for four years, 1875, 1876, 1877, and 1878, and a member of the State Senate in 1879. He is at present a member and secretary of the Lynn Park Commission. In 1887 and 1888 the Boston *Record* published a series of sketches entitled "The Best Town to live In." Mr. Hawkes showed his interest in his native town by contributing one setting out the charms of Lynnfield. He has published a work entitled "In Lynn Woods with Pen and Camera," 1893.

The Essex Institute has printed his "Gleanings relative to the Family of Adam Hawkes," and "Semi-Historical Rambles among the Eighteenth-Century Places along Saugus River." Among his published addresses are "An Address at the Dedication of the new Town Hall at Lynnfield, Jan. 28, 1892," "Annual Address delivered before the Essex Agricultural Society at Haverhill, Sept. 21, 1893," "A Memorial Address, James Robinson Newhall, delivered before the Lynn Press Association, Jan. 17, 1894," and "An Historical Address delivered before Bay State Lodge, No. 40, I. O. O. F., at its Fiftieth Anniversary, March 6, 1894."

He is a member of the Essex Institute and of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society.

Mr. Hawkes is the holder in fee of one bit of real estate in Lynnfield which has to him a peculiar interest. It is the little enclosure which contains the tomb wherein are deposited the mortal remains of some of his kin, including his great-grandfather, Jonathan Tarbell, a Danvers minuteman, who was on Lexington Green on the 19th of April, 1775.

John, son of John Hewes, of Boston, was brought to Lynnfield when a child. He married Anna Wellman, and died Feb. 14, 1817, and was the father of John, Jacob W., Benjamin, James, Joel, Elijah, and Joshua. Excellent portraits of the father and mother are still preserved by their descendants. The western burial ground contains the ashes of many by the name of Hewes, so that it has been called the Hewes burying ground. Six monuments in it have been placed there by persons of this family.

David Hewes, son of Col. Joel Hewes, of California, entertained President Grant on a visit to that State. He also furnished the golden spike driven at the finishing of the Pacific Railroad. His brother, Charles W., was a Baptist clergyman in California at the time of his death, while his sister Ruth was the mother of Rev. Granville C. Abbott, a native of North Reading, and now a resident of California.

Hon. Orrin Hewes, of Lynn, is also a grandson of the patriarch; and Miss Mary C. Hewes, who married William L. Peabody,* and died at Omaha, Neb., was a granddaughter. Miss Mary W. Hewes, the accomplished Lynnfield Centre organist, for several years, is a great-granddaughter.

The Hewes family are remarkable for their enterprise, public spirit, and patriotism.

* A graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1856. In 1873 he was elected judge of probate, Omaha, Neb.

Joshua and James have both been shoe manufacturers in this their native town. The latter went to California in 1849, while both have held many offices of trust in town, and both have represented the town in the Legislature.

This book contains two portraits of the Hewes family, both of whom have visited California. David Hewes is at the present time a resident there. Both were born in this town, and were cousins.

James Hewes was elected to the convention to revise the Constitution; represented this town in the Legislature; a quarter of a century ago was school committee, etc. His wife was Sarah J., daughter of Bowman Viles, Esq. His eldest son, John, is a native and resident of this town, employed at the custom house, Boston. James Hewes died August, 1875, aged 55 years.

Rev. Jacob Hood, eldest son of John and Ruth (Gould) Hood, was born at Topsfield, Mass., Dec. 25, 1791, and was married to Sophia, daughter of Daniel Needham, Esq., of Lynnfield, June 1, 1820.

For many years he was a teacher in Marblehead, Salem, and other places. For about a quarter of a century he was a deacon in the South Church, Salem, and for many years a leader in its choir. A beautiful silver pitcher is still in existence that was presented to him nearly fifty years ago in appreciation of his services in the line beforementioned.

When he was sixty-eight years of age he was ordained as an Evangelical Congregational minister at Nottingham, N. H.; and he was acting pastor for years of the South Church in Lynnfield, discharging the duties in a most faithful manner.

At the age of more than seventy years he and his wife returned to Lynnfield and lived there till their decease, both greatly interested in everything around them. He served on the school committee, attending to its every detail.

He was a great help to the pastors of the church in this place, and was loved by all. He died merely of age, February, 1886; and Mrs. Sophia, his wife, November of the same year. They sleep in Forest Hill Cemetery, where a beautiful monument marks their resting place.

Their children are Jacob Augustine, who was born May 5, 1822, graduated at Dartmouth College, 1844, and Union Theological Seminary in New York in 1849, and was ordained pastor of the church at Middleton, Jan. 2, 1850, dismissed June, 1854. He has since been pastor at Pittsfield and London, N. H., and is now a preacher at Nebraska.

Daniel Needham, second son of Rev. Jacob Hood, is a professor at Rockford Female Seminary. George Henry is a well-known business man of Boston. The oldest daughter was the wife of Lieut.-Col. Henry Merritt, a native of Marblehead, where he was born June 4, 1819. He belonged to the 23d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, was killed at the battle of Newbern, N. C., March 14, 1862, and was brought home and interred in Harmony Grove, Salem. He was the father of Henry Merritt, of Salem.

Mrs. George C. Bosson, of Reading, is one of his daughters, mother of Judge Bosson, and Albert D., a former mayor of Chelsea. An excellent likeness of Rev. Mr. Hood is placed in this work. Mrs. Bosson is the donor of the fine crayon likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Hood in the chapel of the Centre Church.

Rev. and Mrs. Jacob Hood were married June 1, 1820, by Rev. Joseph Mottey at this town. They left town and were gone about forty years, when they returned. The fiftieth anniversary of their marriage was celebrated with a brilliant golden wedding, in June, 1870.

At their sixtieth anniversary, in 1880, the following poems were received, besides other kind remembrances: —

J. H. — S. N. H.

JUNE 1, 1820-1880.

“And what is so rare as a day in June?”
The poet's numbers flow;
And so sung the birds to a lively tune,
One morning the very first of June,
Just sixty years ago.

All nature caught the glad refrain
And joined the merry chime;
Flowers lent their sweetness to the strain,
The tall grass waving on the plain
Nodded in perfect time.

Oh! what is so rare as this happy day?
They carolled forth in pride;
For with light step, expectant, gay,
The youthful bridegroom comes this way
To claim his bonny bride.

May all their days be as rare as this,
Although never was one so rare,
Their path so filled with flowers of bliss
That no rude thorn or serpent's hiss
Find place of lurking there.

Oh, ne'er before in all earth's bowers
Trilled sweeter, clearer lay
Than that sung by birds and flowers,
Through all the joyous, sunny hours,
Of that rare summer day!

Full threescore years have passed since then,
And yet with song as sweet
They come to-day in joy again,
From many a vale and wooded glen,
This wedded pair to greet.

They sing of buried hopes and fears,
 To music soft and low,
 Of love that is not dimmed by years,
 But bright and brighter still appears,
 As life's flame flickers low.

They sing of lives well spent and true,
 Of deeds of duty done,
 Of hearts filled with the heavenly dew
 Of loving kindness, pity too
 For every erring one.

Then in rich liquid notes and clear
 Of social joys they tell,
 Of many friends and children dear,
 Who now are met with song and cheer
 Love's duties to fulfil.

Anon the tones increase in might,
 Then softly die away,
 Breathing a prayer for days still bright,
 Until death's hand unveils the light
 Of ever-perfect day.

M. U. NASH.

LYNNFIELD CENTRE.

The following lines were written by a college classmate : —

TO OLD FRIENDS.

A rare thing in these days appears,
 A married life of threescore years,
 Much rarer such a one attended
 By all the pleasant things here blended.
 So with congratulations due,
 We come with words sincere and true.
 A pleasure 'tis indeed to see
 So little of infirmity,
 So much of health and healthfulness,
 And a full competence to bless

With those whose pilgrimage is made
So far into life's ninth decade.
Yet the day brings (it must be true)
Something of sadness with it too :
The friends of sixty years ago,
Few of them linger here below,
And of the most who numerous meet
To-day this honored pair to greet,
The friendship certainly must date
From years comparatively late.
Happy, when early friends grow few,
Are those who find both new and true,
Whose love and sympathy assuage
The sorrows of declining age.

My knowledge of this honored man
Some forty years ago began.
He leadeth them in sacred song,
Skilled teacher too, from whom a throng
Acquired the power God's praise to sing
(Not few on high now worshipping).
Then to the pulpit from the choir
He rose, if 'tis a station higher,
And there successive years was heard,
A faithful preacher of the word,
Till, his days greatly multiplied,
He deemed it wise to step aside.
But not less to his Master true,
Whether in pulpit or in pew,
Still constant in the place of prayer,
Contributing his full share ;
And teacher of a Bible class,
In usefulness these late days pass.
And, with his estimable wife,
In intercourse of social life
Shows how best things that can engage
May cluster round extreme old age.

I hope and trust that Lynnfield Centre
Appreciates the blessings lent her.

Few are the villages that could
E'er boast of such a neighbor Hood.
Though Music's daughters are brought low,
No loud song from his lips can flow.
His very presence here by grace
Is benediction to the place,
Calm waiting call to join that choir
Whose strength ne'er fails and voices never tire.

With respect, G. T. D.

READING, June 1, 1880.

Dr. Thomas Keenan died Jan. 17, 1865, aged sixty-one years. Dr. Keenan was a native of Ireland, and for many years a successful surgeon in the English army. Having lost his health, he came to America. Thinking to pursue his former vocation, he resolved to settle in the most healthy town in the State, and in looking over a report found the town of Lynnfield stood the highest on the list. About ten years before his death he settled at the south part of Lynnfield, nearly opposite the shoe manufactory of Clarence Moulton. There he lived, though a great sufferer from heart disease, and proved himself to be one of the most, *if not the* most skilful physician in the vicinity. In religion he was an Episcopalian. He had an invalid daughter, to whom he was one of the kindest of fathers. His wife died about a year before himself. He had a son, Thomas, who enlisted in the war as private, and afterward became lieutenant and captain. He was wounded in the neck. The wound afterwards burst open, causing his death. He had other children married and residing out of this town. The father, mother, and son are all buried in the South burial ground, the doctor being borne thither by twelve citizens of the town, at his own request.

At the town meeting in March after his death the following resolutions were offered by Gen. Josiah Newhall, and unanimously adopted : —



JOHN M. DANFORTH, ESQ.

"DEATH OF DR. KEENAN. The citizens of Lynnfield, having heard with much regret of the decease of one of their most valued citizens, Dr. Thomas Keenan, desire to express in a public manner their regard and respect for his memory at their annual town meeting; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That in the decease of Dr. Keenan the people of Lynnfield have sustained a serious loss. Coming among us several years since from a foreign land, he had by his skilful practice as a physician and surgeon gained the confidence and trust of his fellow-citizens, as also of the community at large.

"*Resolved*, That we not only esteem his memory as a physician, but also his zeal for the welfare of his adopted country.

"*Resolved, also*, That as a mark of respect to his memory these resolutions be recorded in the town records.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased."

Sydney Yelverton, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Keenan, died at Boston, Feb. 2, 1868, aged twenty-eight years, of paralysis.

Capt. Thomas Keenan died at Winchester, Mass., and was brought to Lynnfield and buried in the South burying ground with his parents.

Among those of a past generation well known here in her youthful days, we recall the name of Mrs. Emily P. Lesdernier, whose sister's home was hers. She married, and became the mother of several children. Owing to adverse circumstances, the duty and pleasure of maintaining her three children devolved upon herself, which was heroically done. She assumed her maiden name. She has written books in prose and poetry which have met with favor, and we copy from her "Voices of Life," issued in 1853, some lines from a poem entitled "My Island Home": —

"My Island Home, fond love for thee
Still trails along my memory;
The dim old notes resounding,
While freighted argosies of thought
The heart's rich pearls with the past inwrought,

O'er the billowy swell are bounding.
With the hum of years
In the roll of time,
My childhood's tears,
My restless prime,
And the plaintive knell
Of the sad soul bell
From the wreck all my hopes surrounding.

"The wild waves kiss your rugged cliffs,—
Cliffs of my native shore;
The lashing tides against your breast
Their wrathful surges pour;
Your huge gray tops the dank mists crown
When reign the fog king's band,
And a foaming crest veils Neptune's frown
As he roars along the strand;
But the sunbeams creep
And with victor sweep
Falls the dispelling ray,
And the shadowy hosts
Like pallid ghosts
Melt in an hour away.

"Then smile the pretty bluebells
O'er all the rifted slopes,
Clinging with graceful sweetness,
Types of innocent young hopes.
And all around is beauty,
And all above is light,
While far down in the deep sea's cave
Sings the pale water sprite;
As that pensive 'Ula-lula' floats,
The white gull stoops her wings
And with a weird-like motion
To the briny swell she swings;
Poised like a thing enchanted,
She rocks upon the wave
As that pensive 'Ula-lula' floats
From out the deep sea's cave."

Mrs. Lesdernier was a dramatic reader, and was warmly received in this *rôle*. She was a native of Eastport, Me.

The Lynnfield Mansfields are descendants of Robert and Elizabeth Mansfield, who settled in Lynn about 1640, and were supposed to have come from Norfolk County, England. Among their children were Andrew, which has been a favorite name ever since. There is residing on the Andrew Mansfield place an Andrew Mansfield, born Aug. 26, 1883. The father of the same, with whom he resides, was born in the house on the opposite side of the street, where his father was born also of the name of Andrew, said house being built by the last Andrew's father, whose name was Andrew. The last-named Andrew was born in Peabody near the line of Peabody and Lynnfield. The Mansfield family have a silver mug which it is said has been the property of ten Andrew Mansfields.

The family came to this region from Lynn about 1730; and probably the old house near the line of the two towns, still inhabited by Mansfields, is about that age. The house near Law's shoe factory was one of the former Mansfield houses, and the old Ramsdell house, that was torn down last year to give place for a new one, was a Mansfield house, as also was the house at the corner near Lakefield Park.

Another name that never seems to wear out is Daniel. Two of this name were deacons of the church here. The first lived during the Revolutionary War, and took an active and patriotic part in the proceedings. He was a man so well liked that many of his friends named their sons for him. One of these namesakes was Rev. Daniel Mansfield, son of his cousin Andrew, born at Lynnfield, Aug. 24, 1807. He is further noticed among the collegiates of Lynnfield. His son, Ezra Abbott, died at Hyde Park.

Andrew Mansfield, a brother of Rev. Daniel, filled many offices of trust in this town. He died Dec. 17, 1869, aged sixty-eight years three months. His sons, Andrew and Albert,

have followed in the same good old way, and the former is at the present time one of the selectmen of this town.

William Mansfield lived in the house at the corner of Summer and Walnut Streets, had a very large family, among them Dr. Joseph, Dea. Edward, Schoolmaster Elbridge, since of Wakefield.

Gen. Lemuel R. Draper, of Hopedale, married a sister of Daniel Mansfield, who was born in this town and is still living, her name Lydia. Esther W. Mansfield and Judge Stephen Gilman were married Aug. 7, 1881.

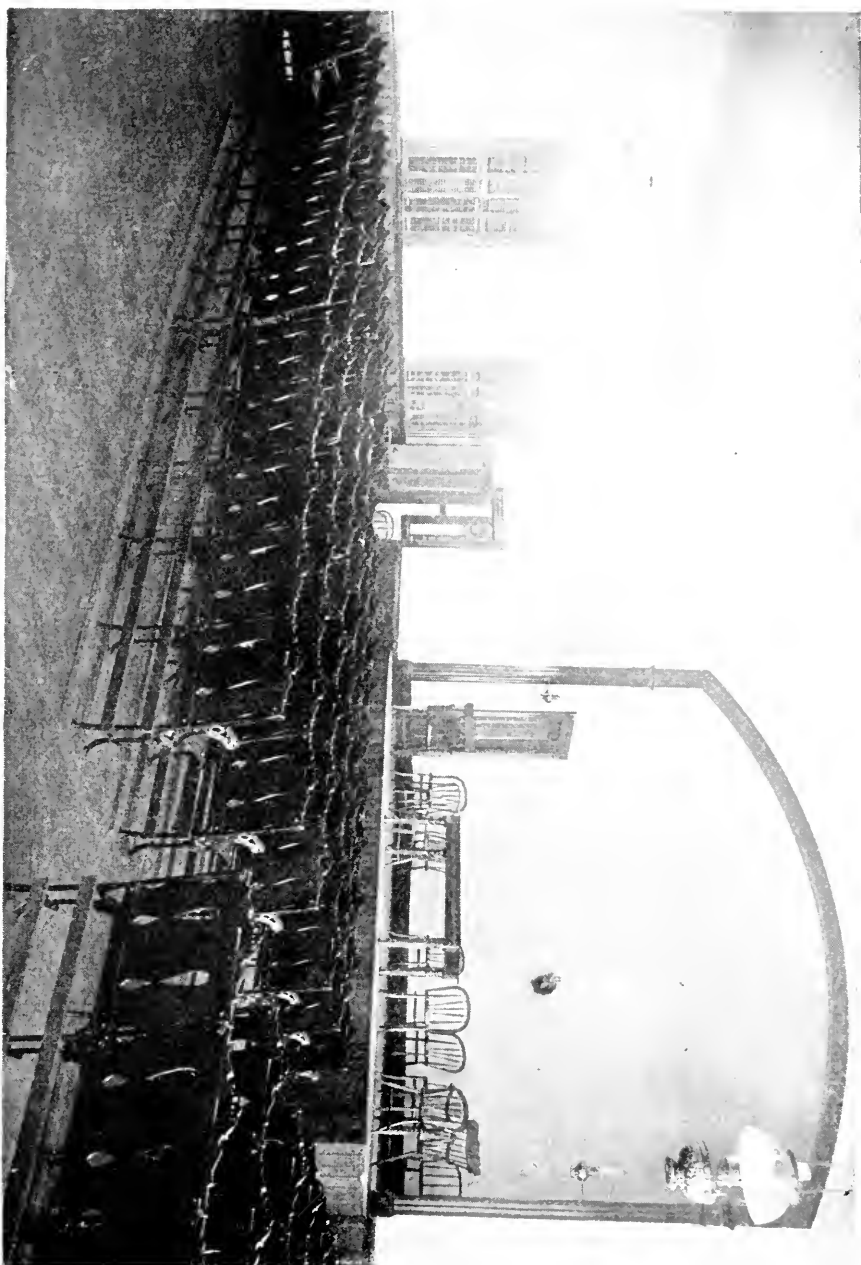
What was said of the Adams family of Quincy may be said of the Mansfield family of Lynnfield: "They were distinguished for piety, humility, simplicity, prudence, patience, temperance, frugality, industry, and perseverance."

Of Rev. Mr. Mottey one of his parishioners writes in a newspaper article: —

"I now propose to say something about a man whom I had in mind in placing the headlines to this article, but I fear I shall be unable to do anything like justice in attempting to portray the character of so distinguished an individual as the late Rev. Joseph Mottey. He was a very distinguished man in many ways, and his personal appearance] would be sure to attract attention in a crowd of strangers. He had a rather swarthy complexion, and, as I recollect him, was of somewhat more than medium height, with a compact, symmetrical frame, and an abdominal protuberance which might call to mind the description of Shakespeare's Justice: —

'In fair round belly with good capon lined.'

His natural step was rather slow, with an erect posture, or rather more than erect, for he seemed to lean a little backward as he walked. This gave him a somewhat majestic appearance, and also important, though there appeared to be



TOWN HALL INTERIOR.

nothing of pride or haughtiness in his character. He was distinguished for punctuality in all his appointments. In this connection I recollect hearing one aged man, Mr. Elias Richardson by name, make the remark that 'when Mr. Mottey died, all order died with him.' This remark was elicited by a want of punctuality in those engaged to supply the place of Mr. Mottey, after his decease. So exact was he in his visits to the sick, that sick people knew what day to expect him, as also what hour of the day, and would be prepared to receive him accordingly. He was a man of very tender, sympathetic, and withal of very sensitive tendencies, and was quick to 'show fire' when occasion called for it. Here is a case in point. One day while going to visit a sick person he had occasion to pass by the house of a man who kept four dogs, but who thought he was too poor to keep a pig. These four dogs came rushing from the house, howling like a pack of wolves, with the apparent intention of devouring the aged man. He managed to keep them off with his cane till the owner came and called them off, when Mr. Mottey stepped up to him, took him by his coat collar and gave him what one of your contributors calls 'a regular Scotch blessing,' advising him, among other things, to take some other way to raise his pork than to keep four dogs. What effect the use of a carnal weapon, together with some salutary advice, had upon the dog owner, I cannot say, but after that when dogs were heard to bark near his house, some wag would say, 'There is the poor man's pork.' Underlying the more serious and contemplative character of Mr. Mottey there was a vein of humor or wit, which would occasionally come to the surface, and made a harmless, yet effective argument with an opponent. The following incident, *as related by himself*, will explain what is here meant. A young couple, who were about to be married, made an evening call upon him with the evident intention of trying to convince him of

what they conceived to be an error on some doctrinal point. They commenced an argument, and then the young man, more readily to bring the matter to a close, took Mr. Mottey's Bible, opened it to a passage in one of St. Paul's epistles, which he thought was a 'sure clincher' for his side of the case, and offering it to Mr. Mottey, said, 'Here, read what St. Paul says about it.' Mr. Mottey, instead of taking the book, simply remarked, 'Oh, I have read many times over all that St. Paul has said about it, and St. Paul also says it is good for a man not to touch a woman.' The happy pair gave a downcast look long enough to take their natural blush, dropped the subject of polemic theology for that evening at least, and spent the remainder of the evening talking on other subjects. But Paul or no Paul, this did not prevent their coming to him shortly afterward to have the nuptial ceremony performed, and since that time they have reared a large and worthy family of sons and daughters, who are engaged in various pursuits in different parts of the country. The parent pair came to Lynnfield, the native place of one of them, and spent the closing years of their long and useful lives.

"Another small affair, but one in which he was greatly interested for a time, goes to show how easily his thin-skinned sensitiveness was affected. There stood near his house, at one time, two or three of those once fashionable and ornamental trees known as Lombardy poplars. The limbs of one of these trees came within a few feet of his study, where he wrote his sermons. On one of these limbs, so near his window, a pair of robins, after examining carefully the different places, decided to build their nest. He noticed all the movements of these birds while the nest was being built, from the placing of the first straws to its final completion, and then, to give his own words, 'the birds were married.' The daily blue-shelled deposits, by the mother bird, he also noticed. All the movements during incubation and the rearing of the

young brood till they were full fledged and ready to leave their nest were noticed and described with great particularity. In fact, he was, in a measure, obliged to notice them, as they could not go to or from the nest without drawing his attention. In the sequel to this bird story there was an exciting episode, for as soon as the fledglings left their nest the 'necessary cat,' watching her opportunity, 'gobbled' up one of them, and went trotting into the house with it. Quick as a flash the aged minister, with his uplifted cane, went for the cat, but he did not let 'the sun go down on his wrath,' nor the cane on his cat, for after a few moments' reflection he concluded that robins were made for cats as well as cats for robins, or rather to prey upon them, and it was only the execution of one of nature's laws, and so his wrath subsided.

"He was much in the habit of walking wherever his duties called when the distance was not more than two or three miles. On one occasion, when he had agreed to exchange pulpits with the late Rev. Reuben Emerson, as Mr. Mottey had no horse, Mr. Emerson proposed going to Lynnfield in season for Mr. Mottey to take his horse and carriage and return with them to Lynnfield after the services were closed, and so avoid the journey on foot for either of them; but 'No,' said Mr. Mottey, 'St. Paul says "that every man shall bear his own burdens."' 'Yes,' replied Mr. Emerson, 'and St. Paul also says, "bear ye one another's burdens."' 'Ah, I thought you would say that,' said Mr. Mottey, 'but I choose to walk.'

"It would seem that his religious views were in some respects modified after preaching some twenty years or more; noticing this, one of his parishioners, in conversation with him, remarked, 'I don't think you preach just the kind of doctrine that you did when you first came here.' 'Well,' replied the venerable man, 'I have been studying and reading and preaching for thirty years, and if I had made no progress in knowledge in all that time, I should have been a very dull scholar;

and if I should study and preach for thirty years more and make no advancement in knowledge, I should still remain a very dull scholar.' But that he was a scholar, and a ripe and good one too, and one eminent in his profession, is evinced by the fact that the Faculty of Harvard College were about to confer on him the honorary D. D., and would have done so had he not died a few weeks previous to the usual time for bestowing such honors, and Harvard is not in the way of conferring them where they are not merited.

"Mr. Mottey's style of writing was plain, terse, comprehensive, and well adapted to the understanding of those who listened to him. This opinion of his style of writing is formed by reading the only published discourse of all of his writings for more than forty years, with the exception of a part he took in the ordination of a minister in a neighboring town. The discourse referred to was on the occasion of the establishment of peace with England in the year 1815, a time of great rejoicing, as all who remember it can testify. His manner of preaching was earnest, entreating, persuasive, pathetic, and at times very affecting, especially when dwelling on themes having a tendency to excite the emotions of his audience, such as the Saviour's passion in particular, and others of a kindred nature. His intense sympathy was such that more than once I have seen him so affected by the subject he was dwelling upon as to be almost unable to proceed with his discourse. His voice would tremble and he would speak in a sort of half-crying tone and be for some minutes unable to recover his usual manner of speaking. He made no attempt at gesticulation or high-flown oratory.

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"His sermons were for the most part lengthy, sometimes lasting more than an hour, tiring the patience of the children who would be gathered in that old church with no stove,

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GEORGE E. HERRICK.

fireplace, or any means of warming except the old-fashioned foot stove with a few coals in it, which some of the women would carry with them to keep their feet from freezing on cold winter days when the mercury would stand at zero or below, and 'no postponement on account of the weather' in those days. I remember on a very cold day, after listening to one of his long-drawn-out sermons, a young miss of twelve years, being too young to appreciate the wholesome lessons from the pulpit and impatient for the end of the long sermon, when it came with the words, 'Let us pray,' came near 'speaking right out in meeting,' and saying in a loud whisper, 'I should think 'twas time.'

"A peculiar trait of his character was that he was a monogamist, and held to being but once married, and in this, as in other matters, his faith and works coincided; for having been married once and having had five children, surviving them all save one, and surviving also his wife, reputed to have been a very worthy, lovely, and much respected woman, he spent the remainder of his life, some twenty-five or thirty years, I think, in the unmarried state.

.
"In matters of economy he set a good example. With a salary of \$300 and a family which must at times have been expensive, he could not well live otherwise than prudently, though it should be remembered that money in his day had a greater purchasing power than at present. He was heard to say that by not keeping a horse he had saved enough in the course of nineteen years to build his house, which is now owned and occupied by Judge Nash.

"Mr. Mottey, after a long pastorate of nearly forty-one years, a term equal to more than two thirds the sum total of the terms of all who since have followed him in the ministry, ten in number, died on the ninth day of July, 1821. Of the

fourteen who have been ordained in Lynnfield, he was the only one who died while engaged in the ministry there, with the exception of Mr. Adams, his immediate predecessor.

“He seemed to be sensible that his end was near, and said that if it was God’s will, it was his that it should be his last sickness, and gave some special directions with regard to his burial. He did not choose those of his own cloth for bearers, according to the more modern custom, but requested that four indigent men should be the bearers of his lifeless body to its final resting place, which was but a few rods from his house, and that they should be paid an adequate sum for their services, I think it was a dollar for each of them. Another direction which he gave was a most grievous disappointment to his daughter and many others: it was that all his sermons, more than three thousand in number, which had been preserved up to that time, should be burned. His daughter and only surviving child, the late Mrs. Henry Bancroft, was very anxious to save a few of them as keepsakes and for her own perusal; but no, filial duty prevailed over all other considerations, and they were all committed to the flames.

“What were Mr. Mottey’s motives in thus disposing of his work of nearly a lifetime can only be left to conjecture. We may infer, however, that he did not mean to have his writings hawked about and criticised, and perhaps garbled and distorted, for the benefit or gratification of religious disputants. So anxious was Mrs. Bancroft to obtain a single item of all her father’s writings, that learning I had a copy of the discourse referred to in this article, she came to me nearly forty years after her father died to borrow it.

“Much more might be written and other anecdotes related about this man, but I must bring this already too lengthy article to a close by summarily saying of Mr. Mottey that he

was a kind husband, an affectionate parent, a faithful friend, a social companion, a good man, and a true Christian minister.

‘And in a word, far, far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,
He was complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.’ ”

HUMFREY LAKE.

Judge Stephen Gordon Nash, a prominent lawyer of Boston, judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts from 1855 to 1859, was born at New Hampton, N. H., April 4, 1822 ; son of John and Abigail Ladd (Gordon) Nash. He fitted for college at the literary institution in his native place. He entered Dartmouth College in Hanover at the age of sixteen, graduating in the largest class that ever left the institution, that of 1842. After leaving college he was professor of ancient classics at New Hampton one year, commencing in 1843. He was principal of Noyes Academy one year in Franklin, N. H., 1845 and 1846 ; he read law with Judge George W. Nesmith, — in the latter year was admitted to the bar in Boston. In 1855 he was a candidate for speaker of the House of Representatives, having been elected to that house as a representative from Boston. Being thirty-three years of age, the same year, he was appointed justice of Suffolk Superior Court, where he remained four years, and where he was regarded as talented, just, and of a superior mind. When the Superior Court and that of Common Pleas were merged together, he retired from the bench to attend to his large and increasing practice.

He made a trip to Europe in 1859, and on his return was married at Wakefield to Miss Mary, daughter of Edward and Betsy Upton of that place, Feb. 21, 1861. Two sons were born to them, named Arthur Upton and Gordon, both of whom died before their father. In 1872 he purchased the

fine homestead in Lynnfield, where his widow still lives. He and his wife made another visit to Europe in 1883. While on the journey he wrote the following poem, which was read at his funeral : —

“Sailing northward, sailing northward,
Towards the realm of cold,
Gives to me a chill sensation
As of growing old.

“Sailing northward, veering northward,
On this restless sea,
Winds grow cooler, billows colder,
Ice is on our lea.

“Sailing northward, veering northward,
On the sea of life,
Hearts grow chilly, love is colder,
With the toil and strife.

“Sailing northward, veering northward,
Glory dims its fires,
Riches lose their charm and splendor,
‘Glowing hope expires.’

“But as we sail northward, northward,
Suns increase their sway,
Till the crimson flush of evening
Meets the dawn of day.

“So as we veer northward, northward,
May life’s sunset ray
Mix its last beams with the sunburst
Of the eternal day.

“Yes, as veering northward, northward,
Eve and morning kiss,
So may death be but a brightening
To a dawn of bliss.”

Judge Nash and his gifted wife enjoyed his colonial home in this place. He had one of the largest private libraries in



PILLING'S POND.

the country, and presented seventy-two hundred books to the literary institution of his native town, with a fund for the addition of books, and to build a fireproof library building, which will be a fitting tribute to his worth, and a monument of his love for his native town.

Judge Nash died at his home at Lynnfield Centre, where he had lived twenty-two years, in 1894, after an illness of only five days, of pneumonia, aged seventy-two years. He was buried at Lakeside Cemetery, Wakefield.

The families of Newhalls are the most numerous in this vicinity of any name, viz., Lynn, Lynnfield, Saugus, and Peabody. The first was Thomas Newhall, one of the first settlers of Lynn. His grandson, Joseph, settled at the south part of Lynn, and was born Sept. 22, 1658. He married Susanna Farrar, 1678. They were the parents of eleven children: Jemima, b. Dec. 31, 1678; Thomas, b. Jan. 6, 1681; Joseph, b. Feb. 6, 1684; Elisha, b. Nov. 20, 1686; Ephraim, b. Feb. 20, 1689; Daniel, b. Feb. 5, 1691; Ebenezer, b. June 3, 1693; Susanna, b. Dec. 19, 1695; Benjamin, b. April 5, 1698; Samuel, b. March 9, 1700; Sarah, b. July 11, 1704. It is said that this was the Joseph Newhall who perished in a snowstorm.

We will now mention a few brilliant names of this worthy pedigree, which fill every walk of life, who have lived in this town.

Asa Tarbell Newhall, born June 28, 1779, and died Dec. 18, 1850, who was a son of Asa, born Aug. 5, 1732, who was son of Thomas, born Jan. 6, 1681, who was a son of the Joseph mentioned above, was known as Squire Newhall, a man of great enterprise and one often quoted at the present time. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1820, was a senator in 1826, and a representative in 1828. His wife was Judith Little of Newbury, Mass. He had a family of children, among them, James Newhall, M. D., of Lynn,

and his brother, Thomas B. Newhall of the same city. He died at Lynn, leaving a son, James S. Newhall of Lynn, and a daughter.

Gen. Josiah Newhall was born in 1794. At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society held in Boston, the following resolutions, prepared by Francis H. Appleton, Esq., of Peabody, were unanimously adopted :—

“ Resolved, That in preparing a last token of respect to the memory of Gen. Josiah Newhall, who died at Lynnfield at the advanced age of nearly eighty-six years, Dec. 26, 1879, and offering expressions of the loss this society sustains in being deprived of his usefulness, his example, and his genial companionship, we must also recall his earlier days and hearty efforts when a firm foundation was being laid for this now prosperous society. Gen. Newhall was from its first enthusiastically and actively interested in all that pertained to its foundation, prosperity, and exhibitions. In horticulture and agriculture he was ambitious to originate and improve various kinds of fruit, and was always an earnest worker in everything relating to the cultivation of the soil. He was chairman of the school committee twenty-two years, and was the first representative from his town; he served in the War of 1812, and subsequently in the State militia under President Jackson; he held office in Boston custom house. He was much interested in astronomy, and kept a very accurate record of the weather and rainfall. He was most highly esteemed and respected by all who knew him, and in his death we lose a member whose heart was deeply in the work for which this society was formed, and one whose actions were always directed towards its welfare. We shall remember him for his love of honor and integrity, and his interest in all that was for the good of the community and this society in particular.”

Gen. Newhall married Miss Rachel Bancroft, and they had a large family of children, but two of whom survived him. He was buried in Willow Cemetery, which was once a part of his farm. A tasty monument marks the place of his rest. His farm has passed into the hands of entire strangers, his wife having died before him. During his long connection with the public schools he was greatly interested in them, and to the pupils of those times his reports are reminders

of the epoch in which they were written. A portrait of him is found in this book.

The Newhalls owned a large tract of land formerly a part of Mr. John Humphrey's grant, which was purchased by Joseph Newhall of Ezekiel and Sarah Needham in 1679, and ever since they have been large landholders in this place.

The South school district used to be called "Newhall ward," and the South burying ground "Newhall burying ground," no doubt because of the great number of that name who occupied them. They seemed to have considerable military taste or else were very patriotic, as we find general, lieutenant, ensign, captain, colonel, etc., as titles.

Hon. Asa Tarbell Newhall is a grandson of Hon. Asa T. Newhall, born in 1779. He was born Dec. 25, 1850, in Lynnfield. Both he and his grandfather were interested in the Essex Agricultural Society, and both have given addresses before it. He is an ex-mayor of Lynn, and for his fidelity at the great fire a few years ago was re-elected.

History informs us that Joseph Newhall was buried at Lynn, where he went to worship, and that there his gravestone may be seen. It is also said that each of his eleven children survived him.

Daniel Newhall was a son of Joseph, and history also informs us that his wife was a daughter of Allen Breed. She died suddenly Jan. 1, 1775, aged eighty-six, leaving eleven children, sixty-six grandchildren, and thirty-two great-grandchildren.

Frank Newhall is one of Lynnfield's highly esteemed selectmen.

The Newhalls were, like other noble old families we could mention, eminently patriotic.

Daniel Needham, Esq., was a native of Danvers, now Peabody, and born in a house still standing. His wife Ede, daughter of Samuel and Ede (Upton) Flint, was born in the same town, and they were married 1783. Her father was

killed at the head of his company at Stillwater, Oct. 7, 1777. Mr. Needham was also, as his tombstone informs us, a soldier of the Revolution. He and his wife and one child removed to Lynnfield and settled in the north part, on what was then the Townsend farm of about two hundred acres. He had an only son, whose name was David, born Feb. 8, 1794; married Sophia F. Clark; and died March 29, 1827, from a dreadful wound inflicted by an insane man while at work chopping wood near his home, the axe entering the lower part of the shoulder blade and ending the life of great promise and activity. One daughter of his is still living, Mrs. Caroline A., wife of Mr. Jerome Tyler, at Boston Highlands. A daughter of Mr. Daniel Needham married Rev. Isaac Willey of Pembroke, N. H., a Congregational clergyman, May 18, 1826, whose name was Sally; while Sophia, another daughter, married the Rev. Jacob Hood, June 1, 1820.

Mr. Needham's wife died of a fall, April 27, 1840. Among other attributes it is recorded of her that she was a "very energetic woman, salt of the earth"; and he died Feb. 16, 1844. They both sleep in Main Street Cemetery.

The Perkins family have for generation after generation been one of the most prominent in town almost from its early settlement, and the farm bearing that name is one of the few that have been held by the same family for more than two hundred years. John seems to be a favorite name. Dr. John Perkins, born March 9, 1698, deserves more than a passing notice. He was an excellent scholar and doctor of physic. He practised at Topsfield, Mass. (where probably the name came from), then at York, Me., and returned to Lynnfield in 1720. In 1728 he removed to Boston, and in 1732 went to London. He returned to Boston, and practised his chosen profession for forty years, till the commencement of the war of the Revolution, when he again came to his native town, where he died and was buried, Jan. 23, 1781. He published

a tract on "The Causes of Earthquakes," and left several very interesting manuscripts; one of them is preserved by the Antiquarian Society at Worcester.

Beside Dr. John Perkins, John Perkins was chosen deacon of the First Church in 1796. His son John became deacon in 1839. His son John, whose portrait is here given, was selectman, assessor, overseer, town clerk, representative, and many other offices were filled by him, and he died, as most of his kindred, at a good old age in 1893. His son, John H., inherits the paternal home, where still dwells his mother; while his son, John Winslow, lives upon a part of the original homestead with his little son, John Perkins, born Sept. 18, 1893.

Annie Perkins lived on this estate two hundred years ago, and Annie Perkins (wife of J. W. Perkins) lives there now. The last named is a poetess, and several pieces in this history are her contributions to the age. She has published a book of poems entitled "Thoughts of Peace."

The wife of the first minister of Lynnfield, Rev. Nathanie Sparhawk, was Elizabeth, a sister of Dr. John Perkins. She was born and died here.

Rev. John Payson of Fitchburg, and Miss Anna Perkins of Lynnfield, were married Nov. 8, 1772.

Adelia J. Perkins and Benjamin F. Clough, M. D., of Worcester, were married Aug. 15, 1871.

The first Ebenezer Parsons came from Leicester. He was descended from Rev. David Parsons, born at Northampton, Mass., 1679; ordained at Malden, 1700; dismissed May, 1721; installed at Leicester, Sept. 12, 1721; and died there 1735. He had a son Israel.

Ebenezer Parsons, son of Israel, was born at Leicester, came to Lynnfield, married Nabby Smith. They had a daughter, Nabby, who married Jacob Wiley of this place, and two sons, Ebenezer and Israel Augustus; the former married Mary Hart, and they were the parents of Ebenezer Parsons, now the town

clerk of Lynnfield ; he has been selectman and member of the school committee, also he conducted the services of the First Congregational Society (Unitarian) for over twenty years.

Israel Augustus married Emily Wiley of Lynnfield, and had seven children. David Frederic lives on the old place ; his wife was Julia Swinerton of Danvers. The rest are gone from town.

Ebenezer lives on the farm where he and his father were born. He was born July 28, 1832. He married March 24, 1863, Mary Alvina Dodge, a relative of Hon. Nathan Dane, who gave Dane Hall to Harvard College, and who was a distinguished jurist. Mrs. Parsons has been a contributor to several first-class periodicals, among them the *Atlantic Monthly*, *New York Independent*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, etc.

They have one son, Starr Parsons, a successful lawyer of Lynn.

“ John Pearson, son of John and Maudlin, born 1650, married Tabitha, daughter of Dea. Thomas Kendall. Their children were : Tabitha, born about 1670, married 1696 to John Goodwin ; James, born 1678, married 1698 to Hepsibah Swain ; John, born and died 1682 ; John, born 1684, and married Elizabeth Batchelder ; Rebecca, born 1686 ; Kendall, born 1688 ; Susan, born 1690, married 1710 to Daniel Gould ; Mary, born 1692, married to Joseph Eaton, 1709. The first John was one of the first seven members of the church of Reading (1644), but afterward moved to Lynnfield, where he died 1679, aged 64, and his widow, Maudlin, 1690. They had another James, born 1652.” *

No less than five of the members mentioned in the first list of the church bore the name of Pearson ; to wit, Ebenezer, Jonathan, Hepsibel, Hannah, and Tabitha. We are pleased to add that the descendants of the above are still with us, residents on Chestnut Street.

* History of Reading.



GEORGE H. S. DRIVER

William R. Roundy, born in Lempster, N. H., Aug. 5, 1825, came to Lynnfield when about twenty-one years of age ; married for first wife, Miss Mary A. Richardson, for second, Miss L. Rebecca Wellman, both of this town. In 1873-74 he represented the town in the Legislature ; was elected deacon of the Centre Church, 1887 ; is the father of the Roundy Brothers, William E. and George M. ; has been sexton almost fifty years, was town treasurer fourteen years, and is a man who has a host of friends.

The Russells came from Peabody, then Danvers, more than a century ago. Mrs. Mercy (Russell) Swinerton died 1863, aged ninety-two years. She kept her brother's house, Mr. Helon Russell's, and he died a few weeks before her. In their fireplace stood two firedogs made by their grandfather Wright, of Middleton, more than a hundred years before, he being a blacksmith, and there was a pair of small tongs with them to light a pipe with.

He had a large family of children, among them Enoch Russell, who was representative to the Legislature and selectman ; his son, Seth H., was also selectman at a later period. A brother of the latter was the father of triplets in 1874 (March 5), a girl and two boys. Levi S. Russell, youngest son of Orin Russell, was a lieutenant in the army, and is still living at the West.

Levi H. Russell built the store now owned by his son, Francis P. Russell, and was a very energetic, public-spirited man. He was born in Middleton, and died in Lynnfield Centre. His son, Francis, has been selectman, assessor, overseer of the poor, town clerk, school committee, etc. Wilbur S., another son, is cashier of a bank in Boston.

Joseph Skinner, the husband of two wives, came from the patriotic town of Acton, Mass., in the latter part of the last century. His posterity of the second generation was very numerous. One of the race reports as follows : Samuel,

twelve ; William, fourteen ; Betsey, nine ; Marshall, three ; Jesse, sixteen ; and a paragraph taken from a genealogical sketch of the descendants of Thomas Green of Malden, Mass., reads thus : " Sarah, daughter of Joseph Skinner, married Capt. Josiah Green of Stoneham." He then, at the age of sixty-four, married for a second wife, Aug. 23, 1799, Sarah Skinner, a woman twenty-two years of age, and forty-two years younger than himself. When he married her he told her that his first wife had borne him eight children, and that he should expect her to do the same. She fully met his expectations, was afterward married and had three children more, so that Joseph Skinner was grandfather to more than threescore persons.

Among the grandchildren of Joseph Skinner are the following : John Day, Herbert A., Joseph, and Charles E. — have all been railroad men, three of them have been conductors. Eliza A. married Abram Reynolds, and after, Richard H. Goodwin ; and Susan J. is the wife of Abner Towle of Lynn, where she still lives. These all belong to the family of Mr. Jesse Skinner. Capt. Samuel Skinner was a son also of Joseph Skinner, had a daughter, Mary J., who was the wife of William A. Whittredge of this town ; Eliza, who married Josiah Mudge of Danvers ; Charlotte, who is the wife of Edward Farrington of Lynn ; and the sons are dead. Capt. William Skinner had a daughter, Sarah S., who married George F. Blake. She was killed on the railroad in 1856 ; and he married her sister, Martha Jane. They reside on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston ; he was a successful inventor. Another is Otis, a son of Capt. William, who owns a farm of extended acres in the east part of the town. Although the families have been very large, still very many members thereof have passed to the bourne from whence no traveller returns, and the most of them have left their native town. Wakefield is the home of some of them, and they are, like other families, scattered.

Capt. Samuel Skinner was, for a generation, the undertaker or sexton of Lynnfield, and laid many of its sons and daughters to rest.

Asa Goodell Sheldon, who was born in Lynnfield, Oct. 24, 1788, wrote his autobiography. At that time he had moved to Wilmington, Mass., and in his book he styles himself "the Wilmington farmer." He was a son of Jeremiah Sheldon, who was a son of Skelton Sheldon, who was a son of Godfrey Sheldon, a clerk in Congress, when it met in Philadelphia. His mother was a descendant of Gen. Putnam, of Revolutionary memory. The Sheldon home was at the north part of the town. Asa G. Sheldon died at Wilmington. His wife was Clarissa Eames, and they have children and grandchildren living there.

John Smith came from England (the precise date cannot be ascertained) and settled in the eastern part of Massachusetts, now the State of Maine. It was in a region greatly troubled by Indians, and they committed so many depredations upon him that he resolved to betake himself and family to a less perilous neighborhood. Making his preparations quietly, he started in the night, and journeyed towards Salem, settling at length in Danvers, where he had two sons born, Amos and Walter. Walter was born in 1718, and Amos in 1724. Later the family removed to what was then Lynn, but is now the northeasterly part of Lynnfield. In those days there were few public roads. They travelled through woods and "clearings," mostly on horseback, by paths called bridleways.

Amos Smith married Abigail Hart. After the public highway leading from Reading to Salem was laid out, he built a house thereon, which he opened as an inn.

Taverns, as they were then called, were much needed on account of the slow and laborious travelling of the time, most of the teaming being done with oxen. It was said that

he sometimes put up as many as fifty oxen at a time. Jonathan (son of Amos) had a son Jonathan H., the father of Henry E. Smith, who married Mary L. Bassett, and lives on the old farm his great-grandfather cleared and cultivated. There is a new house on the site of the old one, and near by, in a spot "beautiful for situation," is a famous cold spring, from which, as has been estimated, there is an average flow of sixty gallons a minute.

Rev. Nathaniel Sparhawk, son of same name, was born at Cambridge, Mass., 1694 ; graduated at Harvard College, 1715. He was ordained first pastor of the First Church, Lynnfield, Aug. 17, 1720, his salary being seventy pounds. He resigned after a pastorate of eleven years, July 1, 1731 ; died May 7, and was buried in the old burying ground. He married 1732, Elizabeth Perkins of this town, who died in 1768.

Their children were Elizabeth, born Dec. 28, 1721 ; Nathaniel born Sept. 24, 1725, and died Dec. 11, 1728.

His son, Edward Perkins Sparhawk, A. M., is said to be the first person born in Lynn who had two names given him. He was born July 10, 1728 ; graduated at Harvard College, 1753 ; married Mehitabel Putnam, 1759, who died Sept. 8, 1778 ; he died March 8, 1796, aged 66 years. He had calls to settle in several parishes, but accepted none, and the town records speak of him as Edward P. Sparhawk, A. M. Rev. Nathaniel Sparhawk resigned his pastorate, July, 1731, after eleven years' service, and died May 7, 1732. His remains repose in the old graveyard near the Centre, and the original tombstone is still plainly seen after nearly one hundred and sixty years of storms and sunshine have fallen upon it.

Tradition says that previous to his death he buried a pot of silver money so that it might never trouble any one, and that it was sought for many times, but never found.

An item of interest may be mentioned here. A sister of the Rev. Mr. Sparhawk, Sybil, daughter of Rev. Mr. Sparhawk

of Cambridge, was the third wife of Michael Wigglesworth of Malden, who was the author of "The Day of Doom." They had one child, Edward, who was probably named for one of his relatives in this place. We give a few lines from the author, for the pleasure of those who have never seen the poem : —

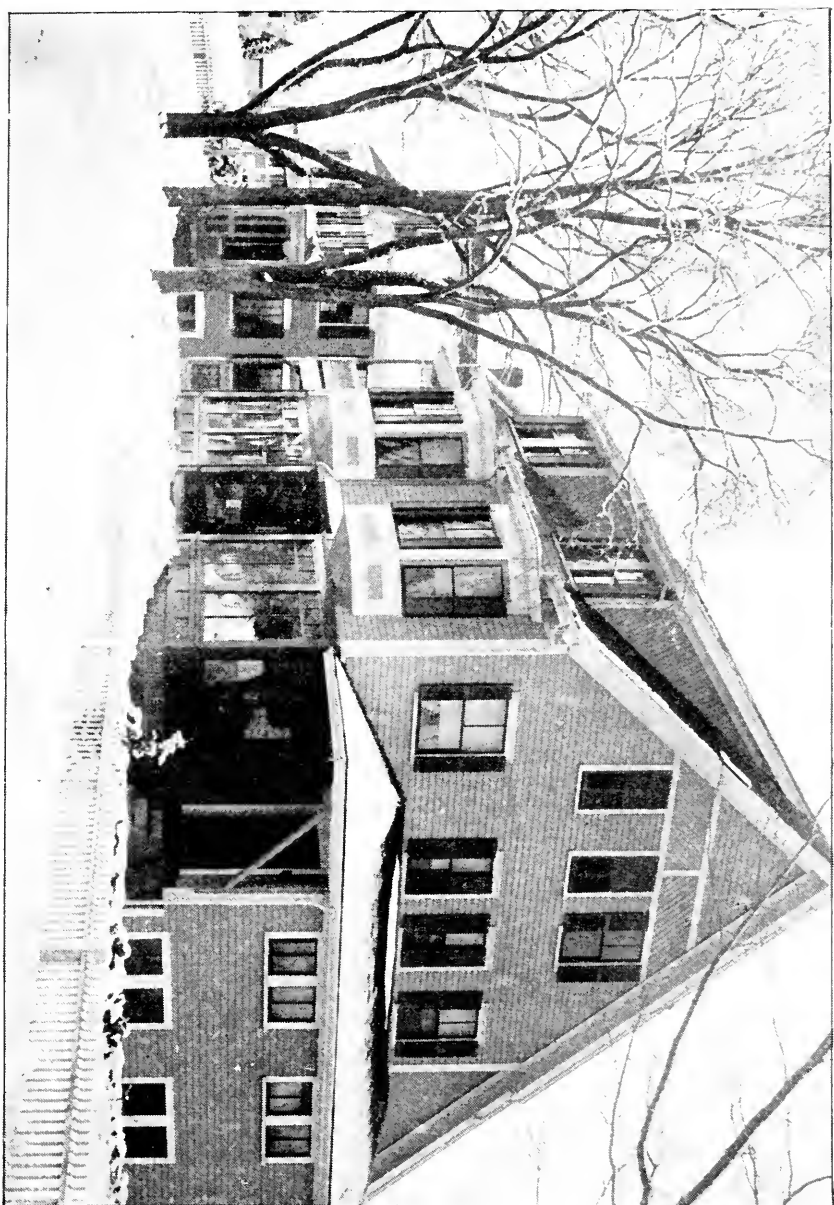
" Light in darkness, sick man's health,
Strength in weakness, poor man's wealth,
In confinement liberty,
In solitude good company,
Joy in sorrow, life in deaths,
Heavenly crowns for thorny wreaths,
Are presented to thy view
In the poems that ensue.
If my trials had been thine,
They would cheer thee more than wine."

The family of Townsend, all of whom have passed from here, where they lived more than a century, deserves an honorable mention in the history of the town. The farm of about two hundred acres, containing field, wood, meadow, hill, lake, brook, huge stone, etc., was at the northwest part of the town, was a small fortune in itself, and was sold to Daniel Needham about ninety-five years ago. Dea. Daniel Townsend was a man highly prized in this place as well as in the church. He afterward removed to Vermont. His son Daniel was born at the farm now known as the Needham place, and an extended account is given of him in another part of this work. At the present time the Townsends are all residents of other towns, but many of them make pilgrimages to the graves of their ancestors, and feel great interest especially in that of Lynnfield's Revolutionary martyr, whose resting place is decorated every year.

The original Upton place was in West Peabody, not a great way from Lynnfield line, and the descendants of this family have settled in Lynnfield. It is said that "the tradition that

John Upton, the progenitor of the Upton family in America, came from Scotland, lingers in several branches of the family, particularly in the oldest branch, that of Lynnfield."

John, son of John and Sally Pool Upton, born at Lynnfield, Aug. 4, 1779, married Betsey Wiley of South Reading, now Wakefield, Feb. 20, 1805. She died March, 1819; and he married Sarah Wetherspoon of Londonderry, N. H., one of the descendants of the Scotch Irish colony which settled there in 1719, who came from Londonderry, Ireland, and previously from Londonderry, Scotland. On the town records he is styled ensign and then captain. He was a representative from Lynnfield, at one time its town clerk, holding many other offices in the town's gift. His father, having had two wives, died at the homestead where he had lived so long, a Revolutionary soldier. After his father's death he sold his property in Lynnfield and moved to Derry, N. H., where he died April 4, 1853, aged seventy-three, and was brought back here and buried, leaving a large family, all of whom were born in Lynnfield. They were, Sally P., Laura W., John, Elizabeth, Ann, George Edwin, Henry Bingham. John, son of John and Betsey (Wiley) Upton, was born at Lynnfield, Dec. 17, 1808; married Dec. 19, 1838, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Skinner of Wakefield, then Mary H. French of Deerfield, N. H. He received his education at Middleboro Academy, Mass., and at Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y. He was ordained over the Baptist Church in Chester, N. H., and was also pastor of the churches in Hudson, Londonderry, Bedford, Weare, and Newton, N. H., Brewster, Mass., and Monmouth, Me., besides supplying at Alna, Me., and Taunton and Reading in this State, then took up his residence at Brentwood, N. H. His brother, George Edwin, born at Lynnfield, was a soldier in the late war. He enlisted as a private in New Hampshire Volunteers, Co. G, 6th Regiment, and was promoted to first lieutenant in the same regiment, Co. F; died



BANCROFT'S STORE AND DWELLINGS.

of wounds, July 31, 1864, leaving a wife and children at Derry, N. H. Most of these facts are from the "Upton Genealogy." Henry Bingham, brother of two preceding, born at Lynnfield, Mass., Sept. 17, 1834, was a teacher and removed West in 1858. He engaged in the study of medicine in 1864. During the last year of the war he was on the medical staff of the army. Jan. 28, 1867, was made M. D. at Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill., and has since practised at Osceola in the same State, where he has also been a justice of the peace and notary public.

The Augustus Upton family, who used to live in this town, were distant relatives of the foregoing family. Mrs. Mary Upton Nash is of the same stock, and is a well-known, highly prized resident of Lynnfield Centre. She is also a poetess.

Bowman Viles, Esq., was a native of Lexington, Mass. He was the husband of three wives, the first of whom was Jerusha Burnham, and the father of twelve children. Both he and his third wife died suddenly. He was a man of ardent temperament; in theology he was a Unitarian. At one time he represented this town as a Freemason representative, and was also elected to many offices of trust. He died of heart disease; and a person passing Cherry Mound, the former name of the western burying ground, sees his tombstone and those of a large number of his family in the front of the yard. He had warm friends, and lived at the northwest part of the town. Four of his children are living at the present time; but one of them, Mrs. Sarah J. Hewes, lives in this town. His sons Joseph and Bowman reside at West Peabody; and his daughter, Mrs. Augusta Newhall, died at Lynn in 1894.

THE WELLMANS.

Tradition says about the time of the settlement of Lynn three brothers sailed from Bristol, England; they afterwards

came to the north part, now Lynnfield, and settled there. Their names were, Isaac, Thomas, and Abraham Wellman. The first, Isaac, after remaining a short time here, removed to Killingworth, now Clinton, Conn., and many of his descendants still live there. Thomas and Abraham still continued to reside at Lynn End. Thomas Wellman purchased a farm, Feb. 17, 1653, which had before been owned by John Knights, a mason, who afterwards resided at Salem, and of Ed. Richards. The deed says that Thomas Wellman was a husbandman. A part of the farm was also bought for eighty pounds, June 10, 1674. The first purchase was of Dea. Nicholas Potter of Lynn, and at the time Ed. Knights lived upon it. It also had meadow and marsh. "There were two '*lots*' of sixty acres each, the cost twenty-six pounds sterling. They were bounded southerly by land of Goodman Talmage, easterly by ye common, westerly by the river that comes out of Stone's meadow."

The house stood on a hillside a short distance from the dam above the cider mill of E. F. Gerry, near where a large elm still throws its grateful shade. The house stood about one hundred and seventy-five years, and now the doorsteps and cellar are all that are left of the old habitation, where so many have lived and died. One hundred and more years ago the relatives used to visit the old home that their ancestors left more than a hundred years before that.

Thomas Wellman died Oct. 10, 1672, leaving sons and daughters. He also left a large cup, supposed to have belonged to a communion set, which he wished to be the property of Thomas Wellman, also a razor hone of sea wood petrified. These are now the property of Thomas B. Wellman, of the ninth generation.

Among the descendants born in the old house was Rev. James Wellman, D. D., born May 10, 1728, the first minister born in this town. He studied with his pastor, Rev. Stephen

Chase ; graduated at Harvard College, 1744, being sixteen years of age ; was ordained at Sutton, Mass., over the Congregational Church, Oct. 7, 1747, where he remained till called as pastor at Cornish, N. H., being the first pastor, Sept. 29, 1769 ; where he died Dec. 18, 1808, aged eighty years, and his descendants many of them remain there.

Another was a soldier, Stephen Wellman—(the historian says of the party who went from this region at that time that they were the flower of Essex County) ; he was killed by the Indians at Deerfield, Mass., Sept. 18, 1675.

Another descendant, George W. Wellman, a volunteer in the Mexican War, died at the city of Mexico, Feb. 25, 1848, aged thirty-three years.

Rev. Joshua Wellman, D. D., a descendant of Rev. James, was born at Cornish, N. H., Nov. 28, 1821 ; married Oct. 24, 1854, Ellen Maria Holbrook, daughter of Caleb Strong and Prudence (Durfee) Holbrook of Holbrook, Mass. He was prepared for college at Kimball Union Academy, Plainfield, N. H. ; graduated at Dartmouth College, 1846, and in 1851 at Theological Seminary, Andover ; was ordained pastor First Church, Derry, N. H., June 18, 1851, and remained there five years ; was installed at Newton Corner, Mass., June 11, 1856, remaining seventeen years ; installed as pastor of Malden First Congregational Church, March 24, 1874.

His son, Arthur H., born Oct. 30, 1855, is a talented lawyer, and has represented the city of Malden in the Legislature.

Rev. James Wellman, D. D., who was born in Lynnfield, May 10, 1728, had a son, James Ripley Wellman, born at Cornish, who was deacon of the church in that place. He had a son, James Ripley Wellman, born there July 27, 1829 ; graduated at Dartmouth College, Medical Department, 1856 ; married Louisa H. Wood of Fitchburg, Mass., and settled there ; was very earnest in his profession, and from overwork died July 24, 1861. A sister of his, Aurilla P. Wellman,

married Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, who was born in Westminster, Vt., Oct. 17, 1813, and who practised in Fitchburg, Mass.

A history of the Wellman family was published in 1867 by James Wellman, at Salem, Mass., at the time he was eighty-four years of age. At one time there were five Abraham Wellmans; at present the descendants are settled in many places, particularly in Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Ohio, and California, and the writer of these pages is the only one in the town bearing the name, although he has sisters here: Sophia Elizabeth, wife of Nathaniel Ross, and Lydia Rebecca, wife of Wm. R. Roundy. His only brother died in the late war, May 30, 1863, aged twenty-three years.

The author of this book was born in Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1838; came the next year to Lynnfield, which had been the home of his ancestors for seven generations. His father's name was Thomas F. Wellman; his mother was Sophia Ruth (Reed) Wellman. He has a sister, Sarah Louisa, wife of Alfred G. Carter of Reading.

The Whittredge name surely claims recognition. About fifty-eight years ago the two brothers, William A. and George F. Whittredge, came from their birthplace to Lynnfield. They were young men; they occupied the building now a dwelling-house nearest the West burying ground, which forty years ago was a hive of industry. We remember the door with the bell on it (bells which are almost as scarce as cow bells now). Above the door was the sign, "W. A. & G. F. Whittredge, W. I. Goods & Groceries"; while a sign above in the form of an arch informed you that it was also a "Shoe manufactory," and at the lower part of the arch was another, "Post Office," and the amount of work done in this building was very large. Both of the brothers married, bought the house once known as the Sparhawk house, fitted it up nicely, and both had families of children.

George F. afterward removed with his family to Concord,



HON. N. M. HAWKES.

N. H. ; while William A. built a new, large, and more commodious shop near the house, which at the present time is a dwelling-house. He was a public-spirited citizen and a kind neighbor. His wife, Mary J. (Skinner), died Nov. 20, 1885, some years after her husband, and both are buried in the cemetery close to their former home. The house and homestead have just been sold, so that there is not a person of the name nearer here than those who live in the old garrison house where the two brothers were born in North Reading, and where generations of the Whittredges have lived.

The Ornes came to Lynnfield about the time of the Revolution. Col. John Orne married Pamela, daughter of Rev. Caleb Prentiss of Wakefield. His daughter, Harriet, married Hubbard Emerson. Mrs. Pamela O. Starr, another well-remembered daughter of his, was much beloved for her kindness of heart and her zeal in every good word and work.

James Woodward was the son of John and Hepsibeth Woodward, who had eight children. They afterward removed to Wakefield. One of the eight was Thomas, born 1773. Previous to the removal, Woodward's tool factory stood on Wills Brook, and even to this day portions of the dam may be seen. This mill also went with the family to Wakefield, and the Thomas above mentioned was the original manufacturer of Woodward's awls and many other improved shoe tools, also a tincture, and he has been credited as the inventor of Emerson's elastic razor strops. He died 1860, aged eighty-seven years ; and his descendants remain in Wakefield.

Rev. William Chalmers Whitcomb was a son of Dea. Simeon Whitcomb, of Marlborough, N. H., where he was born. He married his cousin, Miss Harriet Lincoln of Concord, Mass., and they were the parents of nine children. He was settled as pastor of the Congregational Church in Stoneham, where he remained six years. He afterwards preached, and performed the duties of the pastoral office at Globe Village, North

Carver, and lastly in Lynnfield Centre, all in Massachusetts. Ever after the breaking out of the war he was ready to do all in his power for the honor of his country by word or pen, and in the summer of 1862 was commissioned as chaplain at Newbern, and afterwards at Morehead City in North Carolina, where he zealously labored for the good of the soldier and contraband as long as his strength would admit. He was an earnest Christian, an energetic man, a loving husband, a kind father, and a much-esteemed friend, never shrinking from toil when it ought to be done, and earth contains one the less of noble spirits. Many of his sermons have been printed, and now remain as mementos of his worth. He contributed for many years articles to many papers in the country, and used to say that "brains were worth as much as money." A large number of his relatives were soldiers in the Union Army, and many a heart was saddened to learn that he had passed away. After his death he was generously remembered by his former people here, which was following the example set by him, whose heart was ever ready to sympathize with, and assist the needy, whose benevolence was almost unexampled. He and his wife were relatives of Ex-President Lincoln. Some letters of his in this work will further illustrate his character. He died of yellow fever at Morehead City, N. C., Oct. 25, 1863, aged forty-four years.

CHAPTER XIII.

Annals, 1800.

"ON the 11th of June, 1800, Mr. Samuel Dyer, a gentleman of Boston, was drowned in Humphrey's Pond in Lynnfield."

"1804. One of the greatest storms ever known in New England commenced on Tuesday morning, the 9th of October. The rain fell fast, accompanied with thunder. At four in the afternoon the wind became furious, and continued with unabated energy till five the next morning. This was probably the severest storm after that of August, 1635. The damage occasioned by it was very great; buildings were unroofed; barns, chimneys, and fences were blown down, and orchards greatly injured. . . . Many vessels were wrecked, and in several towns the steeples of meeting-houses were broken off and carried to a great distance. The number of trees uprooted in the woodlands was beyond calculation. Thousands of the oldest and hardiest sons of the forest, which had braved the storms of centuries, were prostrated before it, and the woods throughout were strewn with the trunks of fallen trees, which were not gathered up for many years." *

1818. HERBERT RICHARDSON AND CHARLOTTE PALMER.—Seventy-seven years ago an occurrence of note took place worthy of a chronicle in these pages. Herbert Richardson, a

* History of Lynn.

son of Herbert Richardson, was an enterprising and sedate young man. Miss Charlotte Palmer, formerly of Londonderry, N. H., had lived in a brother's family for about eight months. They were to be married. She went home to prepare for the occasion. When it was time for her to come back, Mr. Richardson went in a sleigh to bring her home. When he started his friends noticed how unusually gay his spirits were. He said he wanted all arrangements made before he left. He arrived at Londonderry on Saturday, and everything was packed to leave on Monday. On Monday they started, and the load of goods was taken by Miss Palmer's brother. They came to a tavern in Andover. The keeper tried to persuade them to tarry till the next morning, as there had been rain all the day before, which had thawed the snow and swollen the streams to an enormous size. The gentleman thought that they had better remain, but the lady thought otherwise, and they passed on. In about an hour a man came down to the bridge of the Shawsheen River and heard some one calling for assistance, and looking around saw a chaise bottom side up in the river, and Miss Palmer had floated to a tree. He told her he "could not help her, but would go back and get some help," which he did. There was no house near the bridge, so he came to the tavern which they had left, and found the man that they left, harnessing some horses. The messenger says, "For God's sake do go and help that poor girl. I went down to the bridge, and a woman was out in the stream and called for help." The man took one of his horses and went down to the river. Arriving there, no one was to be seen. The river had risen so that there were two streams of water across the road, and it was supposed they had got through one, and while crossing the other a cake of ice carried them off, or else having a young horse he was frightened and caused the upset.

The men built a raft. They then looked around and saw

something like a duck in the water. They rowed to it, and found it was the pink bonnet of Miss Palmer. They lifted the bonnet and found it was on her head, so laid her upon the raft. While doing this one man fainted and fell on the raft. The other man rowed to the shore with the two, and there found another man, whom he asked to carry Miss Palmer to the first house, but he was unwilling, so he took her himself. As he was going into the yard leading to the house he said to the man, "Come, lend a helping hand and carry this woman into the house"; but the man said he "would not touch her, for the law would take hold of him." His wife, who was in the house and heard him, came to the door and told him to bring her in. She threw open her parlor door, and every means was used to restore her to life. As the lady of the house was rubbing her she said to her, "Poor girl, can't you tell us how this happened?" She opened her eyes and smiled, and then died. Word was sent to the family at Lynnfield. The next morning two brothers of Mr. Richardson came up to the river. As they arrived the body was being taken from the water. The river had been dragged, and it could not be found. There was a ditch parallel with the road. Some one said, "Look in the ditch." They found him there. It was supposed the horse struck him in the forehead when he was thrown from the vehicle.

The two were laid out, put in coffins and brought home. Neighbors offered to watch with the bodies; but the father said, "I will care for my own dead," and through the night he went to the room where they were sleeping and where the moon shone in at the west window.

The funeral took place from the old meeting-house, and was one of the largest ever held there, the house was so crowded that it was feared the galleries would break down. The meeting-house at that time had three doors on as many sides. The main door was at the south side, and the street ran

through the Common. The bodies were placed one each side of the road. An impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Mottey, after which the procession moved to the new burying ground, where lie many of the friends of the deceased, and a watch was kept for some time after over the double sepulchre.

1820. Dr. Martin Herrick died July 10 of this year, aged seventy-two, in a house at the extreme north part of the town, known as the "Tremont House," which was burned a few years ago. Dr. Herrick was a very skilful physician, indeed some of his friends thought that they should never survive another sickness after he was gone. His wife was Sally Wright of Middleton, by whom he had four children, all daughters, three of whom were living a few years ago. He was once a school teacher in this town. He was buried with Masonic honors in the old burying ground at his own request, and his grave is near the gate.

A convention of delegates assembled at the State House in Boston agreeably to a law passed June 16 of this year for the purpose of revising the Constitution of Massachusetts. Hon. Asa T. Newhall was the delegate from Lynnfield. A journal of the proceedings was published the next year. A copy of it was presented to one of the libraries in town.

1827. We copy from a newspaper of March 29 : —

"At Lynnfield, Mr. David Needham, aged 33. The circumstances attending the death of Mr. Needham were peculiarly distressing. He was at work in the woods, and with him were two other men, one of whom was a deranged man by the name of Parker, and of whom he was in no fear, though it is said Mr. Parker has at various times threatened to injure him. Mr. Parker and the other man were splitting, and Mr. Needham was piling. Mr. Parker raised his axe with the apparent intention of splitting a log that was lying before him, when suddenly turning on his heel he smote Mr. Needham, who at the moment was stooping down to pick up wood. The axe went through the lower part of the shoulder blade, passed between the ribs into the chest and made an incision in the right lobe of the lungs, about two inches in length and one in depth. He

lingered a little more than twelve days and expired. This brief notice of the circumstances attending Mr. Needham's death is written with the hope that it may prove a word in season to those who have in their employ men that are wholly or partially deranged. To all the voice of Providence in this event is, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.'"

1835. This year a committee was chosen to consider the expediency of purchasing a town farm,—a possession which Lynnfield has never had, nor has it ever been thought needful. These unfortunates have been probably as well cared for as in other towns, being boarded out, and the bill for them has never been small, yet the poor farm is still unbought.

1837. Lynnfield's share of the surplus money of United States revenue, amounting to \$1,328.29, was received and applied to the town debt. The 20th of June the barn of Hubbard Emerson was struck by lightning. One of the oxen was killed.

1838. John Upton, a Revolutionary soldier, died of a fall, May 3, aged ninety-one years and a half.

1852. The first church bell was hung in the steeple of the Evangelical Congregational Society on the 26th of November. Its weight is ten hundred and forty pounds. The tone is good, B flat. Previous to this time no public bell ever pealed forth over these hills and valleys, except the factory bell, and that had been cracked for many years. Since then Lynnfield has not lacked for its warning sound when a fire occurred, for its solemn toll when funeral rites were performed, for its inviting sound calling to church service, lectures, etc., for its merry peal when victory crowned our arms, or on the Fourth of July.

1854. The cars ran on the Danvers Railroad in this town for the first time, Dec. 12. A picture of the railroad station is given. The present agent is Arthur B. Weld.

1856. On the 9th of July a house situated at the corner of Main and Lowell Streets, known as the Smith house, was

burned, very few knowing it till the next morning. The fire was probably the work of an incendiary, as there were no persons living in it at the time. A barn was burned on the same place a few years before.

1857. The Congregational Meeting-House at Lynnfield, South Village, was dedicated this year, Nov. 18. Dr. Samuel Worcester, of Salem, preacher. Text, Zechariah iv. 6.

1858. A most excellent select school was kept in the town hall this year, Mrs. Mary A. Jones, formerly of Topsfield Academy, principal.

1859. The Fourth of July was celebrated in a novel way this year. About half past six o'clock the horrors made their appearance, from which the cattle ran for dear life.

Most of the company, about forty in number, rode on horses or in exceedingly ancient vehicles, while a few pedestrians, whose style on foot was quite interesting, passed with the company. It would take pages to describe the scarlet cloaks, gray wigs, spectacles, smallclothes, and antiquated garments of these queer-looking people; but the play was well carried out. In the evening at the fireworks, as if to carry out the morning's exercises, a band came along. Their instruments consisted of an old air-tight stove, sticks, chains, and bells, so fastened that they made a hideous noise. This was the way the anniversary of independence was celebrated, not only in this but in many of our towns.

Dec. 2. John Brown hung in Virginia. A sad event in our country's history. The following letters passed from and to this town on that account:—

•

LYNNFIELD, MASS., Nov. 12, 1859.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY HENRY A. WISE.

My dear Sir,—I suppose you receive many letters nowadays with reference to John Brown, who has been doomed to execution on the gallows for a violation of Virginia's laws. Excuse a word from me. I have known and loved that infatuated man; and though I do not approve



LYNNFIELD STATION.

of his course in connection with the Harper's Ferry raid, yet I cannot bear the idea of his being put to death, and I feel it impressed upon me, like the bidding of God, that I must write a pleading letter to you, *yes*, you, dear sir, whom not having seen, I have loved and admired. Do not, oh, do not let that most noble-hearted, though strangely misguided old man die, if it be in your power to prevent so dire a catastrophe! Pray, see that his sentence is changed, even if it be to imprisonment for life, and multitudes will rise up and call you blessed, handing your name down to immortality as a generous benefactor, and thank you forever. But "a word to the *wise* is sufficient." Please drop me a line, and state whether any hope at all may be cherished for John Brown.

Yours truly and sincerely,

WILLIAM C. WHITCOMB.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 17, 1859.

Rev. Sir, — The very sympathy with John Brown, so regardless of social safety, so general, so fanatical, and so irreverent of the right of law, demands his execution if sentenced by the courts. The laws he insulted and outraged are now protecting all his rights of defence, and all his claims for mercy.

Truly yours,

HENRY A. WISE.

During the year there were but eight deaths in town, the oldest eighty-two years, the average thirty-four years.

1860. The barn of Henry Clay, at the west part of the town, was struck by lightning on the 8th of August and burned to the ground with most of its contents. A horse was gotten out by a young lady. The barn, hay, etc., were insured the week before. The lightning struck in many places during the shower, shivering trees, telegraph posts, etc.

Mr. William Brown, of this place, was struck by the engine at South Reading the 29th of January. He was taken to the hospital in Boston, where he died the next day, aged fifty years.

The town contains eight hundred and sixty inhabitants. There were twenty births, seven marriages, and fifteen deaths during the year.

1861. During the present season there has been, and is to be, a course of lectures at the Central Church, the proceeds to go towards an organ for the church. Among the lecturers were Rev. A. L. Stone of Boston, afterward of California; Rev. Daniel March, D. D., of Woburn, and others, including Wendell Phillips, Esq. During the last year there were twenty births, seven marriages, and fifteen deaths.

Rev. William C. Whitcomb went to Washington to attend the inaugural of President Lincoln, who was a distant relative of his.

The expenses for the town the past year were \$1,080.45; the town debt was \$117.04; the largest tax paid was \$557.61, on \$100,200, by Capt. Henry Bancroft.

July 4, Independence day, was duly celebrated by ringing of bells, etc. The principal feature of the day was the flag raising and services connected therewith. A liberty pole had been placed upon the Common, the first one that ever was there, and the ladies had made in the old town hall the flag that was to float from its top.

1863. At the annual meeting in March the citizens voted to give \$100 bounty to the volunteers who had enlisted before bounties were given; also \$150 to the families of the late John P. Mead, who fell in the defence of his country, and George W. Palmer, who died in a Virginia hospital.

The 13th of March was an exceedingly cold day, thermometer twenty degrees below zero.

April 9. A singular phenomenon appeared in the heavens: an arch somewhat like the northern lights extended from east to west for about an hour, commencing at eight o'clock in the evening.

A hurricane passed through here on the second day of June, commencing about nine o'clock, but passed without serious damage, blowing bricks from chimneys, scuttles from roofs, breaking limbs from trees, raising clouds and whirl-

winds of dust. After the blow a slight sprinkle occurred ; then a bright rainbow spanned the horizon.

A double wedding took place at the Central Church, Thursday, June 18, that of James M. Barnard of Boston and Miss Ellen M. Whittredge, and Col. Thomas E. Barker of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers and Miss Elzina F. Whittredge ; the brides both sisters, and daughters of William A. Whittredge of Lynnfield. The house was crowded.

1864. We copy from the report of this year the notice of the town from the pen of John Danforth, Esq., at that time the chairman of the selectmen, "comparing the present with the past history" :—

"On the 28th day of February, 1814, an act passed the Legislature of this Commonwealth, incorporating the district of Lynnfield into a town by the name of Lynnfield.

"In that year there were less than one hundred voters in the town; of that number *ten* are now living in the town. That year the whole amount of money assessed for State, county, and town taxes was only \$1,105.56. Of this sum \$104.00 was the State tax, \$102.33 the county tax, the balance being expended for town purposes, including the support of schools for that year. The past year, as will be seen by the preceding report, the sum assessed for the same purposes was \$5,600.12, the State tax alone being \$1,536.00, several hundred dollars more than all the taxes at the former period. The largest tax then paid by one person or estate was \$28.75. This tax was paid on the Orne estate, and one person then occupying a part of said estate as tenant and paying a tax of only \$4.00 is still living in town and the past year paid a tax of \$962.08, being nearly as much as the whole sum assessed in town fifty years ago.

"A marked improvement in town during the half-century just closed is apparent in many respects, and in none is it more visible perhaps than in the appearance of the buildings, nearly one half the dwelling-houses, together with new schoolhouses in each district, having been built within the period named, and the larger part of the whole number are now painted, presenting a striking contrast with the former time when there were but a few painted buildings in town.

"The same improvement also may be seen in the condition of our public roads as compared with what it was formerly. The entire length of the

public roads in town is about twenty miles, the larger part having been widened and straightened and otherwise generally improved. Thus it will be seen that while the growth of the town has been small yearly and hardly perceptible at times, yet in the course of half a century it has steadily increased in population, wealth, and general prosperity.

"It has always been the policy of the people in their corporate capacity to be free from debt. But at the breaking out of the present great Rebellion the people of the town, actuated by a spirit of the purest loyalty and ever ready to uphold the good government inherited from the fathers, manifested their readiness to crush the traitorous power by furnishing their quota of men under all calls upon them by the government. To our volunteers the town has paid the sum of \$4,350 in addition to the bounties paid by the State and general governments, thereby causing the small debt that exists at the present time.

"Since the incorporation of the town the duties of its officers have been ever increasing, but in no year have the labors of the selectmen been so great as in the past, owing mainly to the existing war. But all duties have been made more easy from the satisfaction of knowing we are receiving the co-operation of our fellow-citizens."

1865. A long block of ice houses was burned at Suntaug Lake on the 11th of February. They had just been filled for the season.

The town at its annual meeting voted to raise \$1,500 toward paying off its debt. The amount raised the year before was \$1,000 for the same purpose.

On Friday, March 17, Emeline, only daughter of Seth Merrow, fell from a footbridge while crossing Ipswich River during a heavy wind and was drowned.

A tenement house belonging to Joel Hewes was burned about twelve o'clock on Thursday, 30th of March. At the time it was unoccupied.

On the morning of Saturday, April 15, the country was shocked to learn that the noble President, Abraham Lincoln, had been assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, a sympathizer of the rebels, at Ford's Theatre in Washington the night before, and that his spirit had already passed away. All the bells

were tolled, flags were at half mast, and houses were dressed with the emblems of mourning. The Central Church was draped in white and black, sides, gallery, pulpit, while behind the latter was the national flag draped in mourning. Impressive services were held the next day, and also at noon of the next Wednesday, which were largely attended.

On Sunday, May 13, a former citizen of this town came riding and announced the gratifying fact that Jefferson Davis, president of the so-called Confederate States, had been captured. The flag on the Common was run up, prayers in divine service were offered in thankfulness. The next day bells were rung, every flag was blowing at the top of the mast, and many a pun was let off at the arch rebel's expense, and of his costume ; and during the summer, not far from the Central depot, was an effigy of him standing to scare the crows from the corn.

The death rate of last year was very large. The whole number recorded on the town books for 1864 was a total of 27. Four of the number were soldiers, viz., Jonas P. Barden, died June 25, aged 21 years ; Benjamin W. Parsons, died Aug. 14, aged 28 years ; Henry A. Hewes, died Oct. 3, aged 30 years ; George W. Wiley, died Dec. 18, aged 25 years. Of those who died eight were seventy years, and the oldest, Mrs. Mercy R. Swinerton, was 92.

1869. A heavy gale passed through here on the 8th of September, accompanied with a pelting rain. The trees in large numbers were uprooted ; outhouses, barns, sheds, chimneys, and fences were blown to the ground, as well as cornfields and shrubs, beside windows and doors being broken. The loss to towns in this vicinity, particularly churches, was very large, while a number of vessels were wrecked upon the coast.

On the 5th of September twelve persons were baptized at Humphrey's Pond, three by immersion and nine by sprinkling.



CLARENCE H. MOULTON'S SHOE FACTORY.



1830	was	617
1840	"	707
1850	"	1,723
1860	"	866
1870	"	818
1880	"	686
1890	"	787

The table of aggregates for 1880 : —

Total number of polls	197
Tax on each poll	\$2.00
Total value of personal estate	\$106,016.00
Total value of real estate	\$455,012.00
Total valuation, May 1, 1880	\$561,028.00
Total tax for 1880	\$5,443.63
Rate on \$1,000	\$9.00
Total number of horses	139
Total number of cows	346
Total number of dwelling-houses	162
Total number of acres of land	5,360

1887. The number of deaths in town this year recorded by the town clerk was twelve ; of marriages, eight ; of births, seventeen.

1888. During the town year ending March 1, the town paid for debt and interest the sum of \$1,796.

This year the streets of the town were named, as follows : Main, Central, Lowell, Chestnut, Salem, Howard, Arlington, Forest Hill Avenue, Broadway, Walnut, South Common, Summer, Essex, Union.

Table of aggregates for 1890 : —

Total number of polls	220
Tax on each poll	\$2.00

Total value of personal estate . . .	\$88,900.00
Total value of real estate . . .	\$512,462.00
Total valuation, May 1, 1890 . . .	\$601,362.00
Total tax for 1890	\$6,002.07
Rate on \$1,000	\$9.25
Total number of horses	184
Total number of cows	370
Total number of dwelling-houses . . .	177
Total number of acres of land	6,139

LIBRARIES.

The first public library in Lynnfield was started Nov. 27, 1795, and was a noble monument to its founders. The first of the records, reading as follows, may be of interest in this connection : —

“That the rational amusement and important advantage to be derived from reading judicious and well-selected authors may be enjoyed, it is proposed to establish in this place a library company or society upon the following principles, viz. : —

“First, the said company shall consist of at least twenty-five shares.

“Second, upon each share shall be assessed the sum of two dollars.

“Third, as soon as the subscription shall be full, a meeting of the subscribers shall be held to form such regulations for the government of the aforesaid society as to them shall appear best adapted to promote the object in view.”

Beneath these rules were the names of seventy individuals of the days of yore.

The library after many years became old-fashioned, but was a welcome boon to generations of the original owners. The selection and additions in after years reflect much credit on

those who made them. The list of donors is not long, but the shareholders did not seem to hesitate to be taxed often for the purpose of enlarging the aforesaid library. The books were covered as if to last five hundred years. The officers of the society, which was to meet quarterly, were : president, treasurer, librarian, clerk, collector, and a committee. One of the rules adopted was that the books should be kept within a mile of the meeting-house. The library was always known as the *Lynnfield Social Library*.

For many years the clerk of the society was the Rev. Joseph Mottey, and by him the records were beautifully kept, and evince great interest in affairs by that gentleman, who, by such writings, has greatly gratified generations he never saw.

The house containing the library was burned in 1879, and thus ended the library in smoke, which we heartily wish had been preserved in the Essex Institute at Salem.

The next library of a public character was the Lyceum Library, which came into existence in 1835. A lyceum had been formed, and one of its purposes was to collect a library. This library was kept in many places, till finally it was merged in the old Social Library, formed forty years before, and was burned with the house in which both of them were deposited.

The two libraries contained quite an assortment of books. The Social had many biographies, and ancient histories. The books were covered with leather, and looked as if they might last for ages, while the other library was more modern in every respect. The two were a grand start if they could have been preserved for the free public library of to-day, and it is with regret that many think of their sudden cremation, although it is said that measures had been taken for the better preservation of these legacies of other days.

The next public library was the Agricultural, which came into being about 1850. This was nicely gotten up, being

owned in shares, and the books still are before the public. They were merged in the library of the Lynnfield Library Association, which was started in 1889 by George H. Bancroft, Starr Parsons, and others, and was given, amounting to three hundred books, to the town Public Library.

This was opened July 22, 1892, in the town hall. At the time there were five hundred and fifty-four books. It now numbers one thousand. Miss Elizabeth W. Green has been librarian from the opening.

LEGAL OFFICERS. — PARISH, DISTRICT, AND TOWN CLERKS.

Ezekiel Gowing, 1752, 1753, 1755, 1756.

James Wiley, 1754.

Natha'll Bancroft, 1757, 1758, 1762, 1764, 1771-1773.

Nath'll Sherman, 1760, 1761, 1765, 1786.

Benjamin Brown, 1766.

John Bryant, 1767, 1768, 1776-1778, 1781, 1782, 1785-1787, 1789.

John Perkins, 1769, 1774, 1775, 1783, 1784, 1788, 1789.

Thomas Townsend, 1770.

James Bancroft, 1779, 1780.

John Burnham, 1790-1792.

Benjamin Adams, 1793-1804.

Daniel Needham, 1805, 1806.

Jona. Merriam, 1807-1810.

John Orne, 1811, 1812.

John Upton, 1813-1817, 1832.

Andrew Mansfield, 1818-1822.

Bowman Viles, 1823-1831, 1833.

Andrew Mansfield, 1834-1836, 1841, 1843.

Joshua Hewes, 1837-1840, 1842.

John Perkins, 1844-1856.

John Danforth, 1857-1876.

Francis P. Russell, 1877-1892.

Ebenezer Parsons, 1893, 1894.

TREASURERS.

Ebenezer Bancroft, 1753, 1758.

Daniel Mansfield, 1754, 1756, 1757, 1760-1764, 1769,
1782.

Nath'll Bancroft, 1765, 1774, 1776-1781, 1783, 1785-
1787.

Joseph Newhall, 1766-1768.

Joseph Gowing, 1770-1773.

John Orne, 1775.

Nath'll Sherman, 1788.

John Upton, 1789.

John Hawkes, 1790, 1791, 1805.

John Perkins, 1792-1804.

Samuel Aborn, 1806-1822.

Daniel Needham, 1823.

Andrew Mansfield, 1824-1834.

Daniel Mansfield, 1836.

Matthew Cox, 1837.

Henry Bancroft, 1839-1841.

Joshua Hewes, 1842-1859.

Jonathan Bryant, 1860-1868.

William R. Roundy, 1869-1884.

John M. Danforth, 1885-1892.

Frank Hart, 1893, 1894.

SELECTMEN.

John Bryant, 1782.

Nath'll Sherman, 1782, 1786, 1789, 1793, 1794.

Thomas Townsend, 1782.

- John Perkins, 1783, 1784, 1787, 1789.
Daniel Mansfield, 1783.
Timothy Munroe, 1784, 1785, 1892.
John Hawkes, 1784, 1785, 1788, 1793-1802, 1807, 1808.
Jonathan Tarbell, 1783, 1786, 1789.
John Upton, 1786, 1787.
John Burnham, 1787, 1788, 1790-1792.
Benjamin Adams, 1790-1804.
Daniel Mansfield, 1795-1802, 1805, 1806.
John Upton, 1803, 1804, 1810-1817, 1824, 1832.
John Orne, 1805, 1806, 1811, 1812.
Andrew Mansfield, 1803-1806, 1812-1822, 1833-1836,
1841, 1843.
Jonathan Merriam, 1807-1809.
Benjamin Wiley, 1807-1810, 1818-1820.
Noah Newhall, 1809, 1810.
Jonathan Tarbell, 1809.
Wright Newhall, 1813-1817.
Charles Richardson, 1818.
Asa T. Newhall, 1819, 1820.
Bowman Viles, 1821-1833.
John Bryant, 1821-1823.
Josiah Newhall, 1823-1826.
John Aborn, 1825, 1826.
Daniel Mansfield, 1827-1830, 1832, 1837, 1854, 1855.
Jesse Tapley, 1827-1830.
Jacob Wiley, 1831.
Moses Richardson, 1833-1836.
Joshua Hewes, 1832, 1837-1840, 1842.
John Perkins, 1834-1837, 1841-1854, 1856.
Enoch Russell, 1838-1840, 1842-1846.
David Swasey, 1838-1840.
George F. Whittredge, 1841, 1847-1851.
Benjamin Moulton, 1844-1848.



ELBRIDGE F. GERRY'S CIDER MILL.

John Danforth, 1852-1876.

Aaron Newhall, 1849-1853, 1857-1859.

Benjamin U. Preston, 1856.

Joseph Smith, 1857-1859.

Andrew Mansfield, 1860-1864, 1866, 1867, 1875, 1876,
1890-1894.

William Skinner, 1861-1864, 1866, 1870-1872.

John H. Perkins, 1867-1869.

George L. Hawkes, 1868-1872, 1874, 1875.

Henry E. Smith, 1875, 1876.

Joseph S. Moulton, 1877.

Seth H. Russell, 1877-1879.

J. S. Drayton, 1877.

Albert Mansfield, 1877-1883.

David F. Parsons, 1878-1882.

Joseph T. Bancroft, 1880, 1883-1885.

Ebenezer Parsons, 1881-1883.

Henry Law, 1884.

Frank Newhall, 1884-1889, 1891-1894.

John M. Danforth, 1885-1894.

Francis P. Russell, 1886-1889.

George E. Batchelder, 1890.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Gen. Josiah Newhall, 1826, 1827, 1844.

Hon. Asa T. Newhall, 1828.

Bowman Viles, Esq., 1832.

John Upton, Jr., 1833.

Joshua Hewes, 1885.

John Perkins, Jr., 1836.

William Perkins, 1837.

David N. Swasey, 1840.

James Jackson, 1841.

Joshua Hewes, 1843.

Enoch Russell, 1844.

William Skinner, Jr., 1850, 1851.

John Danforth, Jr., 1852, 1853.

David A. Titcomb, 1856, 1857.

George L. Hawkes, 1864.

James Hewes, 1868.

William R. Roundy, 1873.

Andrew Mansfield, 1880.

John M. Danforth, 1891, 1892.

POST-OFFICES.

The post-office at the South Village, known as Lynnfield, is the oldest in town, being established May 25, 1836, with Theron Palmer as its first postmaster. Among those later are Charles Spinney, James W. Church, Henry W. Swasey, James Jackson, etc. The present one is William H. Stevens, and the post-office is kept at the depot in the south part of the town.

The post-office at Lynnfield Centre was established Aug. 1, 1848. Its first postmaster was George F. Whittredge. Samuel N. Newcomb, Jonathan Bryant, Francis P. Russell, and others have since filled the office, which is at present in the Centre depot, with Benjamin T. Brown as postmaster.

It is a satisfaction to know that our town is represented beyond its own narrow borders. That large cities are built up by the small villages is well known.

One can read on the town records of 1842 of the birth of Benjamin Francis Moulton. Still further on in the course of time we find him studying for the medical profession, and at present hear of him as successful in the city of Lawrence.

Another native of this place, Benjamin Downing, a well-remembered person who used to play the organ here, has for

years been a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, and an organist in that city.

Among those who left this place in war time, as soldiers, we recognize two who have settled in other places, Arthur C. Richardson of Newburyport, and Samuel H. Mitchell of Brighton, and both have represented their adopted homes in the Legislature.

Lieut. Benjamin W. Parsons, who has been spoken of as a shoemaker, we have since learned was at the time of his enlistment a civil engineer.

There are others who have gone out from among us to aid in the great world's activities, to whom reference might be made did space permit.

Much material collected for this history the author has been obliged to omit, in order to keep it within the prescribed limits.

We are pleased to be able to add one more to our list of annals: Feb. 9, 1895. A long-distance telephone was put into the store of Francis P. Russell for the use of the public, thus putting our little town on speaking terms with the wide, wide world.

Previous to this a telephone had been placed in the south part of the town; it was afterward withdrawn, but not until it had been of service in calling for aid from the firemen of Peabody at the burning of Lynnfield Hotel.



APPENDIX.

LYNNFIELD.

(FROM AN ESSAY WRITTEN IN 1888, BY NATHAN M. HAWKES.)

Settlement.

LYNNFIELD was a part of Lynn in the early days, and was settled by some of those God-fearing Puritans who abandoned Old England, the dearest spot on earth to them, that in the wilderness they might enjoy freedom of conscience.

Its rich soil, its wild and romantic scenery, its beautiful ponds, and its hills clothed with dense forests, attracted the attention of the first-comers.

Its distance from Lynn made it desirable to have a more convenient place of worship. Lynnfield was set off as a parish, or district, the 17th of November, 1712. The inhabitants were to be freed from parish taxes as soon as a meeting-house should be built and a minister settled.

The people of Lynnfield are called in the Lynn town records, "our neighbors, the farmers."

This was the beginning of its separate local and legal establishment.

In 1715 the first meeting-house was built, and the second parish entered upon a career of usefulness, the results of which influence and permeate the whole community, even to this day.

Puritan Customs.

An especially interesting fact as illustrating the tenacity and the rigor of the institutions founded by the followers of Winthrop has been called to my attention by Mr. John M. Danforth, the chairman of the selectmen.

Church and State were so intimately blended in the early days that seats in the church were assigned in town meeting, and the town meetings were held in the church. This combined church and meeting-house invariably stood in the centre of the village upon an open place called the green. Mr. Danforth writes us that "the genuine Puritan meeting-house is still standing on the green at the centre, and the lower part is still used as a town hall." After all these years the good people yet worship and legislate under one roof.

In 1814 it became a town by its present name.

Native Population.

Its soil is even now largely occupied by the descendants of the sturdy pioneers. These and families of leisure and refinement who have sought out the place constitute an ideal New England town.

It is absolutely free from the evils and annoyances (which it is needless to name) that follow in the train of manufacturing.

Railroads.

Quiet and secluded, it yet has two lines of railroad, landing passengers at their Boston terminus in Haymarket Square, distant twelve miles.

Within its extended territorial borders there is no licensed or unlicensed tippling house.

Ponds.

Suntaug Lake, upon its eastern boundary, a large, natural pond with a beautiful island in its centre, is one of the fairest inland sheets of water that the eye ever looked upon.

Westerly is another pond that is the resort of the disciples of Izaak Walton. Upon its banks is a primeval forest untouched by the rude woodman's axe. Its outlet is the stream that furnished the power to grind the corn and saw the boards of the town and for the old Adam Hawkes woollen mill. The same stream now grinds apples into cider for Gerry, and goes on turning wheels on Saugus River till it reaches old ocean.

The waters of Suntaug work their passage to the ocean by way of the Ipswich River.

The two make a perfect system of draining for the town,—a system kindly given by a higher power instead of bought by man.

Churches and Schools.

It has Congregational, Unitarian, and Methodist churches.

Its schools are the plain, well-kept, well-supported common schools, which have bred the brain and sinew of New England from the day our fathers landed on these shores.

It has two post-offices, but not one almshouse.

It has so far escaped the craze to turn our climate into that of the sunny South by putting the chimney on the outside of the house.

The houses are mostly substantial, square, and white, facing the south, true as the dial, which the modern æsthetic rejects, but which are dear to all who reverence the good old days.

Turnpike.

The Newburyport Turnpike is perhaps the longest straight road in New England. Its promoters boasted that they would build it so that a person standing on High Street, Newburyport, could see the whole way to Charlestown Square, something like forty miles away. Of course they did not quite accomplish this achievement, but they came as near to it as was possible.

On the line of this pike stood the once noted hostelry, known then and now as the Lynnfield Hotel. In the stage-coaching days the immense coach yard was a lively place, when the four and six horse coaches arrived or departed.

And many a merry sleighing party from all the neighboring regions made the welkin ring with song and laughter. The old house and the old road remain, but the new ways are not like the old, and grass grows in the coach yard where the Tony Wellers of old Essex once held high carnival.

Population.

The population is about 750, and is, as I may have said elsewhere, homogeneous, which means in this case native.

The tax rate for the present year is \$13 per \$1,000, although it has not been over \$9 for ten years, and probably will not be above that rate next year. The increase is due to the fact that the town proposes to owe no man anything, and hence will pay in full its debts of perhaps \$1,300.

Having no institutions for making tramps or paupers, it spends no money for police, courts, or lawyers. Hence with a low rate of taxation it provides liberally for its roads and schools, which in this phenomenally well-managed town are practically all the items for which taxes are levied.

The town reports show its affairs to be managed by individuals of certain names, such as Mansfield, Danforth, Bancroft, Hewes, Perkins, Herrick, Newhall, Roundy, Gerry, Hawkes. Look back and the same names appear, but they are the fathers or the grandfathers of the present holders of the names.

The register of deaths of last year is a remarkable record. Two died in infancy, two in youth, and the others, ten in number, reached a combined age of 795 years, an average of $79\frac{1}{2}$ years.

Seventeen marriages were registered in the same period, and the birthplace of the few who were not American born was English.

The birthplace of every father and mother of every child born in the year in the few exceptional cases not American was English.

With such a record we can afford to have even the Col. Matthew Cox estate and the old house where the victims of the Lexington fight were cared for improved, when such good citizens as the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals becomes the improvers.

Sanitary.

From the sanitary point of view it yields the palm to no other place. Upon a high plateau within a few miles of the ocean, it is as completely sheltered from the dreaded east wind as a town in New Hampshire.

The east wind is shorn of its chill and its threats by the hills that lie between the town and Lynn.

These hills are covered by the great Lynn forest, which reaches into our town, and are crowned by magnificent groves largely of white pines.

(Changes that have taken place since the above was written have been noted elsewhere.)

Lynnfield has no High School, but many of its scholars have stood well in advanced schools of other towns. Miss Pamela Derby has just won (1895) the first prize in declamation for Wakefield High School, of which she is a member, in the Oratorical League Contest, where several high schools were represented.

We insert the following poem by a Lynnfield scholar :—

CHRYSEIS.

BY STARR PARSONS.

First Prize (Boston Latin School), June, 1887.

In the old, old days
 When Jupiter's praise
 Was sounded by every tongue,
 When heroes divine
 With altar and shrine
 Were worshipped by old and young,
 A holy seer,
 To Phœbus dear,
 Oft the Archer's praises sung.

When his task was o'er,
 At the temple door
 Each evening his daughter found;
 The beautiful maid
 For her father stayed,
 Her tresses with wild flowers crowned;
 One sad day came
 The daughter's name
 In vain the forests resound.

For the cruel Greek,
 Like the north-wind bleak,
 Had blighted that joyous home;
 And the grieving sire
 Left the sacred fire
 O'er many a league to roam;
 And jewels rare
 He carried there
 Through the fierce sky-lashing foam.

To a distant land
The plundering band
Had carried the frightened maid,
A ransom rare,
The priest brought there,
And the haughty king he prayed;
"Though you offered thrice
It would not suffice,"
The cruel chieftan said.

From the barren shore,
Where the wild waves roar,
His prayer to Phœbus rose;
The god in his wrath
O'er the lightning's path
Came down 'gainst his mortal foes;
At his behest
A blighting pest
Through the Grecian army goes.

Oh, the fearful scourge
The Greeks to purge
Imposed by the Archer-God!
Oh, the awful blight
As it met the sight,
Where corses covered the sod!
At the break of day
The heroes lay
In the dust they late had trod.

With clamorings loud
A thickening crowd
Round the monarch's dwelling press;
At the door of the tent
They cry, "Oh, consent,
And Phœbus once more will bless!"
His eyes flash fire
With vengeance dire,
Yet he yields to their sore distress.

Now they launch a ship
And the oars they dip
In the vast and barren sea;
And on board they bear
An offering fair,
Oh, Phœbus, bright for thee!
The maid they lead
To the ocean steed,
Once more unloosed and free!

And they take her back
In the east-wind's track
Where the billows are capped with foam,
And the joyful priest
Prepares a feast
'Neath the temple's lofty dome,
And grace he seeks
For the contrite Greeks
Who have brought his daughter home.

Apollo hears
With willing ears,
And men the story tell
That with radiant flight
He sought the height
Where the great immortals dwell;
And from his lyre,
'Mid the heavenly choir,
The silvery music fell.

In closing this book the author would say, that, while he is conscious of many shortcomings that a wider knowledge and experience would have prevented, he would fain hope he has succeeded in gathering and preserving some incidents in the life and progress of the town which will be of interest to the reader.

If the book shall give as much pleasure in the reading as it has given the author in the writing thereof, he will be more than satisfied. At any rate the summers and winters of his labor are over, and with the genial season that gives expression to Nature's pent-up forces, his labors find also their expression in a published book.

The following sonnet, as fitting to the season, is selected as its closing words:—

SPRING.

BY E. PARSONS.

A QUEENLY presence walks the earth and sky,
Unseen, unheard, yet with a stately tread
That thrills the clod and wakes the slumbering dead.
No warlike following hers, no battle-cry;
Yet see the oppressor's host before her fly!
Behold Orion bows his haughty head,
And all the stars a kindlier splendor shed,
And storm-winds hide them in the zephyr's sigh.
See troop around her path a radiant throng;
Fair Epigaea, with angelic breath,
Takes up the glad refrain, "There is no death!"
And rapturous voices catch the joyous song.
The heavy silence breaks in music sweet
Along all shores where tread her blessed feet.

